Regenerate, Fate

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Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationship:
Midoriya Izuku/Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic

Character:
Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Todoroki Shouto, Shinsou Hitoshi, Bakugou Katsuki, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Midoriya Hisashi, Midoriya Inko, Tsukauchi Naomasa, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Hawks (My Hero Academia), Midoriya Mikumo

Additional Tags:
Vigilante Midoriya Izuku, BAMF Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk, Midoriya Izuku Swears, Sassy Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is So Done, deadpool au kinda, Shinsou Hitoshi Replaces Mineta Minoru, Mineta gets his acceptance revoked, Dead Midoriya Inko, Bakugou Katsuki Swears A Lot, Illustrations, I've been told this is funny but who knows??, Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, conspiracy theorist/accomplice Hitoshi Shinsou, Izuku loves pranking Endeavor, He loves fucking with people in general, A story of vengeance, but also a story of family? Woah, Villain Midoriya Hisashi, Midoriya Izuku Is A Walking Meme, Honey, you've got a big storm coming, Midoriya Izuku Has Multiple Quirks, Midoriya Izuku Has One for All Quirk, Midoriya Izuku Has a Healing Quirk, All might will eventually get it right, eventually, (there's one instance of cannibalism around chap 46-47), rating changed from 'teen and up' to 'mature' specifically for one (1) scene in 46-47, Everything other than that scene fits a "Teen and up" rating

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Regenerate, Fate

by Jellofello

Summary

Announced legally dead, he creates a new identity: Izuku Midoriya.
Eraserhead is tasked with bringing down one of Japan's most wanted vigilantes by the name of Oni. Little does he know, the vigilante is in his homeroom class.

The result of my fondness for vigilante!Izuku and the concept of a Deadpool au.

Notes

Sorry Mama Midoriya

Chapter 1

At the ripe old age of four, Mikumo learned something.

Not everyone was born equal.

His quirk never manifested, and the doctors told him that no matter how hard he hoped, it most likely never would. That day when Midoriya Inko brought little Mikumo home from the clinic, she let the child hide into his room so she could discuss things with her spouse. The look on Hisashi's face was blank as she quietly spoke. She didn't know what to think of it.

The next morning Mikumo woke up earlier than he wanted to. The time he cried himself to sleep the day before must've thrown off his sleep schedule for the day. He slipped out of his room, expecting at least one of his parents to be up. Instead he saw something that made him wonder if he was still asleep. It was a note on the fridge.

"He's bad for business." It said. The sight of it made Mikumo's heart race. He scrambled into his parent's room, only finding his mom sleeping soundly. He ran back out to look at the note again, only this time he noticed their front door being slightly open. *He didn't even bother closing the door all the way,* Mikumo thought.

His mom did a well enough job hiding her grief in front of him, but her still heard her own sobs late at night.

Life couldn't have been worse for them… Can it?

It was more than 8 years later. Mikumo had been running late, due to the usual bullying he endured. He strolled up the street towards his own apartment complex. He sniffed the air, smelling smoke. His eyes trailed up to constant stream of it coming from a building. *Wait a second, that's MY building!* Mikumo sprinted home, up the stairs and directly into his apartment. He reeled back as flames threatened to consume him.

"Mom?!" He called, frantically letting his eyes take in all information. She was nowhere to be seen. He moved towards the burning apartment, covered his mouth with the collar of his shirt. He's seen a few pros instruct victims to do this, so it must be a good thing. What had started the fire? His mom was always so good about kitchen safety! What he does notice terrifies him.

All the fire seems to have started at a certain height. More specifically, the height of his father. He pushes away the vile thought as he continues searching for his mother. He opened the door to her bedroom, and vomited.

There was his mother alright, charred and burned and broken. His mind went into overdrive, thinking that *no, it can't possibly be her.* His thoughts running a million different scenarios that could've happened. All thoughts came to a sudden holt when his eye caught the shine of her wedding ring on her finger. It confirmed it was her. His mother was dead. There was nothing for him here. He moved to get out of the burning apartment, when he got distracted by a large creaking sound.

The building crashed on him before he could even plant a foot down to run.

The fire kicked up, and consumed the wood on the support beams that

pinned him down. He screamed for dear life, until his voice became rough and strained. No matter how hard he screamed, it did nothing to stop the flames that consumed him as well.

He wakes up with a strong inhale, as if his body was being jump started. It leads to him coughing violently and falling off the table. *Wait, table?* He looks around, now in a medical facility of some sort. He sees the metal table he was on, then his eyes settle on the medical tools next to it.

“Oh no.” He breathes. It’s a morgue. There’s nothing else it could be. He looks around for clues as to what happened, when he feels the sudden urge to vomit again. His mother’s corpse is on the opposite side of the room. Mikumo forces himself to look away from her. Her? It? How does one refer to a corpse-

He snaps out of it.

On the table with the tools, he sees a folder. Every possible thing that he can think of being in that folder makes him grow uneasy. In the end, he decides to snatch it and get it over with. It’s him. Photos of him, that is. If he were charred bbq like his mother, that is. He doesn’t understand what happened? He knows he burned to death shortly after his mother must have, but he can’t grasp why he’s no longer burned. If he didn’t know better, he’d say he’s actually feeling pretty good right now.

“Do I have a quirk…?” He wonders. There’s no way. What kind of cruel world would this be! To deem him quirkless and subject him to bullying. Being quirkless is the very reason he’s in this situation to begin with! Yet here he is, looking as healthy as ever. Now that he

thinks about it… He did always heal rather quickly from his classmates torment. Not once did it ever cross his mind that he had some kind of quirk.

I can't stay here. He realizes upon seeing his time of death scrawled over a paper. There is, however, one majorly important detail that would hinder any escape.

He's naked.

"My clothes either must've burned off, or have been removed in preparation for the autopsy. Wait. Ohmygoddidtheydoanautopsyonme-" Mikumo chokes, frantically searching for any evidence that they did. *They must've taken that information with them to look over,* he thinks. He raids the medical closets and cabinets for any scrap of clothing he can get his hands on. He finds scrubs and a white lab coat. Fighting through the guilt of theft, he packs a duffle bag he finds full of medical supplies he'll surely need. There's nothing else he'll need right? Maybe there's something useful- "Oh." He hums thoughtfully. The wedding ring fits onto his index finger. He may not have the best feelings towards the man who gave this to her, but she loved it. He will too.

It doesn't take much for Mikumo to escape through the window.

Mikumo is dead. At least, that seems to be the case legally. What does he even do now!? He doesn't want to put up for adoption! What if the foster home he's put into doesn't approve of his drive to become a hero? What if he doesn't get adopted because he's quirkless!? Wait, he's not quirkless anymore what does--

"Hey kid, sorry to interrupt your muttering but I need a suitable hostage. I'm sure you won't mind." Before Mikumo can think of an appropriate response, his throat is grabbed by a man with a knife. It

seems his quirk gives him the appearance of a fish, but nothing useful in this situation.

“Sir, please let me go.” Usually Mikumo’s voice would stutter and tremble, or he’d tear up. Right now there was absolutely nothing. If anything, he was just tired. “I’m having a really bad day.”

“Don’t try and be a hero, kid. I just need a hostage so I can get the money I need to live a good life.” They’re under a bridge, hidden by the shadows of the overpass.

“I’m not trying to be a hero. We’re where literally no one can see us so I don’t really see the point in a hostage being taken here.” The kid planned on sounding as calm as he could manage, but everything comes out in a blob of words.

“See,” The man laughs. “I was being chased. When they catch up you’ll be useful.” Comedically on cue, the sewer cap pops up into the air. From what, an increase in air pressure?

“HAVE NO FEAR.” The sewer yells.

“Oh my gosh.” Mikumo starts, watching the Symbol of Peace himself hurl himself out of the sewer and onto the pavement.

“BECAUSE I AM HERE!” He shouts. Mikumo swears that he can feel the vibration of his voice in his bones.

“Don’t come any closer!” The man presses the knife harder into the child's neck, but not enough to fully cut. “I have demands!”

“To hold a child hostage…. Are you crazy?” All Might asks with a serious tone. “No matter.” The man moves sooner than All Might hopes. *He panicked,* Mikumo thinks as the man swipes the blade across his throat. He feels bad for the blood spurt staining All Might’s white shirt.

All Might is fuming.

Fuming? Mikumo thinks it’s more like steam coming off of his body.

His body hits the ground with a thud, and in less than five seconds, the villain hits the ground beside him.

“Young man, I will call for help! I’m so sorry that I couldn’t save you.” Couldn’t save him? That’s right, he slit Mikumo’s throat open. The boy sits up, feeling that there is no longer a wound. He feels fine.

“Don’t call for help, I’m okay!” Mikumo gets up. *I’m in shock. My favorite hero ever!* The fanboy in him is ready to faint.

“Young man!” All Might rushes over. “Gave me quite a scare there!” All Might gives a heart-filled laugh, cut off by a coughing a fit and a handful of blood. *It has to be shock. I’d be crying and asking if he were alright.*

“Sorry.” He says sheepishly. He has so many things weighing on his mind, so many questions he wants to ask. All of them are interrupted by All Might throwing the villain over his shoulder, ready to leave. “Can I ask you a question before you go?” He barely manages to mutter.

“Of course, young man!”

“Can I be a hero without a quirk? Or with a useless one?” The last question he adds quickly, remembering that he now has one.

“Useless quirk?”

“That man killed me. It was brief but it happened. I have…” The knife wound healed itself, along with other injuries he’s had growing up. Even if he never noticed it. “A regeneration quirk of sorts.” All Might seems to think of what to say.

“Young man, while that’s a great quirk for you to have as self defense, I don’t see how it could be used to help others. If you didn’t use a quirk to be a hero, then there's only one answer.” No… “You cannot be a hero.”

“Oh.” His number one hero shatters his dream after he went through the death of his mother. He should feel awful, sad, broken. He doesn’t, though. He feels something like anger, but not quite.

“For the report, I need a name.” All Might awkwardly asks, realizing what he’s made of the conversation. A name?

Mikumo thinks back, recalling a conversation he had with his mother. When picking a name for when he was born, they were always tied between two. Mikumo won, and was his father's favorite. The other name was one his mother really wanted.

“Izuku.” He gives.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Entrance exam time!

Izuku looks over the edge of the building, watching as the officers in the street try and figure out how he escaped the car. He holds back a laugh as Tsukauchi pinches his nose in frustration. Izuku reaches into his pocket and pulls out an airhorn. He stands tall on the rooftop and holds it up in the air, pressing the button. He can't help but laugh at everyone who startles. Tsukauchi slowly looks up with a tired expression.

"Love you Tsuki! HEY GUYS! He's the best detective! He almost had me!" He screams, tossing the air horn straight into Tsukauchi's hands. As Izuku turns around, he decides it best to greet his new friend. "Eraserhead! So are you trying to catch me because you're *assigned* to catch me?"

"Why would that matter?"

"There's a difference between a hero catching you because they think you're bad, and a hero being told to chase after you hopelessly."

"Hopelessly?" Eraserhead asks.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say that you're smirking under all those scarves." Izuku teases. "Catch me if you can, fuckboi!" He laughs, dodging Eraser's scarf and dropping into the ally. He knows that Eraser can chase him as long as he keeps sight, so all he has to do is lose him. "Snap goes the ankle." Izuku whispers in a sing-song tone, feeling his ankles snap with the force of his landing. He can run on broken ankles, not gracefully, but well enough.

The sudden pressure of having a pro assigned to him gives the whole vigilante thing a new meaning. While he's not exactly sure what the meaning is yet, he does enjoy this change.

"Hey Eraser?" Izuku calls, well aware that the pro is close enough to hear him.

"What do you want." There it is! The sound of someone slowly becoming out of breath.

"If I'm a vigilante because the laws against me, does that mean I'm closer to a villain if the pros are after me?" *Dead end,* Izuku thinks as he stops before the brick wall. He faces Eraserhead, quietly letting his eyes scan for a way out of this.

"I don't know, are you a villain?" Under the man's mask, Eraserhead swears he sees an eye twitch.

"I'd sooner die than be accused of being a villain." Eraser charges at the kid, who swipes his legs out with a bo staff and quickly slams him into the ground. Shouta can't recall the last time someone's knocked the wind out of him.

"Where did you get a bo staff, Oni?" Shouta wheezes from the ground. The pressure in between his ribs is not pleasant. He silently wishes it was easy as asking 'can you take that thing off of me and let me up?' but Shouta knows that's not the job he signed up for.

"Really, Eraser?" Izuku snorts. "I'm Oni, and *this-"* He lifts the staff up, as if calibrating it to strike. "-is my iron club." Izuku brings the staff down and hits a pressure point. It's not that he wanted to knock the

hero out, he just wanted an escape.

In all honesty, he's surprised it went as well. Running around all night with Eraser tailing him was on purpose. The hero would be easier to take down if he were tired. It's just that this was…. Too easy. A sinking feeling in Izuku's gut tells him to leave while he can.

Once home, he scales the side of his building and climbs in through the unlocked window, plopping down on his bed. He stares at the old All Might posters on his wall, a familiar feeling of anger filling his heart.

After the fire all those years ago, the building's management decided it was too much of a hassle to fix the place up and sell it again. Something about a dead child who was most likely killed for being quirkless wouldn't sit well with potential buyers. After learning more about the building, Izuku found that the apartments power can't actually be shut off individually. Sure, a major fault when considering the possibility of someone not paying rent. For Izuku, as a person who is most definitely not paying rent, it was a beautiful thing that he didn't think to question.

He sheds his costume, an all black suit with a green utility belt. The back has a space for his collapsible bo staff. Out of habit he reaches up and touches the smooth metal of his mother's wedding ring that hangs around his neck. Since he's lived in the same burnt down apartment, he's had time to go over the crimes scene. Every sign he can think of points back to his father. According to all the files he's gotten from the police, there's no suspect. It's been deemed an accident. He's long lost faith in the police force and most heroes, seeing as they don't even think to question that the autopsied corpse of a boy up and left with all their medical supplies.

There was never actually a need for the medical supplies. Well, not for him anyways. They were plenty help in emergency first aid to civilians. Izuku realized that his quirk was regeneration. It was missed because quirks were usually a mix of the parent's or one the parent's entirely. Who knew having a mutation in the way your quirk formed

would lead to *this* mess of a life.

Izuku gets into the shower, co-washing his curls and scrubbing the grim off his skin. His body heals from everything, yet he has two scars. One is a scar that starts at the hairline and spreads over his left eye, from the impact of the apartment's support beam falling. The other is a large Y-shaped scar from the autopsy. All paths of theory lead back to the conclusion of them remaining as mental scars. Though he's gone through plenty torment in his life, Izuku must admit that that day was the most scarring in every meaning of the word.

There's no use thinking about it, he has an exam in the morning.

Aizawa Shouta wakes up with static in his head. It's not a pleasant feeling, so he forces it out. Panic rises when he realizes he can't see a thing but he settles when he realizes it's a paper over his face.

"Sorry I couldn't play longer, Eraser! I had an entrance exam tomorrow morning and I actually want some rest for once! I also didn't stay because it was a little too easy to knock you out and it made me feel uneasy. Have a good night! -Oni." Shouta blinks at the paper. *I suspected it when I heard him speak. This vigilante is a kid! It seems that mentioning the entrance exams was a hint to his age. The detective told me he's fond of playing games.* He takes his goggles off and rubs his eyes. *The brat told me to have a good night.*

Once at home he looks up all local high schools that have their entrance exam tomorrow morning. While most of them take place in the same time of the year, not all of them are on the same day, in case people want to apply for more than one school. Shouta can't help but give a deep sigh when he sees the only entrance exam tomorrow is UA. Of course it's the only one tomorrow! Hero schools tend to have their own day so students can take them as well as exams for normal

schools. If this kid gets in, there's no telling what kind of hell would break loose.

Izuku stops a moment to take in the view of UA. It's huge! Now being a rooftop hopping fanatic, he'd love to see the view from the edge. He starts walking, his steel-toed boots dragging a bit. *Ah, so this is how I go,* Izuki thinks as he trips over a rock. Luckily, a girl catches him.

"Release!" She breathes, connecting all five of her fingers together. "Sorry for using my quirk on you! It'd be bad luck to trip right before the exam, right?" She gives a smile, and Izuku politely says his thanks and watches as she pushes on into the exam.

Once seated, he almost feels the need to hold his breath. That's Kacchan! Kacchan is sitting right next to him, but doesn't seem to notice. Hopefully his green hair doesn't give too much away.

It may be the years of torment, or the fact that I can no longer stand fire quirks, but I am really *not enjoying being this close to Kacchan.*

Izuku sits and listens as Present Mic himself explains the rules. The students have to destroy robots for points. *That's not fair. What about students that don't have physical or combat-capable quirks? Let me guess, it's 'fair' because they'll be something else like points for saving people? For the sake of heroics they probably won't tell us about it, leaving people at a disadvantage no matter how you look at it.* When he gets in, he'll be sure to complain until it's changed.

Everyone is divided into different arenas, probably to allow more than a few students time to shine. There's absolutely no way he didn't pass

the written exam, so now is where he might actually have to work. The girl who saved him from a face full of concrete is here, as well as the loud boy from the auditorium. *Maybe I'll just hang back here.* He lingers towards the back of the crowd, waiting for the cue.

"Start!" Mic calls. He could've used an intercom of sorts, but he really hopes that Mic is just screaming from a rooftop somewhere. *Okay, let's get this over with.*

In the observation room, many people have their eyes on future superstars.

"Examinee 4225 seems promising. His combat is unrivaled so far." Ectoplasm notes.

"Katsuki Bakugou, quirk: explosion." Nedzu hums. "This student has only combat points. One the other end of the spectrum is examinee 4224. They sat next to each other, coincidentally." On the main screen, the teachers pull up examinee 4224. "Izuku Midoriya has more points than a good half of the students, but not a single combat point." The screen shows Izuku looking around and pulling fellow test-takers out of harm's way or out of debris and rubble. A particularly large piece of metal falls, and Izuku tackles the student out of the way. Angry green eyes meet the camera, and all of the teacher seem to feel a chill run down their spine.

"Did he just glare at us?" Mic asks, leaning forward in his seat.

"Midoriya's quirk is called Analysis. It does exactly as it sounds. There's no way to tell what exactly is going through his mind…. Oh, he's waving at us!" Nedzu squeaks in delight. "Zoom in!" It shows Izuku making a serious of hand gestures to the camera.

“‘This exam is unfair.’” Mic starts translating the sign. “‘This only benefits people with strong physical quirks, not people fit to be heroes. You didn’t even tell those of us at a disadvantage about the chance of points for helping peopl--’” Izuku’s rant is cut short as Nedzu hits the button to launch to zero pointers. The pros in the room laugh at the sigh Izuku gives before turning to face the monstrosity.

He turns to run, but stops when he hears a voice in pain.

“My, my. I wonder how he’ll act.” Nedzu chimes.

“What do you mean?” Midnight asks.

“His quirk makes him smarter than other contestants. He probably realized that if he ran and saved himself, we’d just have to stop the robots before it could kill the girl. Knowing the chances though. I think he’ll…” The rodent trails off, watching as Izuku is already in a sprint towards the robot. He grabs a large pole off the ground and keeps going.

Shouta stands a little straighter in the back of the room, his eyes on examinee 4224. He’s on high alert for Oni, and the fact that this kid picked up a pole raises suspicions. Then again, Oni wouldn’t have done something that would draw eyes onto him like that.

He watches as the boy brings the pole up.

“He’s pole-vaulting to the robot?” Vlad king asks, worry seeping into his voice.

Izuku flies through the air, grabbing hold of the robots arm and climbing up with little trouble. Once on the flat base near the head, he pulls a panel off the robot and hops in. Shouta can tell that everyone in the room is holding their breath, waiting for literally anything to happen. The robot comes to a halt and he rolls his eyes at his cheering colleagues. It's an exam, not a show! The leg of the robot is kicked out, a green-haired boy emerges.

"Looks like he got fried a bit." Mic says softly.

The child walks over to the girl as the ending announcement is played. He retrieves the pole off the ground and points at a purple haired student.

"What are they doing?" Ectoplasm asks.

"He's making a lever to get the debris off of her." Shouta finally contributes. He gives the other student the pole and instructs him to shove it under the rocks at an angle. Meanwhile Izuku gets a rock and puts it in place as a fulcrum. The two boys exchange a few words and switch places. *He lifted that rock with ease, kid must be strong.* The lever gets pulled, lifting the weight off the girl so the other boy can pull her out. *The kid is smart enough to know when you can't help someone alone.*

Shouta can't help wonder if Oni was serious about the entrance exam. It's not officially known what his quirk is. By the looks of it, a healing quirk of some sort but all suspicion of Midoriya dropped when his quirk was revealed.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

I feel like this is more of 'chapter 2.5' than a chapter 3
Minor warning of implied plotting of a sexual assault!

Chapter Notes

Would anyone want me to include some illustrations at any point? Like, to show costumes and things like that?

Apparently, faking an entirely new identity was a lot easier than Izuku expected. The easiest thing for him to forge was the quirk registration papers stating he had an analysis quirk. If he put anything near a healing or regeneration quirk, Eraserhead would probably be on his way to arrest him by now.

The exam was a few days ago, the results should have been sent out already. *Why am I nervous? I know I'll get in. So what's going on? Maybe some patrolling would do me good.* Patrolling, as if he were an actual hero.

He's gotten good at spotting cameras and knowing which ones are currently active. People don't think about the faint movement seen beneath the dark glass. *Was my rant to the teachers too aggressive? Then again, I don't know if they actually saw it.*

Izuku goes into a quiet bookstore and heads straight for their bathroom, he changes into his Oni costume. The bathroom has an easy to unlock window, it's just a matter of if he'll be seen. In the stall, he ducks a bit and checks for any feet. *No one in here. Gotta be quick about this.* As soon as he opens the stall door he hops through the window. He lands into a puddle, splashing water onto his boots.

"I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain. What a glorious-Fuck." *Way to ruin my moment.* Izuku turns and sees a boy in the alley.

Even worse, there's a girl on the ground. Her clothes are on, and nothing seems to have happened yet. If he chose a different bathroom or decided against patrolling, he would have been to late. "What are you doing?" Izuku waltz up to the boy. He's barely taller than Izuku's hip. The girl on the ground looks relieved at help.

"It's not- Not what it looks like!....?" The boy's shrill voice irks him.

"Can you get up?" He asks the girl on the ground. She shakes her head. Closer inspection reveals that purple balls holds her stuck to the ground. The same balls on the boys head. "Using a quirk for evil? Great." Izuku moves to help the girl free, but the boy moves first.

"I'm not a villain! I'm just claiming my prize!"

"Your… prize? The fuck're you talking about?" Izuku narrows his eyes at the boy, knowing the eyes on his mask will convey the same expression.

"You see, I took the UA entrance exam and I got in! So I just thought I should celebrate!" *The results are out already!?*

"Celebrate with?" Izuku tilts his head at the boy, who starts shaking a bit.

"You know, uh-"

"No, I can't say I do."

“What are you going to do with me?” *This kid wants to be a hero? Gross.*

“Let that girl go.” Before he finishes his sentence, the boy is already moving to let her free. She gets up and moves behind Izuku.

“Thank you so much.” She sniffles, ready to turn and run.

“Hold on a sec.” He turns to the boy. “Tell her your name so she can report you.”

“Uh-” Izuku takes a step forward. “Mineta! Mineta Minoru.” With that, the girl takes off. There’s a look in Mineta’s eyes, like he’s planning to escape for himself. *Not so fast, you grape fucker.* In a swift movement, Izuku lunges, grabbing on of Mineta’s arm in one hand and his neck in the other. He’s careful not to touch the purple things on his head just in case. He slams the side of the boys head on a nearby dumpster, dropping him when he’s unconscious.

If this scumbag somehow made it into UA I’d probably blow my cover just to bash his head in.

Izuku looks around for any cameras, taking his phone out and accessing the feed. It’s a good thing he has two phones. The one he is currently using has had any and all GPS-based programs taken off of it by force. That, and this one has a phone number he’s made untraceable. Unfortunately, he’s never had to contact a pro or the police with it, so he has no way of knowing if he royally fucked up the programming. *Time to find out.* He scrolls through his collected contacts of heros and picks out Eraserhead.

Oni:

Look at this video I'm sending. This gross weirdo got into UA! This footage is from a security camera, I'll send the address too.

Eraserhead:

Why are you sending ME this then? Actually, why do you have my number?

Oni:

I have your number for reasons like this. I'll either let you guys handle this creep discreetly, or I'll leak the footage and announce that he got into the best hero school around.

Eraserhead:

Sure, whatever. I must admit that you must feel confident in texting my personal number. You're not scared of getting caught?

Oni:

Not particularly, no. I can't say that I'm shaking in my lovely thigh-high boots, Eraser. Would you prefer that I message you on that messenger app all the hip kids use called Lik?

Eraserhead:

Yes actually. My name on it is Eraserhead.

Oni:

A name that MUST have been brought on in a stroke of genius I'm sure.

Izuku downloads the app, and adds Eraserhead after making a new profile.

Eraserhead:

Is that name really necessary?

Smol Might:

...Ya?

Eraserhead:

I never took you for an All Might fan.

Eraserhead's #1 fan:

You're entirely right, my man. All Might motivates me, but it's all out of spite.

Eraserhead:

Change it.

Eraserheads #1 fan:

Why? I can hear you sighing in quiet frustration a mile away with this name!

Eraserhead:

I swear to god I'll break every bone in your body if you don't change it.

Okay, he doesn't like having fans. Got it. Izuku now sits in the alley, watching Mineta until police arrive.

Eraserhead:

Let me ask you, what do you think of intelligence boosting quirks?

Oh! So he does *suspect little ol' me!*

Oni:

Like Nedzu? For him it's obviously a quirk, but any regular person could say they have one. Hecc, even quirkless people can say they have an intelligence quirk for shits and giggles. Who's to say they don't just have a high IQ?

One the other end of the conversation, Shouta sighs, rubbing his tired eyes. *If he was Midoriya, he'd probably say something totally different. I want to believe that Midoriya kid is innocent, but I have a gut feeling that there's more to it.*

Eraserhead:

What does 'hecc' stand for?

Izuku can't help but laugh.

Oni:

Omfg. Hecc doesn't stand for anything! It's like "heck" but with f

l a v o r

Eraserhead:

And you've lost me.

Eraserhead:

Then again I'm not a teen. Like you.

Oni:

What was it, my pubescent voice? Or just my boyish charm?

Eraserhead:

Shut it. Did you get into UA?

Cutting right to the chase, huh?

Oni:

Tbh I have no idea. That Mineta kid was the one who told me the results are out. I have to check the mail later. Btw, what happens to the classes if a student gets removed?

Eraserhead:

We put the next passing student in their place. We'll most likely do that, seeing as plotting out and attempting sexual assault is definitely against policy and the law.

Oni:

So…… You're saying my vigilantism is a good thing?

Eraserhead:

Just this once, yes. As long as no quirk was used to fight, it's technically legal. You saved a girl from harm, I can't belittle you for that.

Eraserhead:

You openly admit it's vigilantism.

Oni:

I'm not some honey-frosted wingnut who thinks I'm a hero! If I thought that, there'd be no point in my desire to go to UA!!!

Eraserhead:

I get it.

Oni:

!!!

[Eraserhead is offline]

Eraserhead goes away just as the police show up. There's no coincidence, the boy's sure. Izuku makes sure to give Tsukauchi a nice wave before his escape.

On the way home, he swings by the PO box he has listed as his home address and picks the letter from UA.

Once home, he sets it down. *Why is it heavy? A kitten probably weighs the same as this. OHmygOD what if it's a bomb!? UA sent me a bomb for getting rejected!*

" Well, it's not like I'm someone who can be hurt gravely by a bomb." Izuku sings, tearing the letter open. There's a few papers, and a disk. Without warning a projection starts. Izuku is not proud of the sound that came out of his mouth. *It was like someone put a harmonica and a kazoo into a garbage disposal!*

"I am here!" It's All might! *Why is he doing the announcement.* Izuku feels rage coming up his throat. Wait, no. That's vomit. He swallows it down along with his pride and watches the video. "You passed the written exam with a perfect score, Midoriya! As expect of someone with an analysis quirk."

He doesn't even remember me.

"As for the practical exam, you got zero points!" A roll of the eyes is given during the dramatic pause. "Zero combat points, that is! You went around helping other students at the expense of your points. You exemplified heroism, young man! It is with great pleasure that I announce you got the top spot. Well, you tied for the top spot. It is a great feat nonetheless. Midoriya Izuku, welcome to your Hero Academia!" On one hand, Izuku is very happy he got into his dream school. One the other hand, he's worried what the appearance of All Might means. *Why would he be the one to give the announcements? He's the number one hero. He has to be too busy for this shit. Ohhhhh no. Oh no. Does this mean he's on the UA staff?! If he's my teacher at any point I*

have no idea how I'll react to seeing him. What if I explode? What if I go into shock and can't use my quirk? Worst of all, what if I blow my cover!?

He'll worry about this when it happens.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

UA! UA! UA! UA!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's the first day of school. Izuku puts on the uniform the school gave him and gets ready. He detangles his curls and defines them with a light curl cream. *First impressions, seeing as I haven't been in a school since the accident.* He takes a long look at his face. *Does this face scream 'I'm just a loveable hero fanboy' or 'Japan's most wanted vigilante'? Maybe they'll pity me upon seeing the scar. Sometimes pity can do wonders.*

Before he can overthink, he leaves the house. Whenever he leaves, Izuku tends to carry his Oni costume with him. Seeing as that's a death wish, all he carries with him today is an empty feeling.

Halfway through the train ride, he starts to wonder if he's on the wrong one. *That purple-haired kid from the exam is on the train too. I've never seen him around the neighborhood. Maybe he just moved?* Hopefully the kid doesn't notice Izuku. *Oh my god.* Izuku sees more purple. This time it's Mineta. He sits on the opposite side of the train car, wearing a different school's uniform. Lucky for Mineta, Izuku can't be caught publicly smashing heads.

Once the train stops in the station, Izuku feels…. Restless. Like he wants to skip school and patrol instead. *I really hope we can do some sort of exercise today. I just feel like flying around from building to building.*

About a mile from the school, he feels eyes on him. Of course he does, he's out in public! The only thing unnerving him is that he's felt it for the past few blocks. Hairs on his neck stand up, his body starts

pumping out adrenaline before he can tell it to stop. *Okay, I'll look, see it's a student, and calm the fuck down.* His head whips around and meets the eyes of the purple-haired kid. The gaze immediately sharpens into hostility. Izuku gives a relieved sigh.

"What's with the look?" The boy asks. Izuku smiles a bit.

"Sorry, I'm just relieved it was you-" Something takes over Izuku. Like a fog, cramming itself into every space in his head.

"**Again, explain why you gave me that look."** The voice commands. It's the only thing that cuts through the static consuming him.

"I was walking and I've felt like someone was staring at me for a while. I was trying to ignore it like the rest of my problems in life but then I started getting anxious! So I thought I'd take a quick look, but it ended up being super aggressive. I was just relieved it was you." Whatever took hold of Izuku drops after he stops word-vomiting. The look the boy gives his is unreadable.

"What's your name?"

"Izuku Midoriya. You?"

"Shinsou." *I gave you a full name and you want to remain a cryptic being. Fine.*

"What's your quirk?" Izuku asks, but a pang of guilt hits him soon after. *He flinched.* "Never mind, you don't have to tell me if you're uncomfortable." When Shinsou nods in response, they walk in silence.

Neither of them realize they're in the same class until they get to the door.

"We're really early. Is that the only train we can take?" Izuku asks.

"Yeah." *I really wanted to sleep in. This kid looks like he could use it too.* Izuku opens the intimidatingly large door and smiles a bit. There's only one student in there. "Oh no." He mumbles, getting a look from Shinsou. It's that loud, suspiciously polite blue-haired boy from the exam.

"Hello, fellow classmates!" *His arms. They're like a robot.* "I am Tenya Iida, it will be a pleasure to have you in class this year! You!" He turns his full attention to Izuku, allowing Shinsou the change to slink away and find his assigned seat. *Remember your fallen comrade, Shinsou.*

"Hello." Izuku manages.

"I owe you an apology. I silently judged your way of going about the exam. I thought it foolish to avoid the robot points, and judged you for your desire to help other examinees. I even thought you just weren't serious about getting into this school! Yet here you are, tied for the top spot." *Is he done monologuing?* "If I had known they were rewarding points for helping others, than I would have done the same. I am truly sorry!" Iida bows so far that Izuku wonders if he threw his back out.

"I accept your apology, you can stand up now." Iida does as asked. "I didn't help them because I knew I'd get points." *Okay, I might've. Not the point.* "I helped them because it's what's right." Izuku can almost see the cogs turning in Iida's head as he ponders the boy's words. *I knew he was a robot!* He, too, takes this chance to weasel out of a

conversation.

“Oh. I sit with you, too.” Izuku sits a seat in front of Shinsou. They look at each other a moment but no one speaks. Instead they settle for absolute silence. Iida takes a seat, too.

I’m nervous. Do I have to keep a charade? Hide my razor-sharp wit? God, I hope not. He pulls out a laptop and headphones, listening to police radio chatter. It’s almost soothing, until he gets wind of a particularly alarming call in. He jumps in his seat. Heck, if he didn’t have his ankles crossed there’d probably be nothing to stop him from jumping on his feet and out the window to go help.

“Calm down, I’m trying to sleep.” Shinsou deadpans.

“Sorry. I was just listening to a.. Podcast. It spooked me.”

“You got scared of a podcast.” He repeats.

“Yes?” There’s no response, but Izuku can see Shinsou laying his head back on the table in the reflection of his laptop’s screen. More students start pouring in, and Izuku decides it’s best to change from his laptop to his phone. He keeps one phone on top of the desk, and the vigilante phone inside of his desk. Alright, so he can’t relax or take his mind off anything vigilante related. Sue him. He spends a good amount of time half-listening to radio chatter and scrolling through the HeroNews app, not noticing when the class is almost full of students. The only reason why he looks up, is because he feels a pair of eyes burning holes into him.

Kacchan. *Oh shit, I totally forgot about this possibility!* He takes his headphones out, in preparation of being thrown around like a wooden doll like he used to be. Not just any old wooden doll.

A Deku.

"DEKU!" At that screech of a sound, the class goes quiet. *They probably think a villain got into UA.* Izuku looks around, then innocently points a finger at himself.

"Me?" He mouths. That was 100% the wrong thing to do, because Kacchan storms across the class and slams his hands down on Izuku's desk.

"What the FUCK do you think you're doing here? You're *dead."* It does look like Kacchan's seeing a ghost. *I don't know why he'd care, though.*

"I'm dead? You can't threaten me like that. I don't even know who you are!" Okay, Izuku officially decided. He's going to convince Kacchan that he's not Mikumo, but a boy named Izuku. Easy, right?

"It's not a threat! You're dead! You burned to death years ago! All you did was get a shitty haircut and shitty scar!" Izuku didn't want the half-shaved look! His left side just doesn't grow hair that long anymore. It gets to a certain length and stops. He knows it's probably from trauma caused by the accident, but he likes the haircut now so he doesn't complain.

He takes a deep breath. *Time for the show. Everyone in here is watching intently.*

"You mean Mikumo? He was my cousin! My name is Izuku Midoriya, I don't know wha-" Kacchan grabs him by the red necktie and lifts him onto his feet. Izuku almost gives into the old habit of folding like a wet paper towel. *Please no fire.*

“He didn’t have any cousins!” It’s not like blond says it, but more so growls it.

“Grabbing onto my tie? Getting in close? Sorry, you’re not really my type.” Behind him, he can hear Shinsou snicker. Izuku didn’t mean for his vigilante way of speech to leak in, but there’s no stopping what came out his mouth. Kacchan pulls tighter on the tie. “Listen, I’m his cousin on his mom’s side. Her sister’s son.”

“Aunty Inko didn’t have a sister.” *Uh oh.*

“Yes she did. Every holiday I had to hear Mikumo talk about you. How you called him a worthless Deku because he was quirkless. I wouldn’t be surprised if *you* were the one who set that fire.” Izuku’s too busy talking, not taking in any other information.

Behind Izuku, two people see something no other students do. Shinsou and the heterochromatic boy sitting to the right of him see something that concerns them more than Bakugou. Izuku’s fist is balled so tightly that he draws blood, letting it drip onto the floor beneath it. *I don’t think he even realizes it,* Shinsou thinks.

“All you did is berate and belittle the poor kid. The police report says you were the last one who saw him alive. God!.... What was that stupid name he called you? *Kacchan?”*

Izuku can't help but give a small smirk at the look on Kacchan's face. Said look is wiped off his face as Kacchan punches him hard enough to throw him over his chair and Shinsou's desk. Shinsou barely manages to get out of the way.

Worth it! Izuku thinks as he lands harshly. He hits his head on the back cabinets. The only thing he regrets is the sound of a snap in his arm from landing on it. The sound only gets looks from Shinsou and the Peppermint Kid.

Cloth wraps tie themselves around Kacchan. Izuku feels his stomach drop and his blood freeze.

Shouta walks through the halls of UA slowly. Partly because he's tired and currently trying to fight back zombie-mode, but also because he's on the lookout for Oni. No, he doesn't expect the demon to just hurl himself into plain sight, but then again he's unpredictable. Even if he *did* find Oni, it's not like he can just tackle a student without prior warning. *As entertaining as that'd probably be.*

Mic is already at his desk, ready to do the morning announcements. Shouta cannot wait to escort his class out for the exercise to spare his eardrums. As much as he loves the man, he cannot deal with that cockatoo impersonator so early in the morning.

"-olice report says you were the last who saw him alive! God!-" The rest of the speech is too quiet for Shouta to make out. *It's coming from my classroom. Why!?* He picks up the pace. He runs at the sound of furniture being crashed and student's concerned yelling.

Once in the doorway he sees one student in a fighting position, and another already on the ground. *The kid was thrown over a desk completely. Recovery Girl is going to kill me.* He throws his capture scarves out and restrains the student with ease. He freezes the moment he sees who the other student is. *Izuku Midoriya. Why am I not surprised.* He pulls Bakugou towards him, and sends him out to wait in the hallway.

"Close the door on your way out. You better think of a good reason why I don't expel you." He seethes. Bakugou doesn't look at him. If he had to describe the kid's face, he'd say thoughtful. Distracted. Regardless, the kid listens and leaves the classroom. Midoriya slowly gets up, wiping blood off his nose. They stare at each other a long moment.

I have a reason to look at him like this, what's his?

"Those capture weapons, Eraserhead! Can I have your autograph!" *Oh, he's just a hero fanboy.*

"Maybe, explain to me why you were on the ground with a bloody nose." Midoriya rubs the back of his neck.

"Bakugou knew my aunt and my cousin. Grew up with them, actually. They're… They died. I think I look too much like my cousin." Midoriya looks distressed.

"What do you mean?" He walks closer to the boy, making sure he has no other injuries.

"He accused me of being him. I get it, we looked a lot alike back then, too. And-And I got mad. He used to bully him for being quirkless and called him worthless Deku. Sometimes I wonder if he even knew his name!" Midoriya gives a bitter laugh. "I called him out on treating him like trash. My cousin never even told me his name. He called him a nickname, and when I mentioned it, he punched me." Aizawa narrows his eyes at the boy.

"If Bakugou never told you his name, how do you know it's Bakugou?" Aizawa mentally rolls his eyes at the student's who gasp at the question. Aizawa himself never said his student's name aloud.

"He was the kid involved with the Slime Villain last year. I recognized him and looked him up." *So, he actually has an answer.*

“Besides the bloody nose, are you injured?” Izuku shakes his head, but the two students behind him look at him with alarm. “Todoroki, Shinsou, why the alarm?”

“We heard a snapping sound when he landed.” Todoroki answers.

“Oh, sorry! You must’ve my teeth snap together when my head hit the cabinet.” Izuku looks embarrassed. “Sorry if I worried you!”

“Everyone in their seats, I’ll have a chat with Bakugou.” Aizawa walks out.

The moment Izuku sees Aizawa close the door behind him, he both wants to cry tears of joy *and* shout into the void! *My homeroom teacher. What did I do!? What vengeful god did I piss off today?!*

“Midoriya. That was your arm and you know it.” Shinsou snaps when the class goes back to their own discussions.

“I’m fine.” At least the whole class didn’t hear it.

“Do you have some sort of healing quirk, Midoriya? That was most definitely your arm.” Todoroki adds.

“No, I don’t have a healing quirk. I didn’t hurt my arm.” *Great, not one, but TWO deadpan voiced wonders behind me.*

“Midoriya?” Shinsou asks.

“Yeah-” The fog makes a reappearance!

“**Tell me the truth, are you hurt?”**

“My nose hurts a bit.”

“Does your arm hurt at all?”

“No.” Shinsou drops his hold over him, and turns to Todoroki.

“He’s not lying. He’s fine.” Todoroki doesn’t answer. He stares at Izuku a moment, but blinks and turns away before Izuku can ask why.

“I have no idea what your quirk is, but it’s so cool!” Izuku gushes. Shinsou looks down. *Oh no, he’s embarrassed.* The girl in the second seat of his row introduces herself to him as Yaoyorozu. “Thank you.” He says, accepting a moist towelette from her as she returns to her seat. *Where did she even get this? Did she just have these on hand!?* He cleans the blood and puts the towel in the trash.

“-I’ll keep an eye on you. You better keep your behavior in check.” He hears Eraserhead say. *Must be wrapping up…. Shit!* He makes it back into his chair before the door swings open. Kacchan glares at him before sitting down, not saying a word. *Boy if looks could kill. Well, I still wouldn’t care.*

“I somehow managed to be interrupted before my class even started.” Eraserhead walks to the podium in the front of the room. “My name is Shouta Aizawa, I am your homeroom teacher. Don’t annoy me. Come on, class. Go to your respective locker rooms and change into the school-provided gym clothes. We have some tests for you.” *I don’t like that smile.*

Chapter End Notes

Let me know if you guys actually want the illustrations here and there
(I had the chapter finished hours ago, but I had to figure out how to put the picture in. I did it!)

Chapter 5

In the locker room, Izuku avoids Kacchan like the plague. *Could I actually die from a plague? How can I found out, I think it's my time.* He settles for changing by Shinsou and Todoroki. He likes them, because they don't really speak to anyone. *I feel like there's an unspoken agreement of 'we won't talk to each other that much but it'll ward off people who DO want to talk', and it's a beautiful thing.* He changes into his gym pants, sighing at the length of them. *So, maybe living by myself eating mostly precooked and convenience store foods haven't been the best for my growth. I'm the shortest guy in this class!*

Apparently Shinsou is also a mind reader, because he looks at Izuku's pants and smirks a little.

" Shut it. I know I'm short." He seethes, rolling up his pant legs. Both pairs of eyes land on him when he takes his shirt off. *What's their deal?*

"Woah." Shinsou seems to speak for both him and Todoroki.

"What?"

"It looks like you've had an autopsy or something." *Oh fuck. How did my small monkey brain forget!?* Todoroki stays silent, keeping his gaze on Izuku. His eyes are tracing the y-shape of the scar. "You better not let that freak see, it'll be harder to convince him you're not that dead cousin or whatever." Izuku pretends to widen his eyes in realization.

"Oh my god, you're right!" *I didn't mean to raise my voice that whole octave.* He puts his shirt on and hurries outside.

“Hey!” A girl’s voice calls him. When he turns he’s bombarded by a hug. “I saw you earlier but didn’t get my chance to talk. Are you okay?!” *It’s the sparkly vomit girl from the exam.* He nods. “I really just wanted to thank you for saving my life at the exam. I can’t remember the last time I was that scared!” A sheepish smile creeps onto Izuku’s lips. As a wanted vigilante, he’s not used to hearing such profuse thanks like this. The girl’s eyes look up, past him. “You too!” Izuku sees Shinsou’s confused look. “Thank you for helping me out of the rubble.”

The look on Shinsou’s face makes me sad. It’s like he’s never praised for anything a day in his life. It’s the same look he has whenever I compliment his quirk.

Aizawa calls the attention of the class.

“Today, we have two different tests for you. First is a Quirk Assessment Test.” *A what now?* “It’s like a regular school fitness test, except you can use your quirk however you want to achieve good scores. Whoever comes in last today will be expelled immediately.” The class tenses. *Yeah, some do best under pressure, but how many of us will crack under it.* He calls Bakugou to show an example of the ball toss with the firepower of his quirk behind it. *He’s even more powerful than when I last saw him! Bitch.*

Izuku pushes through the tests, unsure of where he stands. There’s no denying that he’d be in the top 6 or so if they weren’t using quirks. Everyone is getting outrageously high scores on at least one of the tests. *Those outliers put them all above me. That just means I have to try for outliers on everything, even if it’s impossible.*

Aizawa takes note of all the students scores, trying to deduce what their individual strengths are. *Midoriya has some of the best scores in the long jump, 100 meter dash, and an outstanding score on the grip test. Everything someone who hops from building to building would be good at.* He waves the suspicion off. *Anyone can be good at those things.*

The last test is the ball throw. Izuku already has an idea of how to get a decent score, he just doesn't know if he'll get in trouble for it.

So far Vomit Girl has the highest score, of infinity. It's impressive. *Her quirk is definitely gravity related.* When he gets called up last for the toss, he meets Aizawa's eyes. *That's 100% 'I know it's you, you little shit, I just need proof' in his eyes. Fun!*

"Do whatever you want to get it as far as you can, just don't leave the circle." Izuku repeats Aizawa's words, just as he turns around and pegs the ball at Kacchan.

Pegging the ball at the blond startles him into using his quirk. Everyone watches in stunned silence as the balls soars forward. Kacchan's score was 702 meters.

Izuku's score is 706 meters.

It seems like Kacchan is too shocked to do anything.

"Midoriya. What did you just do?" Aizawa sounds furious, but has a manic smirk on his face.

"I- uh. I just thought my best chance at a good score was to get someone else to put firepower behind it. You never… You never said we couldn't use outside sources to help." Izuku's not exactly sure how to accurately stutter anymore. He used to have a horrible problem with it, but now he can't figure out how to do it on purpose! "I technically threw the ball, so I thought it was okay."

“Fine, you got me.” Aizawa nods his head to motion Izuku back to the students. Kacchan glares at him, but doesn’t move a muscle. Several students stare at Izuku, most likely wondering if he has some sort of death wish. “Now for the other test. This one is an obstacle course. It’ll allow me to observe more of your problem solving skills.” The class walks to a large building, shaped like a hangar. Inside of it is what he said, an obstacle course. What he *didn’t* say is that the course looks like twelve and a half course shoved together into one. *It’s twelve courses in a trench coat!*

“Do whatever you want to get across and hit the button on the other side.” Aizawa explains. *That’s all I need to hear!* His eyes scan what he can see of the course, searching for ways to cheat the system.

“Sir, can you explain what that pile of… *things* is for?” Iida asks, gesturing to a large pile of junk on the grass. Iida was trying to be polite.

“If you see anything in that pile you think can help you get across, you can use it.” *Oh my god. This is going to be fun.* He sees wires, wheels, metal pipes, wooden planks.

Izuku has an idea. It’s not a foolproof one, but it’s a start. The moment Aizawa says go, he sprints to the pile, snatching all he needs. *No one else is going for the pile, they’re too concerned with finishing first. Even Shinsou is gone!* He spends time building a contraption inspired by the sight of the long support beam going straight across the ceiling of the building.

I hope I look like a graceful acrobat. He creates a mix of a trapeze bar and a zip line mechanism. It only takes a few minutes or so, seeing as he had the idea as soon as he set eyes on them. Izuku sprints inside the building, climbing up the support beams. He has the contraption hooked around his neck, holding the bar with his mouth. Once on the main support beam, he sets it up.

I'm really high up. Oh, most of the kids are already trapped by obstacles! They're not even a tenth of the way in! He wants to laugh at the sight of the kids flailing about. He spots Aizawa also in the support beams, sitting against the wall and watching with an aerial view. *Smart.* It's like Aizawa can feel eyes on him, because he turns and meets Izuku's gaze. *You scared the fuck out of me!*

Izuku lowers himself down onto the bar, holding on with his hands. As soon as he kicks his legs forward, it should carry him to the finish. *I'm lucky it's on a slight downward slope!* He swings, and is rocketing forwards in seconds. *Fast, oh shit.* Maybe it was too much of a slope. Quickly, he pulls his knees to his chest and over the bar. His hands are now free, allowing him to hang upside down like an acrobat.

Oh how he laughs at the classmates who take notice and start screaming at him! Everyone seems to have the same amount of trouble with them.

"Shinsou! Grab on!" Izuku sees him directly in the path. Shinsou stands on a wooden ramp, ready to face the next obstacle. If he jumps, he can hitch a ride.

"Are you crazy!?"

"Jump! Trust me!" For a split second, Shinsou's face goes unreadable at the phrase 'trust me'.

Izuku holds his hands out to grab on as he passes, and Shinsou jumps.

The effect of Shinsou's weight is immediate, because they gain speed. While Izuku screams in joy, Shinsou screams in terror.

“Isn’t this fu- Shinsou stop screaming. Isn’t this fun!?” Izuku laughs, tightening his hold on Shinsou’s arms.

In the distance, Aizawa watches two of his students at least four times further than the rest of the class. Both scream for different reasons, but he can’t help the smirk.

He’s painfully aware of who the problem child is going to be this year. It’s been quite a few years since he had to deal with one, this might be a nice change of pace for him! Probably not, though.

“We’re reaching the end.” Izuku warns. “I’ll let you go right before we stop so you don’t get thrown.”

“What about you?” Right, he has to act like he can be hurt.

“I’ll hold on for dear life?” That seems to satisfy Shinsou. Towards the end, Izuku lets go of Shinsou, and he lands safely. Izuku, however, gets whipped off the bar and tucks and rolls into the grass. By time he lands completely Shinsou already pressed the button. He’s the first one done.

“Are you alright?” Shinsou asks, coming over to inspect.

“Very dizzy, otherwise I’m *chipper.”* The world spins around as he gets up. *There are three buttons now, whoa.* He hits the one in the middle.

The dizziness settles and he sees that there’s actually only one button. The two boys sit in companionable silence. Izuku sits in such a way that his hand is hidden from Aizawa’s view. It seems like he’s sitting normally.

He has his Oni Phone.

Oni:

UA is cool so far, but the opening ceremony is boring. Nedzu sure likes to talk!

Izuku has mastered the art of texting without looking, and keeps his eyes on the students doing the test. He makes it a point not to stare at any one student for too long.

Out the corner of his eye he sees Aizawa’s head whip into his direction. *You’re not subtle, Eraser.*

Eraserhead:

You’re playing a game, aren’t you?

In his hand, Izuku feels his phone vibrate in Morse code. It took him

two weeks to figure out how to add that setting to it! He feels even more proud when he feels what Eraserhead sent back.

Oni:

I'm a kid. We play games.

Eraserhead:

You're a teen, and you're getting on my nerves.

Oni:

Well you know I'm at UA, why don't you just hunt me down?

"What are you doing?" Shinsou's voice startles Izuku.

"Texting." He admits.

"With one hand behind your back? How can you even read the texts?"

"Yes, because I don't want my phone taken away. You know how phones can vibrate when you get a text? I made it so it vibrates the message in Morse!"

"...Forget I asked anything."

Eraserhead:

I have a class, I can't leave them.

Oni:

You never told me you're a teacher!

Oni:

When do you sleep!?

Eraserhead:

I don't.

[Eraserhead is offline]

I hope I'm doing a good enough job at tripping him up.

It takes another 15 minutes for the rest of the kids to start sprinkling through. A lot of them take turns yelling at the boys, but also talk about how creative the plan was. *It's not like we really had a plan.* Kacchan glares again, giving Izuku the silent treatment. *Jokes on you, I've been waiting for you to be quiet all my life, you fucknut!* One glare he doesn't expect is from Todoroki. *Did I accidentally hit him when I passed him? What did I do to piss of the Peppermint Prince?*

Aizawa hops down from the support beams of the building and joins the class as the invisible girl and sparkly boy finish last.

"Many of you had good strategies to combat the disadvantages your quirk has in situations like these. Midoriya, tell the class what your quirk is and how you used it to your advantage." *Eh?? Why me? Never mind. I really don't want to speak.*

“My quirk is called Analysis. It’s not good for helping things like strength or speed. It’s pretty much how it sounds. Intelligence boosting.” *Shit, I forgot to stutter.*

“In a system designed to hold you back, what do you do?” Aizawa asks.

“Ch-Cheat it?” *Why is Aizawa giving such a creepy smile*

“Yes and no. As heroes you all will have the odds against you at one time or another. You’ll have to do as Midoriya and Shinsou did and ‘cheat it’.” A pause. “I don’t consider what these two did as cheating because I said to do whatever you guys wanted. Everyone else ignored the pile of tools I left, because you were too worried to think rationally about your approach. We’ll work on that.” He tells the class to head back and change, so we can get our syllabus. “Midoriya.”

Izuku and Shinsou stop their conversation. He can’t help but notice that Kacchan and Todoroki stopped too, along with a few others.

“Yes?”

“Were you texting after you finished?” *What the fuck! He’s totally going based on a gut feeling, isn’t he. That’s! Cheating!*

“No, sir.” He feels Shinsou’s tired eyes on him.

“Where is your phone then?”

“In my gym locker.”

“Okay, let’s go take a look.” *You’re joking.*

“Okay.” Aizawa turns and walks. The moment his back faces them, Shinsou gives him a look of ‘what’s wrong with you?’

Once in the locker room, he leads Aizawa to his locker. Shinsou and Todoroki stand off to the side, waiting to get to their own. Izuku can almost feel the frustration seeping into the air when Aizawa sees that his phone is actually in his locker when he opens it.

“I apologize for my accusation.” Is all he says before leaving.

The door closes, and Shinsou drops down onto the bench.

“My heart can’t take this.” He murmurs. Izuku pulls his second phone out of his pocket. “You have two phones.” While he doesn’t seem to be, Izuku knows Todoroki is listening in.

“Yes, now hush.” They change back into their uniforms.

“You have an intelligence boosting quirk, and *these* are the things you do!?” At that, Izuku snorts.

The syllabi are handed out once back in class, and Aizawa has yet to say who’s expelled.

“Sir, I hate to remind you of such a disheartening topic, but you mentioned expulsion due to unsatisfactory results?” Iida asks. *Please tell me his quirk makes him half robot? At least SOME part machine!?*

“Right. It was a logical ruse to ensure you all did your best. No one is getting expelled.” Aizawa does that murderous grin again as the class utterly loses their shit. Izuku wonders if this is what school's actually going to be for him.

He wouldn’t mind if it was.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Todoroki makes an entrance!

Chapter Notes

Guys! You know the 'heart squeeze' face Deku has? That's me reading your comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s prank time. What better way to unwind from a stressful first day of school is there? Izuku only likes messing with one hero, though.

Endeavor.

Every time Izuku’s see this guy, he seems more and more like a jerk. What’s his deal! At first he thought it was just a front Endeavor put up as part of his brand, but he was horribly wrong. Instead, this expired, crusty flaming hot cheeto of a man is the *worst* person Izuku can think of!

So he likes to fuck with him as a pastime. A hobby, one may call it.

Last time I tried pouring gallons of ice on him, it all evaporated. I don’t want to minorly inconvenience him, I want his day to be ruined!

Such desires has led Izuku to camp out on a roof above an Endeavor meet-and-greet that’s outside. He should have had bodyguards, but the idea damages his pride so much that the number 2 hero *is* his bodyguard.

Everything is in place, I just have to wait until the civilians are far enough out of the way to avoid getting hit. Hidden in several places around the meet-and-greet area are either fire extinguisher guns, or explosives full of the substance. Either way, Endeavor is going to forcibly cool his jets.

"What are you doing?" Izuku feels his blood run still. He turns. *Todoroki? Oh my fucking god, I'm so stupid. He's Endeavor's son! How did I not recognize him!?*

"Enjoying the view?"

Shouto walks around the alleyways, trying his best to ignore the sounds of his father's meetup. He was only told to stay nearby, lucky for him it was never specified how far he could go.

He has more on his mind than usual. *My class has a lot of powerful students, yet none of them came first in that course. I thought the blond boy was who I would have to beat, but I was wrong. It's that green-haired kid. His name... What was it?... Midoriya.* He thinks back to the beginning of class. *The angry one said he was dead, then in the locker room he had a big scar that looked like an autopsy. That's not his quirk though. I don't get it!* Shouto can perfectly recall the sound of the boy's arm snapping. If it really was his teeth that made the sound, he'd have to at least have one chipped tooth.

Our scars almost match.

Shouto's pulled out of his spiral of thoughts. He hears something beautiful. His feet move to follow and track down the sound, trying not to lose the melody he hears. It takes him back towards his father, more specifically, the roof of the main building for the meet up. Now

that he's closer, he can tell that the person isn't humming, they're singing. A part of him wants to hear the words. *Maybe I'm just bored.*

Climbing up the fire escape is an easy task, but he moves slowly to avoid alerting the person to his presence. *If The Man asks, I could say this was just stealth training,* a part of Shouto justifies.

"-For me now. And one day all the enemies I've made might get their own parade… But not today-" Shouto stands behind the person in a black and green suit. *A hero? No, my father wouldn't want someone else here.*

"What are you doing?" Shouto asks. The person turns around, caught off-guard.

"Enjoying the view?" The person tries. *They sound young, like my age.* Shouto narrows his eyes.

"Above my father's meet and greet? Who are you, a hero?" That startles a laugh out of them.

"Far from it, actually." Hold on, "Wait no, that makes me sounds like a villain." The kid gets up and walks towards the Shouto, who drops into a fighting position. "I'm a vigilante."

"You're a vigilante?" He repeats. Shouto watches as the kid extends a hand. He shakes it reluctantly.

"I'm Oni." *What? This is one of Japan's most wanted vigilantes? They made him sound a lot older in the news reports.* "I know that look. Yes, I'm young. About your age, actually."

“What are you doing?” The question from earlier comes back up.

“I … You’re Endeavor’s son, right?”

“Yes.” It takes Shouto a lot of restraint to keep from adding ‘unfortunately’ onto the end of his sentence.

“Are you particularly fond of him?” *What?* “Because I am not, and am acting on such feelings.”

“What are you talking about?” It’s rare that Shouto finds someone who speaks ill of his father outside of the Todoroki family. He drops his fighting stance, moving closer to the boy.

“No offense, but your dad’s an asshole.”

“None taken, he is.” That feels *so* good for Shouto to say to someone. At the response, the eyes on the boy’s mask widen a bit, most likely mirroring his expression underneath.

“I also have a slight fear of fire quirks, and fire in general.” The vigilante pauses, “So finding out that the one fire hero I thought could help me get over that is actually a piece of shit really bummed me out.”

“You’re scared of fire?” The vigilante nods. In this moment, Shouto sees him as another kid rather than a crimefighter.

“Do you have a fire quirk?” Oni asks.

“….Yes.” Shouto hesitates to answer, not wanting a poor reaction. “Fire and Ice.” Oni nods, silent. “Are you not scared of me?”

“No. You seem good. Your father is enemy-shaped, but you’re friend-shaped.” Shouto blinks. *What does that mean?* “I don’t think you’ll hurt me.” *It’s like he knows what I’m thinking.*

“So what did my father do to you? What did you see that made you realize what kind of monster he is?” Shouto sits besides the Oni, ready to have a full conversation. He might as well, seeing as he’ll be stuck here a while.

“I’d see him every now and then while patrolling, and every time he’d act like a jerk to everyone around him. I thought it was just part of his act, like how Present Mic is a radio host as part of his branding. So I got curious and looked into footage from cameras around the city. He’s awful.”

“Yes, he is.”

“He also set me on fire once.” Shouto can’t help but tense. “I startled him when he saw me in an alley. He remembered that I’m wanted and… I can’t remember what happens after that. I only remember the burning, blinding pain he caused me.”

“I’m sorry.” He doesn’t know what else he can say.

“You’re not the Todoroki I want apologizing.” *He’s been warm and kind while speaking to me, but what he just said was cold fury.* Shouto notices

the boy fidgeting a bit, touching something on his chest through his suit.

"What's that?" Shouto asks. He almost reaches out to touch, but stops at the last second. *Why did I almost do that?*

"Oh, this?" The boy reaches in his suit through the space between the mask and neck, and pulls a chain out. "It's my mother's wedding ring. I tend to touch it when I'm nervous." *His mother's wedding ring? Is she…?* The boy puts it back on. "Sorry, I still never told you what I'm doing." *I completely forgot.*

"Right."

"So I once tried pouring buckets of ice water on him, but it turned to steam."

"That was you?" The boy nods.

"So this time I thought 'what if I point a bunch of fire extinguishers at him?'" To Shouto, it sounds like he's about to witness something amazing.

"Please tell me that's what you're planning." Oni nods excitedly.

"I have a bunch of them hidden. I'm just waiting for the right moment. I don't want to hit any civilians." *I thought vigilantes only did things for themselves.*

Oh. That song.

“Is this why you were singing that song earlier” Shouto asks. Oni startles.

“I was singing?” Shouto nods. “Oh, I didn’t realize.” *It sounded like it was about my father. He’s the enemy here.*

“It was nice.” Shouto admits.

“You’re so bluntly honest and straightforward.” The boy blurts out. “In a good way! It’s nice.” There’s a moment of silence. “Looks like the time for this.” Out of a green utility belt, Oni pulls out a remote with a button. “Pressing this will set off all the extinguishers. He’s in the perfect spot.”

“I want to see this.” Shouto admits, leaning forward for a better view. Movement.

Oni holds the remote out to him.

“Press it. I’ll let you have the honor of pranking your shitbag of a father.” Shouto hesitantly reaches out, hand hovering over the remote. He holds his breath and slams down on the button.

Below on the ground, it sets off the entire trap, spraying Endeavor down in a cold cloud. He’s shocked into stopping his flames altogether, stomping and yelling as the crowd laughs at him.

Shouto breaks out into laughter, a wide smile on his face as he watches his father throw a tantrum. He turns to Oni, who’s also laughing up a storm. *I can’t remember the last time I’ve felt this happy.*

I can't remember the last time I smiled before now.

Oni turns to him excitedly. Shouto can't see it, but he knows Oni's smiling too.

Once the crowd settles down, Endeavor seems to be looking for the culprit.

"I have to go." Oni says. *He sounds kind of sad.* "Somehow, witnessing this with someone who relates made it a lot more fun."

"....Yeah." Shouto breathes. *Who is this kid?* Oni starts getting up, and Shouto feels something like pain, but not quite. "Wait-"

"Yeah?"

"Can I talk to you again?" He says after a moment of silence. In all his life, Shouto can't remember a time where he's actively tried reaching out to someone. Before this, he's never wanted a friend before. He didn't know *how* it felt to want a friend before now. Oni nods. "Can I have a name?"

"I told you, it's Oni."

"No, a real name." There's a long stretch of time, neither of them speak. Neither of them know what to say next.

"Izu."

"Is that your real name?"

"Partially, yes. It's all you get." *What's with this kid and three letter names?* Shouto's eyes are drawn towards the movement. He holds his hand out. "Let me see your phone." It's not a question, but it's filled with the same kindness that one would have. Shouto hands it over.

He watches Oni tap away at the screen for a few minutes, not once does he think to ask what he's doing.

“I downloaded a messenger app and added myself. You’ll have to fix your profile.”

“Why is my name ‘Best Todoroki Boi’?” Shouto asks. *What does ‘boi’ mean? Did he misspell “boy”?*

“I don’t know your name.”

“Shouto.” At his quick answer, Oni snickers. The sound of sirens in the distance interrupts their peace.

“I have to really go now, Tsukauchi is probably sending my assigned pro on me as we speak.” Before Shouto can respond, Oni waves and turns, running towards the edge of the building and jumping. Without a second thought, Shouto races to where he jumped, and Oni is nowhere to be seen.

“Izu, huh?”

Hidden from sight, Izuku catches his breath. *Did I just befriend Todoroki? What the actual fuck just happened?* He smiles a bit, recalling the sight of Todoroki laughing. *He did look like he could use a friend. I’ve never seen him without that poker face.*

Izuku feels light on his feet. The prank on Endeavor was a success!

While going from alley to alley, he spots Endeavor talking with the police. He freezes, straining to hear what he might be saying. A few feet from them is Todoroki, who spots Izuku and softens his gaze. Izuku waves and keeps going.

Once home, he yanks his mask and suit off and showers. *If he agrees that his father's so awful, what did Endeavor do to him? His family?* Izuku recognizes the feeling of needing to save someone, and he felt that when he heard Todoroki speak.

I'll expose that soggy dick for the monster he is. Wow, what's with me and making enemies of people with fire quirks? If Eraser had a fire quirk, he could probably intimidate me into admitting.

By time he gets to his room, he sees that he has two messages.

Eraserhead:

I didn't see you patrolling, school already taking a toll?

Oni:

Two words: Pranking Endeavor.

Eraserhead:

That was you? It's taking the internet by storm.

Oni:

Meme. The word you're looking for is meme. It's a meme.

Eraserhead:

Shut it. Why Endeavor? You've never messed with any other hero, right?

Oni:

There are two heroes I have problems with. Endeavor is an asshole to everyone and I'm sick of it.

Eraserhead:

I can't disagree with that.

Oni:

I…. don't think you should tell me that.

Eraserhead:

Probably right.

[Eraserhead is offline]

Izuku eats a bag of kettle corn and downs a bottle of chocolate milk for dinner. He really needs to go grocery shopping and get better food soon, or else he won't be able to keep up with physical training.

In bed, he looks at the other message.

Shouto:

It's all over the news. My father is so messed up by it that he forgot to turn his beard back on.

Oni:

Excuse me, what? His beard isn't a default setting for him!?

Shouto:

No. It's a display of power.

Oni:

That's so gross?

Shouto:

Yes.

Izuku takes this moment to send Todoroki a video of the prank, from a street camera, it has the best angle.

Shouto:

Thank you. This will be a family heirloom.

Did….. Did he just make a joke? He can DO that?!

Shouto:

Izu, can I ask you something?

Oni:

Shoot.

Shouto:

Why are you vigilante? I thought they only cared about themselves, but I don't see that in you.

Oni:

Vigilantes are vigilantes because we care too much about others. Too much to sit back and watch them die.

Shouto:

Oh.

Oni:

I've never told anyone before, the reason I have for doing this. All Might himself told me I can't be a hero.

Shouto:

Are you sure it was All Might? That sounds out of character for him.

Oni:

He saved my life, watched me die, and told me 'no you cannot be a hero' when I asked about having a useless quirk or no quirk at all.

Oni:

A lot happened that day, and that was a breaking point. I just decided to be my own hero. Made my own costume…. But then your dad burned it… So I broke into his agency and got the things to make my current costume

Shouto:

You broke into my father's agency?

Oni:

It was so easy! He's so full of himself that he doesn't care for the top security measures that most other pros have! The! Buffoon!

Shouto:

You're right, my father is a buffoon.

Izuku's reminded of the time by the heaviness of his eyelids.

Oni:

Go to bed, you have school in the morning. Good night.

[Oni is offline]

He's not sure if he put his phone down or not, just that he promptly falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Time to D-D-D-D-Duel!

Chapter Notes

I don't plan on daily updates, but it tends to happen anyways.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In homeroom today, Shouta has directions written on the board. He wants his students to write down their biggest fears. *Not because it's entertaining, but because as heroes you can't let fear hold you back.* A goal he has is to build his student's confidence, and help them believe in their own abilities.

He most likely would never admit out loud, but he loves teaching.

His students are free to do what they want for the duration of homeroom as he looks over their answers. Most of them are rational thoughts, like loved ones dying. Some are more out there than others, like 'I'm scared bugs will lay eggs in my tape and hatch'. That's irrational.

Midoriya's answer is irrational too.

'Fire. More specifically, fire quirks.' I honestly didn't expect an answer from Midoriya.

"Midoriya?" He calls the boy. Shouta has been calling on students here and there to hear out their reasoning and determine a course of action to help. The boy sits in the chair beside his napping spot on the floor. There's an additional note written, that no other student has included. "'Please do not say my fear out loud in class.'. Why did you

request this?" Midoriya fidgets a bit, before mouthing the answer.

"I have family who died in fires, and Bakugou is scary." When he mouths Bakugou's name, he makes a gesture with his hands that Shouta can only interpret as explosions. It's still irrational, but there's a way for him to justify it.

"What about Endeavor?" At that, the boy quickly shakes his head, eyes wide. *Okay, this has to get fixed. A fear of fire might stop him from doing his best on rescue missions.* "Okay, that's all."

For his own sake, Izuku found it best to answer honestly. He doesn't want to be near fire, there's no shame in it. His request to keep it quiet wasn't to keep Kacchan from hearing it.

It's Todoroki who can't hear it.

I might've let out a bit too much personal information with him, I admit. I mean, he and I relate on his stance on Endeavor and my heart just started pouring out! I wish I hadn't said the name Mikumo yesterday morning. I could've given that name to him as Oni's name. Shit. My dramatic flair has ruined my chance! I was tempted to say my name was Zuku, because he's like a budget Zuko. Something tells me that joke would be lost on him and he'd realize it's just Izuku without the 'I'.

Not gonna lie, seeing his poker face compared to yesterday is kind of creepy now. Like a Canadian themed porcelain doll!

Once back in his seat, he goes through his current assignments. He can't let homework stop him from patrolling!

He knows running into Todoroki yesterday could have been a fatal mistake, but he can't bring himself to regret it. *I know what it feels like to be alone.*

This complicates things, for sure. He knows Aizawa suspects him. *Based on what? His feelings? Stupid. He can't go based on a hunch! I want a battle of wits!*

"Alright, homeroom is almost over. I'm leaving now because your next teacher is just… too much." Aizawa yawns, walking out the door. Can he do that? Then again, he's made it a point to let the students know that he has the authority to do whatever he pleases.

Izuku sleepily puts his laptop away, preparing for his next class.

" I am entering the room like a normal person!" All Might booms, making an entrance so far from normal looking it's comedic.

Behind Midoriya, Hitoshi sees a reaction no one else gave. Izuku *flinched* at the sight of All Might. *He probably just startled him. I can see why Aizawa left.* His eyes linger on Midoriya, waiting for him to settle down and realize how silly he's been,

He doesn't settle.

He's shaking. That's the face of someone who's scared. Why would he be scared of All Might?

Less than a minute later, he witnesses Midoriya forcibly smooth out his features, and copy the excited look that his classmates have. *I know a fake smile when I see one.* Should he pry into this? Not at all. It's none of his business. On the other hand, he's curious.

All Might informs the class that their hero costumes are in, and to get suited up. Yesterday, Shinsou and Midoriya walked together in a nice silence, only speaking up every once in a while. Now, Hitoshi can tell he's purposely lingering in the back of the group, as far from All Might as he can. *He's not my friend,* Hitoshi thinks, lingering behind the class as well. *I'm using him to avoid unwanted social interaction. That's all.*

In the locker room, Midoriya crashes onto the bench in front of their lockers, hands covering his face. There's an obvious tremble in his hands, and they barely muffle the sound of his breathing.

Oh. He's having an anxiety attack.

"Midoriya?" He calls.

"Yeah?" Midoriya's voice shakes, and Hitoshi snatches control of his mind away from him.

"**You need to calm down. Follow my counting.**" Hitoshi instructs him to breathe, following the exercise he leads him through. *I've been told my brainwashing is like a fog, where you can't really think. This should help.* Sure enough, it does. When Hitoshi releases his hold, Midoriya appears calmer. His hands steadier.

“Thank you.” Not used to outright gratitude from people, he only manages to nod in response. “I know you don’t like to hear it, but you have a great quirk.” Midoriya didn’t seem to expect an answer, because he changes into his suit without another word. What got him so worked up? What happened with All Might?

He’s the first person who hasn’t acted negatively to me using my quirk on them. He THANKED me for it! I can’t tell if he’s just pretending to not see me as the villain everyone else sees.

“Your hero costume is a green bunny?” Hitoshi asks, seeing Midoriya.

“I’m not a bunny!” He huffs. The way he pouts and bounces makes him look even more like a bunny. It’s amusing. Hitoshi’s costume is a practical black jumpsuit and combat boots, much like Aizawa’s. A main difference is that Hitoshi has a cloak with his outfit, so he can hide his face when he needs to trick someone. The goal is for him to learn what equipment suits him best. Today is the first venture into figuring it out. Hitoshi doesn’t realize he’s waiting for Midoriya. *To anyone else, it probably looks like he’s calmed down. To me, all I see is a mask.*

When the rest of the class makes it outside, Hitoshi stands with Midoriya, yet again in the back. He’s not just standing there. He’s hiding in plain sight. *Advantage of being short, I suppose.* It’s painfully obvious that Midoriya is looking everywhere except at All Might.

“Today will be your first combat exercise! Teams of two will play as heroes or villains. The villains must protect a bomb they want to detonate, while the heroes must stop them! Both teams receive capture tape, which can be used to trap them. Once a person is wrapped in capture tape, they are no longer allowed to battle.” All Might continues explaining, telling that the teams will be drawn from lots. The words Hitoshi hears next doesn’t surprise at him at all, but it

does baffle him. “Team B is Shinsou and Midoriya.” *How!?* He slowly turns to Midoriya and his shit-eating grin.

“Kill me. Please.” Hitoshi deadpans, getting a laugh from Midoriya. “How do I keep getting stuck with you!?” It’s not logical!

“Plot dictates.” Midoriya says with a matter-of-factly tone.

“What the hell are you talking about?” *I’m so lost.* The smaller boy waves him off, distracted. Once in the observation room, they sit against the back wall. There’s no point in trying to escape Midoriya’s presence now, seeing as they have to work together. It could be worse. Hitoshi very well could have been stuck with that blond boy, who’s been glaring at Midoriya quite a bit. There’s also a good chance that he could have been paired with the noisier classmates, who seem to use friendship to get through school. *No, thank you.*

There’s no way to tell if Midoriya is staring into space with that sad expression or not. It’s either that or he’s staring at Todoroki. The former makes more sense to Hitoshi. Todoroki is another student he doesn’t mind being near, because he doesn’t talk to anyone. The first group to go is the Loud Square Boy and the Frog Girl, against the boy with the bird head and the other boy who doesn’t speak. Hitoshi should absolutely be learning his classmates’ names.

While the first match goes on, Present Mic comes into the observation room, standing in the doorway.

“Midoriya?” He calls. When Midoriya looks up, Present Mic start’s signing. “Aizawa wants to know if your fear of fire is something you wish to work on outside of class. He told me that you specifically asked that your classmates don’t find out, so he sent me to ask like this. He needs an answer soon, kiddo.” Hitoshi translates, and looks to Midoriya’s answer.

“I don’t know. I wouldn’t consider it life-ruining fear. It’s fire quirks that make it hard for me. Can you tell him that I’ll think of an answer as soon as I can?” *He’s scared of fire quirks? Why?* Hitoshi was forced to learn Sign Language almost immediately after his quirk manifested, but it wasn’t often he found someone else who used it.

When he was a kid, he saw an interview with Present Mic. The first time he used his quirk, it was during a temper tantrum. His parents suffered massive hearing loss, so they learned Sign Language together as a family.

To think Aizawa sent Mic out, right this second, to ask Midoriya a simple question…. It’s a bit suspicious. After Present Mic leaves, Hitoshi turns back to Midoriya. His expression is unreadable, calculating.

“-nd as for our second round, we’ll have Team B, against team A.” Team A is…

“Me and Bakugou!” The gravity girl speaks. Her expression drops a bit when she meets Bakugou’s eyes. *We’re the heroes. For once, I’m not called a villain. Ha!*

They’re given 15 minutes to plan outside of the large building, expected to think of good strategies.

“Shinsou, I know you don’t want to, but to think of a good strategy, I need to know about your quirk.” Purple eyes land on Midoriya, taking in the sight of him shaking where he stands. Midoriya’s eyes dart around the map of the building, not quite focusing on one spot.

“What do you think it is?”

“Mind control?”

“Brainwashing, close enough. If you respond to me verbally, I can brainwash you. It’s not a very heroic quirk, I know.”

“Are you fucking serious?” *Huh?* “You’ve got to be flimming my flams-”

“Midoriya?”

“Are you buttering my toast right now? Brewing my coffee?” *Oh no, he’s snapped.*

“Um.”

“Who the hell said your quirk isn’t heroic? You literally pulled me out of an anxiety attack! What, was that out of villainy, then? Did you steal my wallet or some shit while you *helped* me?”

“Enough.” At the word, Midoriya snaps his teeth together. At least he respects when to stop. After a moment of utter quiet, Midoriya speaks up again.

“You’ll have to get to the bomb by yourself.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Bakugou is going to come after me. There’s no doubt. We can use that to buy you time. Uraraka doesn’t know your quirk, use it to your advantage.”

“Are you sure you can handle Bakugou?” Hitoshi asks, getting a head tilt in response. “You’re scared of fire quirks, I don’t think you should have to deal with him alone.”

“You know sign language.” Midoriya says softly. *Shit, I forgot that I’m not supposed to know that.* “Just let me deal with it.” The cold tone of Midoriya’s voice sends a chill down his spine.

“If I feel that I have to step in, I will.” In a sense, their stubbornness is matched.

“Uraraka’s quirk is Zero Gravity. Don’t let her get all five fingers on you. I think she has a weight limit, and that’s why she gets sick. So if you do get caught by her, just try to get away. Eventually, she’ll have to let you go.”

“And Bakugou?”

“Explosive sweat. It detonates from his hands. We’d need to lower his temperature if we wanted to stop him. Even then, there’s little chance of us beating him.”

“I thought you said-”

“I said I would *distract* him. He doesn’t see you as a threat. He doesn’t even see me as a threat, he just wants an excuse to beat me up.” With all that said, there’s nothing for them to do besides wait for their timer

to go off. Hitoshi wants to ask why he's scared of All Might, but he doesn't want the man to hear through the earpieces. Right now, there are no cameras on them.

"Why are you scared of All Might?" He signs to Midoriya. *He looks like someone just kicked him in the throat.*

"I'm not."

"Midoriya, you may have everyone fooled, but you were having a literal breakdown at the sight of him." The greenette doesn't respond. "Midoriya, what did he do to you?"

"Times up! Heroes, begin!" The sound of All Might's voice startles Midoriya, who slaps a hand over his mouth. *It looked like he went on autopilot for a second.* Without another word, they enter the building.

Despite having heavy looking boots, Midoriya doesn't make a sound. To Hitoshi, it looks practiced. At the first corner, Midoriya holds a hand up, halting them.

"Deku, you better not be fucking with me." He hears from down the hall. The two boys stay still, waiting for the sound of Bakugou's footsteps to retreat. With a small wave of his hand, Midoriya gestures Hitoshi to follow him down the hall.

"How do you know to go this way?" Hitoshi signs.

"He's stupid and probably walking back towards the bomb." *I wouldn't underestimate him THAT much.*

“I got you now, Deku! Dodge *this!* ” An aerial attack from around the corner shoots towards Midoriya. Not only does he dodge, but he grabs Bakugou’s right hook and slams him down.

“Run!” Midoriya yells at Hitoshi. *Right, the stupid plan.* Hitoshi goes ahead, losing sight on them. His feet skid to a halt of the sound of explosions. *I can’t just leave him. Even if I do make it to that Uraraka girl, I’m not good at hand to hand combat yet.* Against Midoriya’s desperate order, he stays, hiding around the corner.

Bakugou is furious, putting his quirk behind every punch.

“I want to hurt you so badly, they have to stop the exercise! You fucking hear me, you damn nerd!?” *What?!* Hitoshi steps out, seeing the two matching each others punches almost evenly.

“Bakugou, why do you want to hurt Midoriya?” All Hitoshi needs is an answer. They’ll win.

It never comes.

Bakugou keeps his focus on Midoriya. *He was right. He doesn’t even know I’m here.* Somehow, this hurts almost as much as getting called a villain. Midoriya kicks Bakugou back into the wall and runs, grabbing Hitoshi’s wrist and pulling him along.

“I told you to go!” Midoriya whines, dragging him up the stairs to the next floor.

“I couldn’t leave you!”

“I’m touched, really, but now's not the time for the revelation that I’m a friend, Shinsou."

“That’s not why! Don’t sass me! If my Brainwash doesn’t work then I need you to help in hand to hand combat against that girl.” *That’s my reason!* Bakugou rockets himself up the stairs, in front of them. “Bakugou you’re-”

“A bitch!” Midoriya yells at him.

“What did you just say?” Bakugou sounds strangely calm, it’s scarier. His eye twitches along with his hands.

“You’re a greasy ass bitch!” *He’s still trying to distract.*

“I see what you’re doing. You’re buying that Einstein fucker time to run.” Bakugou holds up the large grenade gauntlets on his hands. “See these? They’re made to store my sweat. If they were made right, they’ll make a blast bigger than I can manage on my own.”

“Bakugou, stop, you’ll kill them!” All Might warns. Bakugou viciously smiles, holding up a gauntlet and pulling the pin out. “They’ll be fine if they dodge.”

In that moment, Midoriya puts himself directly in front of Hitoshi, and pushes him through the doorway behind them. Midoriya takes a direct hit from the blast, flying into the doorway as the rooms leading up to it get destroyed. If Bakugou were any closer, he’d have destroyed the room they were in.

“Shinsou, Midoriya-” All Might’s voice cuts out of the earpiece.

“All Might wants me to tell you fucks that your earpieces were fried from the heat. The cameras in this hall are also damaged from the high temperature. The exercise will continue, seeing as no one’s dead yet.”

“Can you tell him something for me?” Hitoshi calls.

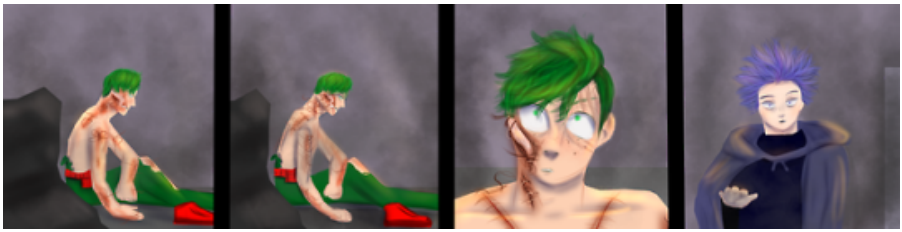
“What-” *I’ve won.*

“**Go wrap that girl in capture tape, and then yourself.** ” Hitoshi hears the sound of Bakugou’s footsteps retreating, and take the moment to look for Midoriya. *He said he’s scared of fire quirks, yet threw himself between us without a second thought.* Behind some rubble, he sees Midoriya.

The smaller boy’s suit is singed off, except for most of the pants. That’s not the worst part.

His flesh and bone is showing. He’s covered in burns, and what looks like melted skin.

Midoriya sits there, staring somewhere distant. Completely awake, but not fully aware yet. Is it shock? *What’s wrong with him!* In front of Hitoshi, he watches as the burns start disappearing. The skin and flesh rebuild itself, stringing together like a spiderweb. *It’s almost like it’s sewing itself shut.* The second Hitoshi takes another step towards him, Midoriya slowly looks up at him.



“Your quirk?” Midoriya shakes his head, not speaking. *His lips and cheek are still messed up.* There’s a period of silence, allowing his face to heal a bit more.

“You see, my Analysis quirk makes me so smart that I can order my cells to repair my body-”

“Bullshit.” Hitoshi hisses. *He’s acting weird.* “You don’t have an analysis quirk. Do you?”

“The hero team wins!” An announcement plays over the intercom. Still healing, Midoriya gets up and walks to where Hitoshi stands with wide eyes.

“The heat from his explosion fried both of our earpieces and the cameras. All Might should have called off the match.” He must be burning up right now. *Then why is his voice so cold?* A minute passes, and the boy is completely healed. He looks at his tattered costume, an expression of dread watches over him. *He doesn’t want anyone seeing that scar.* Without a second thought, Hitoshi takes his cloak off and hands it to the boy, who takes it gratefully.

“Thank you.”

“I expect answers.”

“Not now. Not here.” *He’s so closed off right now. It’s like I’m speaking to another person. Why did he lie about his quirk?*

“Come on, then.”

“Sixth degree burns, that’s a new record for him.”

“What?”

“When you get burned, and it goes through to the bone, and begins *charring* the bone, it’s classified as a sixth degree burn.”

“...Oh.”

Back in the observation room, All Might goes on about how dangerous Bakugou’s stunt could have been. He says that someone could have been gravely hurt. *They were.*

Hitoshi joins Midoriya, who’s clutching the cloak around himself, unaware of what’s going on. *Maybe he’s dissociating?*

Either way, Hitoshi was going to get answers as soon as possible.

Chapter End Notes

> Fun fact: The way Izuku heals is based off of one my OC's and how they heal. The weird triangle things on Oni's mask is also a nod to my main OC's mask.
> You can find both of those on my insta: Jellofello22

Tumblr: Jello-fello
Have a nice night!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> No art this chapter, sorry!
>
> Hear me out: What about a Death Note/BNHA story where Deku is Kira, Aizawa is L, All Might is Mr. Yagami, Shigaraki is Ryuk, and Todoroki is Misa Misa

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The battle exercises end, but Izuku can't remember most of them. He remembers his own, of course, but little after that. In the locker room, he sits himself down on the bench, forgetting what comes next.

"Midoriya?" Shinsou calls, a hand gently shaking him. "I uh, need my cloak back…" He trails.

"Hm?' Before Izuku can respond, he feels the heavy, grounding fabric taken off of him. "Oh, sorry." That's right, he has to change back into his uniform!

"Are you okay?" Shinsou asks after a moment.

"Yeah, fine."

"I meant mentally. You seem really out of it." He's quick to reiterate what he meant.

"Oh. I think I'm just overwhelmed a bit." There's a knowing look of understanding that flashes in Shinsou's eyes. He nods. Alter they change, they go to English class. Present Mic excuses Izuku to speak to Aizawa.

In the teachers lounge, he feels suddenly out of place. *I see all you heroes on the streets on a daily basis, but now it feels weird to see you all so…. Tame.*

“Over here.” Aizawa calls from a couch in the corner of the room. There’s a small sign on the table saying ‘Shouta’s Sofa’.

“H-Hi.” Izuku greets, sitting down where Aizawa pats. On the table, there are files on various students scattered about. Upon closer inspection, Izuku’s heart speeds.

There files on every single student with healing quirks.

“Did you think about what Hizashi asked you?” *Hizashi? Oh, Mic.* He nods. “And?”

“I was going to ask you for help, but I think I’ll be okay. I was just fighting Bakugou, and he fired an explosion at me. It was eventful.”

“If you’re sure you don’t need my help, what’s with your face?”

“I can’t remember a lot after battle ended. I think I dissociated for a while? Is that what that is?”

“I thought you had an analysis quirk, shouldn’t you know the answer.”

“Sir, it’s for analyzing things, not google.” He slaps his hand over his

mouth. “I didn’t mean to get snarky, I’m so sorry.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll be frank with you. Your fear isn’t why I called you here.” *What?* “You have just the quirk I need for my latest project.” Aizawa sits up, grabbing a pile of even more files off the couch.

“Am I interning under you or something?”

“Yes. You’re going to help me catch a criminal I’m chasing.” *Oh no. He’s got me good.* “The criminal is suspected to be a UA student, having a healing quirk.” *He wants me to start analyzing right a way.*

“Is this is first year here?” He nods. “So he’s either a freshmen, or exchange student.” Izuku goes through every file. Healing quirks are actually considered rare, so it’s not many. After a few minutes, there are three piles. “One for freshmen, one for exchange students, and one for people who have healing quirks but aren’t in the previous categories.”

“What do you think?” *I know what he’s waiting for me to say.*

“The criminal could be faking his quirk while in school.” Aizawa smiles widely, he was definitely waiting for that answer.

“It’s settled, Midoriya. I’ll give you papers that have to be signed by your parents and then your free to intern with me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Say, what do you think of faking a quirk? Generally speaking?”

“I think it’d be easy enough. Well, I don’t know about registrations. Someone could say they have to pee an a public drinking fountain in order to activate their quirk, and people would probably buy it.” Izuku can tell that Aizawa is trying not to laugh. “As long as you say ‘it’s because of my quirk’, people can get away with whatever they want.”

“Most of the time.”

“Most of the time.” Izuku repeats. “You can erase people’s quirks, but you can’t see what you’re erasing?”

“Right. I can see whether or not a person has a quirk factor, and I can flip that switch, but I can’t see what exactly is being turned off.”

“That’s a bummer.” Izuku huffs. *I’m forgetting to stutter.*

“I agree.”

“Who is it?”

“Excuse me?”

“The criminal. I have to know who it is so I can get started on analyzing. I-If that’s okay with you, of course!”

"Right. It's Oni. I'm sure you've heard of him. Now, then, it's time for you to go to lunch." Aizawa gets up, shooing Izuku down the hall. A few meters away, Aizawa calls his name again. "Midoriya, I will be very clear about this. You are my main suspect." *He's trying to trap me.* Izuku purposely widens his eyes, a deer caught in headlights.

"Sir?" Aizawa's already back into the teacher's lounge. Izuku runs his hands through his hair, taking a moment to breathe. He hits a wall when he turns back around. No…. It's not a wall.

"What did he mean by that?" Shinsou asks, looming over the boy. Izuku slaps a hand over Shinsou's mouth, pulling him around the corner.

"Hush."

"I need answers, for a *lot* of questions, Midoriya."

"Were.. Were you *following* me?" Izuku asks.

"Not really, no. we got dismissed for lunch and I got curious. So I didn't follow you."

"Oh, but you hunted me down." They glare at each other a moment, but there's no real malice from either side. "We should go." Falling back into a comfortable silence, they walk. Every joint in Izuku's body locks up the minute they walk into the cafeteria.

"Not a fan of crowds?" Shinsou asks.

“I’ve been homeschooled the past few years and forgot how *awful* cafeteria’s are.” Shinsou chuckles, leading the way to the lunch line. *Thank the fucking lord he’s tall. He’s a perfect human shield. I feel like I have an invisibility quirk!* They get their food and sit at the smallest table they can find. It’s a table for four. *I need one more person here. Then there’s no chance of a pair of loud people to crash. Oh, perfect.* Izuku points, and sure enough the boy comes over.

Todoroki places his lunch down next to Shinsou and sits.

“Why did you call me over?” Todoroki asks.

“I don’t want people bothering me. Neither does Shinsou, and you don’t talk to people. It’s an ideal scenario.” He explains.

“What, did you deduce that with your quirk?” Shinsou jokes, earning a kick in the shin. “Uncalled for.” They eat in silence, until Shinsou speaks up again. “Are you going to take action over what Bakugou did to you?”

“No.” He answers firmly.

“Why not!? You could’ve died.”

“But I didn’t. I’m okay, and that’s why I won’t act against him. I don’t have time to deal with him, anyways.” Shinsou obviously doesn’t like the answer, but he drops the discussion.

The food is amazing, that’s Lunch Rush alright! He can’t remember the last time he’s eating something so good, or so close to homemade. It reminds him of how he misses his mother’s katsudon.

“You’re crying.” Shinsou hands Izuku a napkin and says no more. *Oh, it seems like I am.* Izuku wipes at his eyes.

“Sorry, this food is just really good.” That response gets a shocked chuckle out of Shinsou. “What?” He laughs back.

“Midoriya.” *I am SO rolling my eyes at you. Mentally. God, Eraser, I want the game to go on just as much as you do. But interrupting my time to eat is a line you shouldn’t cross!*

“Yes?” Aizawa drops down into the empty seat.

“Here. This is your homework for tonight. I want detailed reports on every case in here. You don’t necessarily have a deadline, but for obvious reasons sooner is better.” *You bitch! Giving me more homework is just so you can cut down on my patrol time! You think if you see less Oni as soon as this starts, you’ll have evidence to raise suspicion against me.* “On top are the permission slips. They have to each be read and signed by both of your parents. My contact information is in there for you to ask questions, and for your parents to reach if they need.”

“My uh.. My dad isn’t in the picture. Is it okay if I just get my mom’s signatures?” *Technically a half-truth. No parents. It’s easier if I have to only forge on signature, seeing as they can compare both and conclude that they were done by the same person.*

“That’s fine.” Aizawa’s already walking away.

He’s popping up randomly in order to catch me off guard. Smart.

“Are you interning under Aizawa?” Todoroki asks, not breaking eye contact.

“Yeah, he thinks my quirk would be good to catch a certain criminal he’s after.”

“What criminal?” Shinsou asks, intrigued for different reasons than Todoroki. *Well, Eraser never said I had to keep things confidential.*

“Oni.” Todoroki barely tenses, but to someone who knows how emotionless he is, it feels more like he dramatically threw himself onto the ground in pain.

“Why?” Todoroki is too quick to ask.

“They think I can deduce who he is.” After that, Todoroki stays quiet for the rest of lunch, deep in thought.

For the duration of the school day, Izuku feels Shinsou staring at the back of his head, as if he could see his actual thoughts. When school ends, they walk to the train station with a tense air between them. *I know he wants to ask, but why hasn’t he yet?* The train ride is quiet too.

“I’ll see you tomorrow.” Shinsou waves goodbye, walking away. *What? That’s it!?* A few blocks into his walk home, he realizes he’s being followed. *Shinsou, you overly curious cabbage!* No matter what choice he makes, it all leads to Shinsou finding out too much. He turns into an upcoming alley, hoping he can just shake Shinsou off his trail.

Shinsou follows into the alley, slowly. Izuku hides behind a dumpster, knowing he wouldn’t have had enough time to climb up the buildings.

“Mido-”

“Hey kid, you got any change on you?” *Who’s that?* Izuku hears another voice in the ally.

“I don’t.” Shinsou replies steadily, like he’s used to being indirectly threatened.

“I don’t believe him.” Another voice answers. *There’s at least two.*

“Look at this pretty UA uniform, he must have money to spare. Come on, kid. Mommy and Daddy paid your way into that school, you can give us a few bucks.” *Three? Really? The world couldn’t just let me have two people to worry about? I could’ve just comedically knocked their heads together!*

“Mmnn-” Shinsou tries speaking, but a sound doesn’t come out.

“My quirk is called Silencer, I can stop any noise I please. That includes your speech.” *That means Shinsou can’t use his quirk.* “Mind if we just search you for cash? Oh, I’ll take your silence as a yes!” *God dammit.*

“Three against one sounds a little unfair, doesn’t it?” Izuku asks, stepping out from behind the dumpster.

“Looks like we got ourselves a hero.” *They’re 30s to 40s, it looks like their health isn’t the best. No physical manifestations of their quirks showing.*

“Let’s trade. You let him go, and I beat the collective shit out of you?” *Why hasn’t my voice been silenced? What, can he only do one noise at a time?* Two of them grin, ready for a challenge. The third looks like he has common sense, wary of Izuku.

“Al-” He doesn’t let them finish. Izuku charges and rams one in the shoulder, bringing him to the ground. *What a convenient place for a rock!* He picks a stone off the ground and knocks the man out, and immediately pegs another man with it. *They’re both charging towards me at once, now is my time to shine!* Izuku makes it appear as if he’s dashing towards them, but leaps right towards the wall, kicking off it and back at them.

More than happy to, Izuku comedically knocks their heads together and watches as they drop.

He slowly turns to Shinsou, who’s on the ground in shock. It gives Izuku time to whip out his phone and make a call.

“Hello?”

“Yo, Tsuki! How’s my favorite wittle detective!” Izuku teases.

“What do you want.”

“A kid was getting mugged by three trash people, I knocked them out. I’m calling you for clean up.” Izuku explains, but only gets a tired sigh in response.

“Oni, what about the kid?”

“I’ll make sure he gets home.” At that, Izuku points a glare towards Shinsou. “Sending you location.”

“Just because you have my number, and sometimes do good things, doesn’t mean I approve of you.” *Face it, you like me.*

“Okay, Dad.” The result of his statement makes Izuku hold the phone away from his ear. *I didn’t expect him to yell so loud.* When he finds the strength to put the phone back up to his ear, he gasps. “He hung up on me!”

“Midoriya, who are you?” Shinsou asks, staring at the three grown men on the ground.

“I’m very disappointed in you.” At that, Shinsou looks down. “Good, as long as you feel some regret, I can forgive you.”

“I-”

“Are you hurt?” He shakes his head. “Come on.” Without seeing if Shinsou is actually following, he walks out the ally.

“Where are we going?”

“Home.” *I know I should be furious with Shinsou, but I can’t actually find it in me to be mad.* Halfway to his apartment, his Oni phone rings. “Hello?”

“Izu, did you know people are trying to capture you?” *Todoroki, you’d really warn me?*

“Yeah, I know. Eraserhead and I go way back.”

“You’re not scared?” *Not as much as you appear to be.*

“No.”

“Alright, I’ll talk to you later.” Todoroki’s quick to hang up. *I heard Endeavor’s voice in the background, must be why he ended the call so soon.*

“So, Aizawa’s your dad, right?” Izuku is so taken aback at Shinsou’s question that he outright stares at him with an open mouth.

“I can’t… I don’t- Why did-” he sputters. “Just shut up and follow me *please.” Oh my god. Oh my fucking god, he was serious.*

“Alright.”

At his apartment, he tells Shinsou what number to go up to. In the meantime Izuku climbs up the fire escape and in through a window. He tends to only enter through the window because there’s less witnesses than just waltzing through the door. When Izuku opens the front door for Shinsou, the boy stands there, hand up to knock. Izuku lets Shinsou in, and promptly locks the door and deadbolt.

“I thought you said we were going to your house?” Shinsou asks, setting his bag down and looking around.

“That’s what I said, yeah.”

“You mean this is it?” Shinsou blinks at him. The apartment is a good example of house flippers who gave up halfway through. They realized it was too damaged to save. The support beam that killed him is still there, along with the outline of his body in the center of the floor.

“Yes. I live here.” Before Shinsou can fire off questions, Izuku decides to get everything over with. “Aizawa isn’t my dad. He’s my enemy. An enemy I am unfortunately fond of.”

“Are you saying you’re Oni?” Izuku nods.

“You understand that if you breathe a word of this to anyone I’ll have to deal with you.” It’s not a question, not even a real statement. It’s a threat.

“Understood.” He gulps, running a nervous hand through his hair. “So that’s what Aizawa meant when he said he suspects you?” Izuku nods, “That’s insane.”

“To everyone else, it’s simply a hero trying to catch his target. To us, it’s a game.”

“Why are you in UA?”

“To be a hero? What kind of question is that!?” Shinsou opens his mouth to defend, but Izuku cuts him off. “Relax, I’m kidding.” At this point, Shinsou is up and looking around the apartment, going over Izuku’s various tools and gadgets. He even looks in the boy’s fridge!

“How are you not starving? There’s like nothing in here.” At that, Izuku smirks at Shinsou, pulling three wallets out his pocket. “You *robbed them?* ”

“They tried mugging a child, three against one, and you look at me like I’m the one who’s wrong here? I have to get money somehow! I don’t feel bad taking the wallets of villains or pieces of shit.”

“I guess not.”

“Seeing as you’re too nervous to ask the questions eating you alive, I’ll answer. No, I don’t have an Analysis quirk.”

“Then how did you think of all those things?”

“With my big boy brain, Shinsou.” Izuku gets some peach soda’s and chips and sits down, giving some to Shinsou.

“How does your real quirk work?”

“Regeneration. My body basically sews itself back together when I’m injured. Depending on my emotional state, the time can vary. Today, what you saw was very slow.”

“You were in shock.” Izuku nods. “Thank you, by the way.” His eyes snap up to Shinsou.

“I didn’t do anything?”

“Shut up.”

“But I-”

“Midoriya, shut the fuck up for two seconds. You saved me twice today, even after I followed you! You knew I was following you, didn’t you?” He nods, “Yesterday you helped me score first in the course. Hell, without you I wouldn’t have gotten into the hero course.”

“What do you mean?”

“At the exam, you called me to help Uraraka, and it gave me enough points to almost pass.”

“Almost.” Izuku points out. *I didn’t help you.*

“I was put into the hero course after someone’s acceptance got revoked. I was told Oni caught a student doing something worth expelling.” *They couldn’t have…*

“They told you that?! My privacy!”

“They said I was only told to explain why I was getting put into the

hero course. They wanted to be transparent about it. So, thank you, Midoriya.” Izuku watches Shinsou’s eyes looking around the apartment, landing on one spot. It’s the outline of Izuku’s body.

“I died there!” He says, a bit too happily. Shinsou spits out his soda, and Izuku has to pat his back to keep him from actually choking.

Chapter End Notes

I really want to make a Death Note Crossover now lmao.
Something about the whole 'battle of wits' thing is amazing to me
Insta: Jellofello22
Tumblr: Jello-fello
Have a good day, guys!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

CONSIPIRACY THEORIST SHINSOU AND ABSTRACT VANDILISM!

Chapter Notes

I think my 'style's' very dialogue heavy because I write comics, so I'm not used to telling what someone's doing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What do you mean you *died* there?” Shinsou asks, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

“My house was set on fire, when I came home from school it was already too far gone. But my mom was in here. I tried finding her…” He trails. “And when I decided I had to get out, that support beam over there fell.” He points to the scar over his left eye. “That’s how I got this!”

“Wait, why do you have scars if you heal?”

“I have a theory that if there’s emotional trauma tied to an injury, it scars. A lot of emotional trauma though.” Shinsou studies Izuku’s face, before his eyes widen in realization.

“You’re the cousin, aren’t you. Bakugou was right.” Izuku nods. “That’s why you have autopsy scars? Wait, did they do an autopsy on you?”

“I think so? I don’t remember what happened between when I died and woke up.” At this point, Shinsou is pacing around the room and sipping his soda. *He must love conspiracies.*

“Do you get sick? Or is it only physical stuff?”

“I can get sick, just not as bad or as long as normal people.” *That’s what’s on his mind? Really?*

“Back up a second, why does Bakugou hate you so much?” *Oh let’s spill the drama!*

“Until the day of this accident, I was believed to be quirkless.” Shinsou tenses. *Yeah, people tell you that you have a villains quirk, but there’s still nothing worse than being quirkless.* “For whatever reason, he always thought I was looking down on him. We both wanted to be heroes. Always. He thought with a great quirk like his, he’s destined for greatness. According to that logic, I must’ve been the worst. Nothing but a stepping stone in his path.”

“If he knows you have a quirk, wouldn’t he hate you less?” Izuku shakes his head at the notion.

“Mikumo Midoriya is dead. Legally speaking, I no longer exist.”

“Mikumo…?”

“My name wasn’t always Izuku, Shinsou. I had to change it. This entire identity you see before you is fake. I’m not real.” It’s true. All he ever was is Mikumo, who’s long dead. “Since dying, I’ve been Oni almost exclusively for the past few years.”

“So, it’s like you’re Oni, and Izuku Midoriya is the secret identity?”

Izuku laughs at that. *I suppose you're right.*

"I have work to do later, so I have to get my homework done now. You can stay as long as you want." Midoriya sits back down at his kitchen table, pulling out the stacks of files Aizawa gave him. He pulls out his laptop and gets to work. "Eraser gave me all this shit on purpose." He angrily mumbles.

"Why's that?"

"He thinks that if I get more work, I can't patrol as often. So to spite that greasy fuck, I'm going to finish this tonight *and* patrol!" Shinsou laughs, "What?"

"You two really are fond of each other, aren't you?" *I'll pretend he didn't say that.* "You can't blame me for thinking he's your dad, right?"

"No, I can. I will blame you, actually." They both laugh and settle in to a quiet study period. Shinsou takes the time to do his homework as well. Most of the time, Izuku and Todoroki text, making small talk. It's only when Todoroki tries to video chat him, does it throw him off. "Shit." He makes a dash for his bedroom and gets his Oni mask, putting it on and racing back out to the kitchen.

"Your UA uniform would still show." *Shit.* Izuku panics, taking his shirt off entirely. Shinsou laughs, covering his mouth with his hands, aware that Izuku is trying to pick up the call. "Your scars are pretty Identifiable too." *God dammit.* The call sends Todoroki to voicemail. *Now I have to call back, or I'll feel bad.* He grabs a plain black T-shirt out of his room. "Better."

"Hello?" Izuku asks, when Todoroki picks up again.

“Hello, Izu. I hope I’m not calling at a bad time.” Shinsou perks his head up, no doubt recognizing the voice.

“No, no, you’re good. I just had to put some clothes on.”

“Meaning your mask?” Izuku nods. “I see. I want to know why you’re not scared of being caught.” *It’s kind of weird to hear him talk with actual emotion.*

“I have nothing to lose, really.” He thinks a moment. “I know everyone who’s investigating me, so I can BS my way out of it.” Todoroki tilts his head.

“BS?”

“Bullshit, Todoroki. I mean I can weasel my way out.” Todoroki nods with understanding.

“I don’t think you *do* know everyone on the team. My classmate was added today, interning under Eraserhead-”

“Should you be telling me this?” Izuku asks. *Imagine if he were to befriend someone else the law’s against!*

“No.” A pause, “I want to, though. I feel like you can be a friend. I haven’t had one before, and I don’t know what lengths they would go to each other.” *Oh my god.*

“I think I need a moment, that was too precious. Holy shit.” Izuku laughs. He only laughs harder upon seeing Todoroki’s lost expression. “I…Ohmygod… I really appreciate you trying to help, but I don’t want you getting involved.”

“I don’t understand.” Todoroki says after a moment. Shinsou is respectfully being quiet, but intensely listening off screen.

“You’re training to be a hero, I can’t let you-”

“That’s not what I mean.” *He cut me off, rude.* “I don’t understand how a vigilante like you can be so close to being a hero, yet get treated like a villain.” Both Izuku and Shinsou stare at the phone with odd expressions. *He’s genuine.*

“Oh.” Is all Izuku can say for a moment, “Is your dad home? Are you actually safe talking to me like this?”

“Ah, yeah. My father gives me complete privacy with two things: My room, and my phone. He thinks it makes his harsh, abusive training alright to do. The moment I could, I soundproofed my room, to help me feel like I actually have something of my own.” *Ow, my heart.*

“Your father’s a dick.”

“Yes.” For a split second, Todoroki almost smiles. “That’s why seeing you prank him yesterday made me happy. I’m happy that someone else sees him for the monster he is.”

“Send me pictures of Endeavor.”

“What?”

“I’ve decided, I’m doing an Anti-Endeavor campaign. I don’t want him being any sort of authority figure.” *Or a father figure, for that matter.*

“I.. Thank you, Izu.”

“Stop, before my heart melts with all this Power of Friendship shit.”

“Okay.” *I’m starting to learn that Todoroki carries all emotions in his eyes.*

“I have to go, I have work to do.”

“Okay, I’ll talk to you later.”

“Sounds good.”

“And Izu? Stay safe. Please.” Todoroki’s the one to hang up first. Shinsou Immediately speaks up.

“Todoroki *knows?”*

“No? He doesn’t know I’m Oni. He knows Oni, and has befriended Oni.”

“But doesn’t know that you, Izuku, are Izu?! He doesn’t realize he’s just calling you a cuteass pet name?”

“Aw, you said it’s cute.” Izuku teases, getting an eye roll from Shinsou. “But yeah. During the Endeavor thing yesterday, he caught me on the roof. Turns out we bonded over our mutual hatred of his father.”

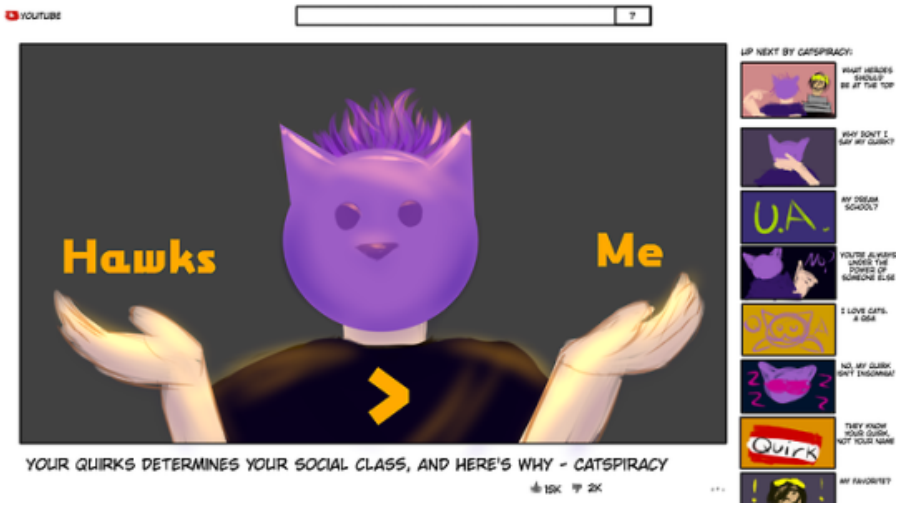
“You were the one who did that yesterday! Oh my god, that’s amazing.” He gives a tired chuckle. *Shinsou always seems like he’s running on empty. Insomnia, maybe?* “So Endeavor’s really a bad guy?” Izuku solemnly nods.

“He’s a trash monster.”

“Damn. Well, okay. I’ll help.” Izuku does a mental double take.

“What are you talking about?”

“You’re not the only one with a secret Identity, Oni.” Shinsou gestures for Izuku to come over, and he types something on his laptop. It’s a Youtube channel.



“Are you telling me that you're Catspiracy?” *Oh my god. I’ve been subscribed to him for years. He makes Conspiracy Theory videos about anything and everything!* Shinsou nods, a grin pulling at his lips.

“You a fan?” Izuku nods like the fanboy he is. *I didn’t recognize him without his purple cat mask, but it still feels like I should’ve known! He has millions of subscribers. With one series, he could get a following against Endeavor. Shinsou, you sly fuck. Upstaging the main character!*

“Doing a series against the number two hero could ruin you.” Izuku realizes.

“I’m willing to go down for a cause if it’s good enough.” *Oh my god. We could win.* “Give me enough proof and there’ll be no need for the conspiracy warning at the start of my next series.”

“Have I told you that you’re a great friend?”

“I uh, wasn’t aware that we were friends?” Izuku rolls his eyes.

“I told you my trademarked Tragic Backstory, and you revealed that you’re a decently famous Youtuber, and you don’t think we’re friends yet? I saved your life! You said so! What, do we have to go skinny dipping together, or go an a mystical adventure toge-”

“I get it. Fine. You’re my friend. Happy?” Izuku nods.

“I’m going to suit up. You can stay here if you want. If you leave, make sure you lock the door.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t open the door for anyone. Period. I never come through the front door, so if someone knocks, *don’t answer it.”* Shinsou visibly swallows and nods.

Once in his Oni costume, he grabs the supplies for a long awaited project he’s been planning. He makes sure to give Shinsou his Oni contact information, just in case something happens.

“Midoriya, what are you doing with all that paint?” Shinsou warily asks.

“I’m advertising.” The ominous tone he uses doesn’t seem to sit well with Shinsou. He’s using his bo staff to hold paint buckets on either end of the stick, resting on his shoulders. He has a backpack on as well, carrying his brushes and rollers.

Without another word to Shinsou, he leaves the house.

It’s surprisingly easy to walk around town carrying paint like this, no one seems fazed by it. As long as he doesn’t actually run into villains tonight, he’ll be okay. There are two billboards he’s been eyeing for this project. He walks an hour on foot to the first location, often taking breaks for the sake of not overworking himself. It takes him a few trips, but he gets all the paint buckets onto the walkway. He has four paints: yellow, red, blue, and white. In his backpack are quite a few mixing trays and other supplies. It takes him two hours to create a masterpiece.

Borderline abstract paintings of Detective Tsukauchi and Eraserhead in a heart, reading “I love my dads! -Oni” in big green lettering.

Oh I can't wait to see their reaction. You want to catch me? I want an uproar. Maybe, Izuku just likes to fuck with them. Either way, he likes to feel it's justified.

Next is the more important billboard, not too far from Endeavor's office. It's actually an Endeavor billboard. *I just want to spice it up.*

Catspiracy:

Are you doing something Anti-Endeavor rn?

His username!

Oni:

About to, why?

Catspiracy:

Can you take a video of your process? It'll be great footage.

He's a nerd. He's totally a geek!

Oni:

Say no more.

Izuku places his phone on a tree branch a good distance from the billboard. Once the camera starts rolling, he makes a mad dash to the billboard and turns to the camera.

“So, in case you haven’t realized it yet, I’m Oni.” *Should I speak to the camera?* “The following video is a message to the number two hero, Endeavor. I don’t mean number two because of his ranking, I just mean he’s a piece of shit.” With that, Izuku starts painting. It takes considerably less time, because the image of Endeavor is already here. In the end, he paints a bikini over the man’s image, devil horns and other accessories, along with a note. Izuku turns to the camera to read it aloud.

“This is war. War against Endeavor and his villainous ways. I am Oni, and I will strike you down.” He hops down from the billboard without another word, sending it to Shinsou immediately. He gets a text message.

Eraserhead:

I really hate you.

Oni:

Ouch.

Eraserhead:

I’m an underground hero, I can’t be up on a billboard for the media to catch wind of! And stop telling people I’m your father.

Oni:

You are though, long lost, v sad.

Eraserhead:

There are several reasons why I couldn’t be your father, and all of them are valid, unlike you.

[Eraserhead is offline]

Oh my god, he really likes me!

At home, Shouta mourns over the apparent news that he now has a son. *I'm glad Hizashi takes these jokes for what they are, illogical jokes.* He's looking over all the video and audio for each battle exercise, but there's one major error that's sure to create a headache for him. Unfortunately, he has to pick up the phone to solve it.

"Young Aizawa, how are you!" The voice booms over the phone. It takes him a bit of courage not to hang up right away.

"I'm reviewing the battle exercise that Shinsou, Midoriya, Bakugou, and Uraraka did. About 35 percent of the exercise is all corrupted data." There's a small chuckle on the other end of the phone.

"Bakugou made a large blast with his gauntlet, and the heat ruined a good portion of the cameras and earpieces. Shinsou and Midoriya won the exercise, but stayed in the area without cameras for the duration of the exercise." *All Might, you god damned fool.*

"And you let the battle go on after losing both visual and audio of them?" Shouta asks vemonously.

"Uh… Yes?"

“All Might, with either visual or audio intact, you can assume they are okay and let the battle continue. With neither, you assume they are nothing but splatters on the wall and you call off the round to ensure they are not.”

“I understand, but Young Bakugou was nearby and he didn’t speak up if they were injured by the blast. I just assumed they were alright.”

“You mean you let Bakugou, the one who tried to murder Midoriya within minutes of meeting him, be the ultimate decider of the match continuing?” Shouta tries hard to keep the poison out of his voice, but he is *furious.*

“…Yes.” *He sounds sorry, good. But sorry doesn’t cut it as a hero, All Might.*

“Are you aware that Midoriya is terrified of fire quirks? He could have frozen up at the sight of Bakugou and died on impact, All Might. I don’t even want to know why you let that matchup start in the first place.” There’s silence from All Might, he must be thinking it over.

“I’m sorr-”

“I am *not* the one you owe apologies to.”

“I suppose you’re right.” At this point, Hizashi snickers at the sight of Shouta’s hair angrily lifting up, and how his eyes flicker into red as he can barely contain his fury.

“All Might, I know you’re new to teaching and all, but remember they’re *children.* I know you’re distracted trying to find a successor or whatever the hell I hear you talking about, but that’s no excuse. If you do something this stupid like this again and hurt one of my students, I will single handedly take you down myself.” *While I mean every word of that threat, I didn’t want to say it so directly.* “Do I make myself clear?”

“Y-Yes Sir.” *Heh, ‘sir’.*

“Good.” Aizawa hangs up on the Symbol of Peace, glaring when Hizashi starts laughing out loud. *If Midoriya was Oni, we could’ve had evidence that he healed himself if hurt. But no, All Might had to be a noob.*

“I was really hoping you’d call them your kids, not your students. You crazy mother hen.” Shouta throws his pen at Hizashi.

Opening the window to his apartment, Izuku’s hit by the smell of food, and it makes him realize just how hungry he’s been.

In the kitchen, there’s a few bags of take out, and Shinsou is still there, eating and working at a computer.

“Hey.” Shinsou greets.

“I’m actually surprised you’re still here.” He admits. *Shinsou just shifted uncomfortably, maybe he doesn’t want to go home?* “What’s all this?”

“I’m editing, and I got hungry. I went out and got some food, and I’m going to make you eat some.” *Going to make me, huh?*

“Why’s that?”

“Because you have almost nothing here and it genuinely scares me. If you kick ass like that on empty, imagine what you’d do at full power.” Izuku snorts at the statement of ‘full power’ and looks at what Shinsou got.

“I know I have nothing here, I need to go grocery shopping!” Shinsou laughs at the sound of Izuku’s whiny, shrill voice. He grabs a takeout container and starts eating. His eyes widen a bit at the food itself, forgetting how good it could be.

“When…. When was the last time you had a homemade meal?” The purple-haired boy must have noticed his reaction.

“I was twelve.” He says simply. Izuku notes the sadness that takes over Shinsou’s eyes for a split second as he thoughtfully hums.

“You’re crazy. Calling out the two investigating you, as well as calling out someone *you’re* going to investigate. You’re insane.” Shinsou laughs.

“That, I am.”

“You’re chaotic. Just pure, chaotic lawlessness.” *And it’s great. That’s what you have to say next.* The two eat for a while, just enjoying each

other's company. Shinsou speaks up, not meeting Izuku's eyes. "Why did you become a vigilante?" *Well, his ass is already dragged into my life, might as well finish my backstory and get a completion achievement or some shit.*

"The day I died, I woke up in the morgue." Shinsou immediately puts his chopstick down, "I was attacked on the way home. I don't think I really knew what was happening. He killed me again. All Might saved me, thinking I just got a cut on the neck. I asked him if I could be a hero without a quirk."

"He said yes, right?" *If he had, I wouldn't be this.*

"I asked if I could do it with a regeneration quirk. He said no. He said he didn't see how it could help others. It's like he said my quirk is selfish!" Izuku barks out a bitter laugh. "I think… I think I snapped that day. I decided that I'd be my own hero, one that can help people by doing *whatever* is necessary. Even if the law's against me." Shinsou listens intensely, before his eyebrows scrunch up in confusion.

"Is that why your scared of All Might?"

"I'm not scared of All Might!" He protests, "I think seeing him just reminds me too much of literally the *most* traumatic experience of my life. Hell, that day could be called 'Trauma: The Musical', and he'd be a starring role." *Stop holding in that laugh! C'mon, laugh at my pain! Oh god, his face just went in to conspiracy mode-*

"Why doesn't he know about your quirk then? Shouldn't he know your Analysis quirk is fake?" Izuku shrugs.

"He's the Symbol of Peace. He saves countless lives everyday. I don't expect him to remember a nobody like me."

“That’s what you’re doing! You’re forcing the world to remember you. Carving your name into history itself!”

“Pump the breaks. This isn’t some superhero manga.” *Who knows.*

They continue their chat, making small talk here and there. Shinsou has made Izuku realize just how lonely he’s been the past few years, and he gets the feeling that Shinsou needs this just as much as he does. Silently, Izuku swears to keep him out of the dangers that come with his lifestyle for as long as possible. He's not a hero yet, he should have the rest of his childhood.

Shinsou spends the night, both of them doing their respective projects. As it turns out, two insomniacs in a room together combine into one large insomniac, creating a brutal all-nighter.

Chapter End Notes

Find me!
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
Have a good night!

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Dadzawa + the start of USJ!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning in homeroom, Shouta calls Midoriya up to his sleeping bag.

“Did you get those papers signed?” Midoriya nods, going through his backpack. The kid pulls out almost thrice as many papers as he was given.

“Yes, sir. I got the um, reports done. All of them.”

“Midoriya, I told you there was no deadline.” *You little shit, trying to make me think that if you did this, you couldn’t have done those billboards? Well played, problem child.*

“I got excited, I’m sorry.”

“There’s no need to apologize,” Shouta starts, “As long as this is good work, it’s alright. I don’t want you overworking yourself for the sake of progress, got it? Sleep is important.” Midoriya guiltily looks down.

“I understand.”

“Good, now go sit down. I have to address some stuff with you guys.”

Midoriya nods, leaving Shouta. The man goes up to the podium, calling the attention of his class. They immediately fall into silence. *Good.* “Shinsou, Midoriya, Bakugou, Uraraka. The reports on your Battle Simulation is lacking, because information was lacking. Uraraka, you are the only one with a full report, seeing as you could be both heard and seen the whole time.” The girl nods. “You three. From what I understand, Bakugou set off a blast, *against All Might’s orders,* and almost killed you.” Shouta looks at Bakugou. “Is that correct?”

“I didn’t-”

“Did you, or did you not set off a potentially lethal blast that ruined our surveillance equipment?” Shouta repeats, stepping closer to the blond. He feels the weight of his hair slowly lifting from his shoulders.

“I did.” Bakugou huffs.

“Did All Might tell you not to?” He nods, “Then I expect you to listen the first time.” Shouta seethes. “This goes for all of you. Listen up.” He takes a moment to calm down, walking back to the center of the front. “If you defy a teacher’s orders, consider yourself gone.”

“Yes, sir.” The kids pipe up here and there.

“If you do something you *know* could kill your classmate, consider yourself gone. Yes, there is fighting in this school. We are heroes, not murderers.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Lastly, if any of you become aware that you no longer have visual on a classmate, or can no longer hear them, use your common sense. Is there a chance of them being hurt? Dead? I expect you all to look out for each other.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now, back to the incomplete file. Shinsou, tell me what happened when the CCTV cut.” *Shinsou seems to be the most indifferent of the three. I can trust what he says happened.*

“Bakugou said we’d live if we dodged, and pulled the pin. I was in front, and I froze,” *He’s admitting his shortcomings, that’s a good sign.* “Midoriya jumped between us and tackled me out of the way. He got us out of the direct path. Our costumes got a bit burnt, but both of us only got a few bruises.” *Nothing about Midoriya actually getting hurt, huh? Well, Shinsou said they both have bruises.*

“Alright then. That’s all for now.” *Oh, right.* “Midoriya, Shinsou. All Might wants to speak with you in his office. He wants to personally apologize for his bone-headedness.” *As soon as I said it, Midoriya looked a bit sick. He looks like he suppressed it well enough.* The boys nod and leave the room. *I really hope All Might knows how to correctly apologize.*

As soon as the two are a bit down the hall, Hitoshi stops Midoriya.

“Breathe.” He instructs, aware that his friend is about to have an anxiety attack. They take a few moments to try and calm Midoriya down, but they don’t work. “You’re not going to be alone. I’ll be there

with you, remember?" Midoriya nods, but doesn't actually seem to process what Hitoshi says. *He's starting to hyperventilate a bit. "* Midoriya, can you answer me?" He asks, hoping to help him calm down by force. *He can't calm down enough to verbally respond. He said he wasn't scared of All Might!* Hitoshi feels eyes on him.

Down the hall, Aizawa watches the situation intently. He looks concerned for Midoriya. The shorter boy stumbles back, letting himself crash onto the floor, starting to outright panic. *He risks his life every day without showing fear, yet this is what gets him.* At this point, Aizawa is already racing towards them, worried for his student. *I guess even if he knows Midoriya is Oni, he's still his student.*

"What happened?" Aizawa asks Hitoshi.

"I don't think I should say, to be honest." *What else WOULD I say?*

" Shinsou." Aizawa says in such a tone that Hitoshi feels forced to answer.

"Midoriya is scared of All Might. He denies it, but the mere sight of him gets him like this." Aizawa furrows his brows, calculating.

"You mean this hero fanboy is scared of *the* hero to fanboy?" Shinsou nods, realizing how ridiculous it sounds. "Any idea why? Did you see All Might say anything to him."

"No."

"Are you sure?" *His eyes flickered red. He knows that I know something. Sorry, Midoriya.*

“Fine. He said that he met All Might once, and he told him that he could never be a hero. It messed him up pretty badly.” *Holy shit, I’ve never seen Aizawa look so angry before.*

“He said *WHAT?”* The man yells, picking Midoriya up and walking to the teachers lounge. Not knowing what else to do, Hitoshi follows. It’s sort of funny, the way Aizawa stomps forward while gently carrying the boy. *He is so parental.*

Midoriya gets set down on what is apparently Aizawa’s couch. “Shinsou, stay with him please?” Hitoshi nods immediately.

In the corner of the room Present Mic is seen watching Aizawa with

concern. *Is this not a common occurrence?* Aizawa storms off, presumably to go murder All Might. Hitoshi puts his focus into trying to calm Midoriya down.

How did my life end up like this?

I'm going to kill him. That's it. His days as the Symbol of Peace are OVER. Shouta is reasonably furious, walking around the office to find All Might. The tired man can very clearly see Hizashi watching his every move. *If I told you, you'd probably join me on my murder journey.*

At the sight of the man's blond bunny hair, Aizawa pounces.

"All Might." Shouta growls, grabbing the grown man by the ear, dragging him out of the room and into a private office.

"Young Aizawa! What is this about! I haven't apologized to your students yet!" *He's scared. Good.*

"Sit." To anyone else, it may seem like Shouta's the older of the two here. Honestly, all the shit Shouta has to deal with makes him feel four times his actual age.

"Are you alright, Youn-"

"Listen All Might. I just received some news that you told my student

something you *very well should not have." Deep breathing, Shouta.* "Have you met Midoriya before UA?" All Might does look like he's really thinking it over.

"I may have, he looked very familiar to me, yes." *You don't even remember traumatizing the poor kid?*

"Shinsou just informed me that you once outright told Midoriya that he could not be a hero." *I really hate the fact that recognition sparked in his eyes.* "Tell me what you remember."

"I admit my memory of it is fuzzy, so please bear with me. A few years ago I saved the boy from a villain attack. He asked me if he could be a hero without using a quirk, or with his weak quirk." *Weak quirk?*

"What quirk did he say?" *This could be a the lead I need.*

"I believe it was an Analysis quirk he said." *Or this new information is fucking up your old man brain and its previous memories!*

"And you said?"

"I think I said that I don't see how that quirk could help others. There's no offense to it. I couldn't think of how using other weapons could level the playing field for him."

"So you said no." Shouta concludes, barely able to contain the rage he feels. "All Might, *I* have a quirk that can't be used for offense. I'm a pro! Why the fuck did you tell a child that he couldn't be a hero!? That's what training is for!" *Even worse, if Midoriya is Oni, you could be*

the reason for a chaotic vigilante.

"I…" The Number One hero looks like he's still trying to remember what happened, "I think it was my time limit that distracted me. I felt the transformation coming on and I was eager to get out of sight. Oh my gosh, I shattered a young boy's dreams for my sake? I'm pathetic!"

"Yes, you are. Now instead of apologizing to the boy, this is a direct order: Stay away from Midoriya." *I feel like a restraining order would be the best apology he could get.* Without waiting to hear the man's dumb and overly noble response, he leaves.

Back in the teacher's lounge, Shouta walks in to find Hizashi talking to the boys, who are both noticeably calmer. *Now who's the mother hen, Hizashi.*

Another step towards them brings Midoriya's eyes to Shouta, a hardened expression in them. It drops almost immediately, and Midoriya mouths words Shouta didn't expect.

"Thank you."

It's been two weeks since Izuku's literal breakdown in front of Aizawa, but the man's never mentioned it. Every other day the two work for the internship. To outsiders, they seem like a mentor and student, happily working together for the sake of good. To them, they dance warily around one another, always finding out more yet never getting a step closer to their respective goals.

Izuku is acutely aware that All Might watches him from time to time, but hasn't said a word to him. He's also noticed that it may have something to do with the way Aizawa glares at All Might every time he's in the same room as them.

"Everyone, change into your costumes and wait for the bus." Aizawa instructs, watching the students go to the locker room and get ready for today's field trip.

"What do you think we'll be doing?" Shinsou asks Izuku, hoping that the internship might allow insider knowledge. It doesn't.

"Seeing as we've only been doing basic combat training, Aizawa might want us to start with basic rescue training." Over the last two weeks, Shinsou and Izuku have become good friends, aiding each other with their secret identities.

The speedpaint of Oni vandalizing Endeavor's billboard has drawn massive attention to the Catspiracy channel. Everyone is on their toes, waiting for Shinsou to post something else about Oni. As a direct result, the media has been talking about Oni more often, and Izuku has decided he doesn't really like the media. His plan has gotten one result that he was hoping for, and by all means, counting on:

Fake Onis.

There are copycat vigilantes running around acting like Izuku. So while Izuku is stuck being a fake sidekick to Eraserhead, he can watch the look on the man's face when he sees Oni run by them with Izuku sitting right there. Eraserhead was, of course, quick to figure out that they're fakes, but it still makes things more complicated for the hero.

"Where's your costume?" Shinsou asks, watching Midoriya put on one

of the gym uniforms. The only thing he could really bring was his utility belt.

"Our match with Bakugou really did a number on it. It's still getting repaired." For a second, Izuku sees anger wash over Shinsou at the mention of Kacchan. Shinsou still believes that Izuku ought to press charges against Kacchan.

"I see." Is all he says. They join the rest of the class outside, being forced into lines of two by Iida. *Is someone going to tell the poor guy that this bus doesn't have normal rows? No? This'll be a fun meltdown to watch.* He likes his classmates, and every once in a while joins in on discussions with them, but it's still a bit overwhelming to Izuku. *They're all so… cheery. Batshit bubblegum and stuff. This class makes me feel like I'd get a cavity if surrounded by them for too long.*

Izuku bursts into laughter at the sight of Iida actually dying when he realizes the bus isn't the standard kind.

"You're a cruel person, Midoriya." Shinsou chuckles.

"He just looks so *defeated."* The boy wheezes, waddling onto the bus and dropping into one of the middle rows. Shinsou sits next to him, rolling his eyes. Todoroki passes them with a cold air, sitting further into the back. A part of Izuku's heart hurts for him. *Yeah, I know that technically it's* Oni *who's Todoroki's friend, but it still kind of hurts to be so ignored by him. It's almost like he hates me for trying to catch Oni, but likes me for being Oni. Oh god, what if he found out?! He'd die!*

As the bus starts moving, the class breaks into smaller discussions.

"Shinsou, I tend to say what's on my mind." Tsuyu starts, "And you and Aizawa act a lot alike." Both Shinsou and Izuku tilt their head at

her. “You both have quirks dependent on human targets, and both of your hair always stands up. You guy have similar eyes and deadpan expressions. The same tired personalities, kero.” *I’ve made this joke before, it’s all true.*

“Is that all?” Shinsou asks narrowing his eyes a bit.

“You two are also weirdly protective of Midoriya, dude.” Kirishima pipes up, laughing as Izuku, Shinsou *and* Aizawa tense at the statement. Shinsou and Izuku exchange looks before breaking into laughter. The laughter is rehearsed, for this exact kind of scenario. “I’m serious!” Kirishima whines, now getting brushed off by more classmates.

The two boys let out a relieved sigh when the class moves onto other topics.

At the destination, the students get out and are ushered into the dome-shaped building. Inside is Thirteen, the Rescue Hero. They let out an excited sound and wave their hands, no doubt to help express their feelings without a face to show.

“Hello students, I am Thirteen, the Rescue Hero!” Izuku turns and sees Uraraka basically vibrating in place with happiness. *Must be her favorite.* Aizawa and Thirteen exchange a few hushed words, and Izuku locks onto the three fingers that Thirteen holds up.

They’re talking about All Might. His time is up for the day? Izuku almost feels bad for knowing the man’s top secret, but it’s not like he found out on purpose! Often times, Izuku would see All Might on security footage shifting in between his two forms. Assuming that the skinnier form is something the public shouldn’t know, Izuku has yet to tell anyone. *I don’t like him, but that doesn’t mean I can do something so disrespectful. It could be All Might trying to maintain a secret identity, just*

as I am.

“What are they saying?” Shinsou signs.

“All Might’s not coming.” They’re careful not to be obvious that they’re signing, because Kouda knows Sign as well. Shinsou gives a solemn nod and drops his hands. Shinsou doesn’t dislike All Might, he’s just lost a bit of respect for the man.

“As some of you may know, my Quirk is called Black Hole. It’s a very destructive power that I have. It can very easily be used to ruin lives. To kill.” *Shinsou just tensed up.* “But! I am a hero, able to wield this power to help other. I use something people think is for destruction, and clear a path to safety for people…” Izuku zones out, the hairs on the back of his neck standing up. He feels like he’s being watched. No. He *knows* he’s being watched. It’s obvious that Aizawa feels the same. Izuku’s dropped a bit lower, ready to fight yet not in a fighting stance.

“Midoriya?” Iida asks, interrupting Thirteen. Aizawa meets Izuku’s eyes. The boy opens his mouth to speak, but snaps his teeth shut and looks the center of the plaza.

“Eraserhead.” Izuku says in a low voice, nodding behind him. *I really hope that using his hero name would tip him off without letting the villains know.* It’s clear that Aizawa understands, because his goggles are already on. Black mist seeps into existence in the middle of the main plaza. One by one, dozens of villains start pouring out. Whether he wants to or not, Izuku feels himself slipping into vigilante mode.

“Is the exercise starting?” Sero takes a step forward, getting stopped by Aizawa.

“No. Stay back! These are real villains.” The students move back.

“Whatever you guys do, *do not engage.”* Aizawa pleads, his eyes settling on Izuku’s longer than the others. *Like hell I won’t! You can’t expect me not to fight!* Before Izuku can speak up, Aizawa turns and launches towards them. *That’s not your fighting style! You’re an underground hero who specializes in ambush and capture methods! God dammit, Eraser! You’ll die!* A distant part of Izuku realizes that Eraserhead is fully aware of his chances, that he’d be more than willing to die for his students.

Izuku’s body moves before his mind catches up, the only thing stopping him are the grounding hands wrapped around his arm. He meets Shinsou’s desperate eyes, and falls back. Even then, Shinsou doesn’t let go of his arm. *He knows that moment he lets go, I’ll be gone.*

“It seems that you all became aware of the situation sooner than we hoped.” The class turns around, meeting a face made of the black mist. “Which one of you brats was it?” No one speaks up, but Izuku sees his classmates giving him looks. “My, my. This is very telling body language you all have. I’ll just have to get rid of this brat first.” *If I move, he could move the portal. It might take other classmates instead of me. Dammit* Thirteen moves to act, but is too late. The ground beneath Izuku softens into nothingness and he feels himself falling. He realizes that as the portal swallows him, he feels a pull.

Shinsou never let go of him.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhh!
Find my on insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
EDIT: I'm here to say I now how a youtube channel! the plan is to drink up some Dumb Bitch Juice and do whatever comes to mind!: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ
Hope you enjoy!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dadzawa and Shouto next chapter I swear

Chapter Notes

Firstly, 10,000+ hits in less than 7 days. That's wild!
Also, I've gotten some comments about it, so I'll answer it here: No, I don't have the story already typed out. I sit down every day and type 8-11 pages and draw all the pictures for the chapter, reread a few times, and post. it sounds like a lot of work, but it's fun for me! (And also because it's not completed, I can take suggestions and criticisms easier!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The mist drops the two boys, throwing them towards the ground harshly. Izuku's the first back on his feet, already checking for enemies.

"We're still in the facility." He observes, helping Shinsou to his feet. *Why? That guy could've dropped us anywhere. He must either need to see a location or need exact coordinates.*

"That was not pleasant." Shinsou pats dirt of himself, also looking around. They're in the Ruins Zone, full of partially destroyed buildings, probably from an earthquake. There's an odd shuffling sound nearby.

"Shinsou, get behind me." The taller boy does so without question. *It's probably not much cover, seeing as I'm short as fuck and you're lanky as all hell.*

Villains start coming into the room, only a few. *Stay cautious of their quirks.* Izuku fights off as many as he can manage, making sure

Shinsou doesn't have to engage in combat.

"What are you here for?" Shinsou asks. *You're a genius!*

"Do you really think we'd just-"

"**Take out your comrades.** " The villain's quirk appear to be controllable fingernails. *That's pretty gross. And it looks painful.* Izuku and Shinsou watch as fingernails extend and tie up the villains, slamming them onto the ceiling and floor. *How much keratin is in your diet?!* "Midoriya." Izuku turns, and wants to do a happy dance when Shinsou hands him a metal pipe. *A DIY bo staff!*

"A gift? You shouldn't have!" He pretends to giggle, smacking the brainwashed villain over the head. "Wait, does it hurt you if I forcibly end the brainwashing like that?"

"No, no. It just feels like I've had my puppet's strings cut." *That sounds SO badass.* They make their way out of the remaining floors of the building using the same strategy. *I can see the main villains from here. More importantly,*

I can see Eraserhead.

"We have to-"

"It's too dangerous. You'll expose yourself as Oni." Shinsou doesn't give Izuku the chance to even voice his idea.

“I have to! I can’t watch them die.” His body keeps pumping out adrenaline, making him jittery, restless.

“I can’t watch you die.”

“I can’t die! I won’t!” *He should know this.*

“But what if they find a way.” For once, Shinsou’s eyes no longer seem tired. They’re wider, filled with panic and fear.

“I’m going. I can bring you back to the main entrance if you want to be safe, but I’m not staying.” There’s a subtle shift in the air, Izuku looks around and swings down hard right above Shinsou’s shoulder. A formerly invisible man stands behind Shinsou, ready to bite down on his neck with razor sharp teeth. He falls to the ground and Izuku takes a moment to kick his ribs as hard as he can.

“Midoriya-” *I’m not running away.* His feet are already going towards the main plaza, he knows Shinsou is following. *I won’t let you get hurt. I won’t let anyone get hurt.*

They both freeze at the sight of a large bird creature snapping Eraserhead’s arm like a twig, twisting it around for good measure. Izuku’s already sprinting, his feet moving before he can think about it. *I’m the only one who can defeat Eraserhead, not you guys! Please be okay.* The bird fucker slams his head into the concrete. His breath catches, but his feet keep moving.

“Nomu, hit him with something big. I want a splatter!” *He must be the main villain.* The creature, Nomu, moves to the center fountain, ripping off a piece of the statue. *Shit! Even if I can’t stop it, I can lessen the damage. I can take the direct hit.* By time the Nomu throws the statue, Izuku is in front of Eraserhead. *I feel like I’m dying.* Stupidly,

Izuku puts his arms up to brace. *I can catch it. I have to. I will.*

Miraculously enough, he does.

The force of impact sends him sliding back on the concrete, struggling to get his footing. He holds up the statue that's too large for someone his size to actually lift. Izuku fights off the urge to yell. He can feel his muscles tearing and immediately repairing themselves as he holds the statue up, moving it away from Eraserhead. He doesn't feel as much pain as he should, but that's due to his system flooding with adrenaline.

I think I've read about this. In life or death situations, people can have something called Hysterical Strength. When the body pumps adrenaline, it also makes your body release stored up sugar, allowing it to fuel the muscles for things like this. Ow, fuck. I can feel my muscles ripping into ribbons.

He tosses the statue down with a large crash. He also sees Shinsou near the fountain, out of the villain's sight. *I don't think I could do that again even if I wanted to.*

"Kurogiri, is this the brat that gave us away earlier?" A man covered in hands wonders closer to Izuku, his voice scratches the air. "What, some kid with a little strength quirk is going to stop us?" *What? That means they don't know our quirks.* Out the corner of his eye, he sees movement. *Shinsou you idiot, stay back!*

"Yes, Shigaraki. Though I doubt he will be troublesome for you to deal with."

"Why are you here?" Izuku cuts to the chase.

“We brought a friend for All Might to play with. This is Nomu. A being made to kill All Might.” *Kill All Might? It’s not impossible but…*

“Nope.”

“Excuse me!?” The handyman, Shigaraki, asks.

“I said no. You’re not killing All Might. Do you want that in another language?”

Hitoshi watches on as his friend is consumed by his vigilante mode, taunting the villains and sassing them to hell and back. He creeps around them, out of their line of sight. If he can get Eraserhead out of there, they can all fall back. There’d be no need for Midoriya to stay and fight. Yes, he could intervene and brainwash one, but there’d be no winning. It looks like that Nomu thing is too braindead for Hitoshi to take over, and if he goes for the main monologuer, he could get warped away. If he goes for the misty guy, he’s at the mercy of whatever quirk that guy used to get those hands. Eraserhead won’t wake up, so there’s no chance of him erasing the mystery quirk.

His heart stopped when Midoriya threw himself in front of that statue, idly remembering stories of mothers finding the strength to lift cars off of their children. *I don’t want another scare like that.*

Midoriya is distracting the villains, buying time for pros to arrive. He could very well be buying time for Hitoshi to do what he needs to. An idea pops into Hitoshi’s head.

“Hey.” He calls to the handyman. “You really think you can kill All Might?”

“Ye-”

“**Stop the mist man.**” The command takes hold of him as he lunges for his partner. The theory that the Nomu is braindead must be correct, because it just stands there, idle. The two main villains fight, giving Hitoshi time to get closer to Eraserhead.

“You know, Shigaraki here has a quirk that relies on all five fingers touching something. It doesn’t work on things like air, water, sand….. And Me.” He pushes Shigaraki back, and Hitoshi feels the mental weight of the puppet lifted away from him. Shigaraki starts screaming incoherently, viciously scratching hit neck. *Dammit.*

“What, are you throwing a tantrum?” Midoriya snorts “Boo fucking hoo. Go suck on a tit.” *I’d say he’s no longer Midoriya right now. He’s Oni.* Hitoshi doesn’t know if it’s a good thing Eraserhead hasn’t woken up yet or not.

“What did you say to me?” The man drops his hands, slowly staggering towards Midoriya. “You dumb brat. You haven’t done anything!”

“I haven’t?” There’s something animalistic in Midoriya’s eyes. Hitoshi wonders if that’s the reason he wears a mask. *If I had to say what animal Midoriya looked like right now, I’d say he’s a Chimera. There’s so many vicious traits stuffed into one person.* He’s never felt scared of Midoriya, but he absolutely fears for the safety of those who make enemies of him.

“No! “

“Shigaraki, you have the Nomu at your disposal. You can kill this child with it.” Kurogiri reminds.

“No, no. I want to hurt this brat myself. Though…” He laughs with a strained voice. *Did you scratch through straight to your vocal cords?* “I want to do something that’d *actually* hurt him.” Hitoshi sees Midoriya tense. “I just have a feeling it’s not him I have to hurt to do that.” Shigaraki looks Hitoshi in the eyes and lunges. He crosses his arms over his face and waits for the pain.

It never comes.

Hitoshi opens his eyes when a blood curdling scream threatens to burst his eardrums.

“Midoriya!” He screams, seeing his friend in his place.

“As you can feel, my quirk is called Disintegration.” The villain laughs.

The villain has his hand on Midoriya’s chest, turning it to dust and ash. Midoriya screams as his body rapidly rebuilds what’s lost around the villains hand. Hitoshi stands frozen.

“Isn’t this fun! Oh I want you as a new toy.” Shigaraki coos, smiling at the boy.

“So first you’re literally inside me, then you say I’m a toy? Man you are fucked up on a mental *and* sexual level.” Midoriya grits his teeth and sasses, “At least put on some chapstick if you’re gonna go for a smooch.” *He wants me to go. I can’t.*

“I want a trophy.” Shigaraki grabs Midoriya’s wrist with his free hand and disintegrates it. The boy goes back to screaming, there’s no doubt that it’s echoing through the plaza. *We need to go before classmates start showing up.* There’s blood spray all over Hitoshi and Midoriya. Yes, his body turns to ash, but the sudden rupture of his organs repeatedly cause outward sprays of blood. *He took Midoriya’s hand.*

He watches on, frozen in terror, as his friend kicks a leg up and knees the villain in the crotch.

“Bingo.” *He sounds so tired.* The villain falls back a bit but doesn’t stop turning Midoriya to ash. *By making him mad, it keeps the villain’s attention drawn on him instead.*

Why don’t the other two villains do something? The Nomu must have to take direct orders, and it seems like Kurogiri isn’t allowed to act on his own. Shigaraki is the main villain, there’s no doubt.

“ You’re boring me.” Shigaraki hisses in Midoriya’s ear, removing his hand. It looks like after being in too much pain, Midoriya couldn’t regenerate as fast as he was falling apart.

“Hey! Pick on someone your own size!” *Shit.* Hitoshi sees Kirishima off to the right of them, yelling to the main villains. Bakugou and Todoroki are also there. Their eyes settle on Midoriya’s missing hand and how he’s missing most of his chest and stomach. Their expressions drop into different ones. Kirishima is scared, Bakugou is furious, and Todoroki is blank. Shigaraki turns to them, no longer interested in Midoriya.

Hitoshi takes his cloak off and catches Midoriya in it as he falls back. *Being in too much pain can make someone pass out.*

Now's my chance, Shigaraki doesn't want us anymore. Midoriya is unfortunately easy to carry. He doesn't know if it's from missing organs or just his naturally small figure.

"Where are you going?" Todoroki asks, eyes on the unconscious boy. *What would Midoriya say?*

"My Quirk isn't effective here. Midoriya is dying. I saw a villain earlier with a healing quirk. I'll make him heal Midoriya." Todoroki nods, satisfied. "His Quirk is disintegration. All five fingers on you activates it." Hitoshi sees some eyes widen, settling back on Midoriya.

"He took off his hand." Kirishima breathes, looking at the hand Shigaraki carries. With permission, Hitoshi runs to the pile of villains, setting Midoriya down. *It'll look like I'm making a villain heal him. They'll repeat the story to the cops.* He unwraps his cloak, checking if Midoriya is healing. He takes the necklace off of the boy, putting it in his pocket. *Losing this would hurt far more than any injury.* He's healing, but much slower than he's seen in the past few weeks. All he needed to do was wait.

He's going to keep his best friend safe.

The doors to the facility bust open, showing All Might. *I've never seen him without that smile.* He's furious. Hitoshi watches on as All Might fights the Nomu, matching each other's movements exactly. *If that manchild sent that thing after us, we'd be dead. Or at least I would be.* The sight of the Nomu regenerating sends chills down Hitoshi's spine. The three boys left by the plaza are helping out All Might, but it looks like

All Might wants them anywhere but there. *They're in the way.* Midoriya stirs a bit, straining to sit up.

"Stop moving." Hitoshi orders, "You need to rest."

"What I need… Is to make sure everyone's safe." Midoriya tries to sit up to see the damage. Hitoshi moves the cloak a bit. *He's hardly healed at all. If I didn't know any better, I'd say the disintegration is still eating away at him. That can't be possible, right?*

In a large blast, All Might knocks the Nomu out of the dome. It's hard to hear what words are being exchanged. Shigaraki makes a a final move to kill a student, but his hand is shot. *Shot?* Hitoshi visibly relaxes at the sight of the pro heroes arriving, taking care of the students. Midoriya has his eyes fixated on something. When Hitoshi turns his head to see what he's looking at, Midoriya mutters.

"Don't look. I'm going to scream as loud as I can, and I need you to trust me." *What is he talking about?* Midoriya takes a deep breath, and Hitoshi can feel something rattling in Midoriya's ribs. He screams. *It's almost like a banshee.* The boys at the plaza turn to Midoriya, coming over immediately. All attention is drawn to their location. *Why? He'd only do this if he wanted to distract from something else. He can't be seen like this, he has to be protecting someone right now by doing this.* Midoriya's banshee screech is cut short by him dozing out of consciousness again.

Hitoshi picks Midoriya up and keeps him tightly wrapped in the cloak. It's more red than purple now.

Izuku wakes up, bolting upright.

“Calm down.” His eyes snap up to Shinsou, recognizing the hands on his shoulders. They’re still at USJ, sitting along the wall outside. Cop cars are everywhere, as well as a few ambulances. *I passed out? I passed out!?* Every memory of pain rushes back to him as he moves to check his wounds. Hitoshi holds the cloak shut. “You’re healed. Don’t show off your scars. Just calm down.”

“Thank you.” Izuku says after a moment. *That was the most unbearable pain I’ve ever felt, and I’ve been set on fucking FIRE.* “Is everyone alright?” At that, Shinsou snorts.

“Worry about yourself.” A pause, “Yeah. Thirteen and Eraserhead are both hospitalized but expected to live. They wanted you brought to the hospital too.”

“Why didn’t they?” *It would have been awfully confusing if they realized my identity wasn’t real. Or sent me into surgery only to find no wounds.*

“I took care of it.” *Oh my fucking god. That’s the vigilante tone of voice. Shinsou broke the law?!*

“Did you fuckin’ brainwash the paramedics?!” There’s a small, embarrassed nod from Shinsou. *I’m so proud of you.*

“I don’t like your shit-eating grin, Midoriya.” *This is like ‘baby’s first steps’!*

“Thanks. You didn’t have to though. I know you don’t like using your quirk, I could’ve handled it myself.”

“You shouldn’t have to.” Shinsou doesn’t meet his eyes. “You saved me, I owed you.”

“Anything else happen between then and now?” Izuku asks, trying to catch up.

“I met Dad Number 2.”

“You talked to Tsukauchi?” He whispers aggressively. Shinsou nods. *I told him about Tsukauchi’s quirk, and possibly ways to get around it.* “What’d you say?”

“He questioned me, because we were with the main villains the longest. I pretty much alternated between telling the truth on what I could, saying ‘it all happened so fast’, or saying a vague answer that technically couldn’t be a lie. He didn’t call me out.” Izuku hums thoughtfully. “I was going on the mantra of ‘What would Midoriya do?’” Izuku laughs. *I am NOT the role model you should be following.*

“Ah, Izuku Midoriya, right? I see you’re awake.” *DAD.* Detective Tsukauchi comes over, softly shaking Izuku’s hand as he nods. *Don’t snark. Don’t snark. Don’t snark.* “How are you feeling?” *He always asks this first to tell if we’re willing to lie right off the bat.*

“Awful. Exhausted.” Tsuki nods, understanding.

“Would you like to come with me to answer some questions? If you’re feeling up to it.”

“I can answer the questions, but I’d rather stay here with my friend.” *I feel like I don’t know how to talk to him like an actual person.* Tsuki sits

down across from Izuku, ready to talk.

“Tell me what you remember.” *I am Izuku right now. I can do this.*

“I knew villains were here before they showed themselves. Like people watching me.” He’s already writing down information. “The villain didn’t like that I ruined the surprise and warped me and Shinsou away. We took out the villains who attacked, but were never first to engage.” *What next? Shinsou said he went with stuff I’d come up with. So what would I say, if Shinsou were saying it?*

“You two made it to the main fight. Why?”

“I saw Aizawa.”

“That’s it? Not to take on the bad guys yourself?”

“I went because I couldn’t watch him die. I couldn’t stand the sight of him being hurt.” Something flickers in Tsukauchi's eyes.

“Shinsou told me that the Nomu creature threw a large statue at Eraserhead. What happened next?” *He’s trying to trip me up. Did Eraser tell him that I’m a suspect?*

“I stood in the way.” *Don’t say any more than necessary.*

“ Were you willing to die for your teacher?” There’s genuine concern in the question.

“I was willing to die for him, yes.” *Not that I could. The sentiment is still there, though.*

“I hope you know your teacher would not be pleased to hear that.” *Especially if it’s me saying it.* The gaze set on Izuku feels like Tsukauchi is analyzing him. Izuku nods in acknowledgement. “The main villain, Shigaraki, touched you for an extended time.” He nods again.

“It disintegrated a lot, I passed out.” He admits, not sure what else he could have said. *I want to tell you how I sassed him! It was lovely! Splendid!*

“May I see the damage? Seeing as Paramedics said you’re fine.” Izuku moves the cloak, exposing his healed skin.

“The scars are from something else. There’s no scarring from today.”

“I was told there was someone with a healing quirk. Elaborate?” *This is where it counts.*

“I passed out, Shinsou brought me to the villains. There was someone with a healing quirk over there.” *Them being me. I can bullshit my way through this.* “I woke up again at some point, screamed, and passed back out.”

“Can you describe the person that healed you?” *God dammit. You and your reasonably sound questions.*

“Short, plain looking. It all happened so fast.” *Basically describing*

myself and providing excuses.

Alright. So far everything is correct.” Izuku tilts his head, feigning confusion.

“My quirk is called Human Lie Detector, making me just that.”

“That’s so cool!” He pretends to fanboy. “Can you like, tell if someone’s lying just through speech? Or through body language?”

“As much as I love questions like that, I can’t answer them. It might hinder my work some day.” Izuku nods in understanding. *It’s not like I needed an answer, anyways.* Tsuki writes something on his notepad, and hands over for Izuku to read. *He must not want Shinsou hearing.* “All Might said you screamed loud enough to get everyone's attention. Did you do that on purpose?” Izuku looks at Tsuki.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I had to save him.” Tsukauchi’s eyes go wide, before he offers thanks and runs off. Exhausted, he leans his head on Shinsou’s shoulder. “How are you feeling?”

“Like shit.” Izuku chuckles, wholeheartedly agreeing. “You caught that statue like it was nothing.”

“I think I’m going to call that super move Hysterical Strength. It takes a lot out of me. I’m dying.” Absentmindedly, Izuku reaches up to touch his necklace, ready to explode when he doesn’t feel it.

“I have it.” Shinsou says, handing him the necklace. “I took it in case it got ruined.” *He cleaned the blood off of it and everything.*

“Are you sure your quirk isn’t mindreading?”

“Who knows.” There’s a small moment of silence. “By the way, your story was almost perfectly aligned with what I told him. Did you ask yourself what I would say?”

“Pretty much.” With each interaction, the silence stretches longer.

“What are going to do after this?” *You know me so well.*

“We’ll go home. Then I’ll go visit Eraser, then probably Todoroki.” Shinsou hums.

After the student’s get the clearance to leave, they go take showers in the locker room. No one could stand the feeling of USJ on them, even if they faced no action. Izuku notices Shinsou hasn’t mentioned going to his own home.

“Aren’t you going to go home and let your parents know you’re alright? They’re probably worried sick.” Izuku asks, walking to the train station together.

“It’s fine.” The next words Shinsou says break Izuku’s heart into microscopic pieces. He’s made two more enemies in life.

“They don’t love me.”

In his office, Naomasa looks over all the papers regarding the attack at USJ. Some things aren't lining up with him, despite all of the student testimonies ringing in as truthful. Confused, he picks up the phone.

"It's Tsukauchi. I hope you're alright, Eraserhead." He starts leaving a message. "If it were any other pro, I'd wait until a full recovery is made to get back to the case. Unfortunately, I know how you prefer to operate. I questioned your intern, Izuku Midoriya, with the thought that he's suspected as being Oni in mind. When asked if he was Izuku Midoriya, my quirk registered his affirmation as false."

Chapter End Notes

Like subpar art? or just wanna chat? Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

a chapter before shit may or may not hit the fan

Chapter Notes

HUGE thanks to Avilikestoart on Instagram and faisalliot on tumblr for sending me art of the fic. It was so sweet!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Excuse me?” Izuku asks on the walk home from the train station. “They don’t love you?” *Is this what motherly rage feels like?*

“I’m adopted. I was adopted when I was thought to be quirkless.” *What?* “Like it was a charity project for them. It’d make them look good.” *I can remember a few times people have said things like ‘bless your soul’ when Mom told people I was quirkless.* “Turns out, I was just a late bloomer.”

“You didn’t know how to activate your quirk?” Shinsou nods. *I can imagine how hard it’d be to learn his quirk.*

“I didn’t use it until I was seven or eight. It was on accident. My parents acted like it was okay when it happened, but I could hear them through their door. Talking about if it’d be best to put me up for adoption again because of my villainous quirk.” Izuku feels his breathing stop, heart aching. “They uh…. Decided to keep me. My father brought up a point that I could kill them in a sick act of revenge when I wanted to. Not if, when.” *I have SO many things to say, but the words won’t come out. My throat burns.* “They just decided it best to interact with me as little as possible. I tried being so nice to them, going out of my way to help them.”

“It didn’t work, did it?”

“No. They just saw it as another form of manipulation.”

“Give me your address.” The words are out of his mouth before he realizes it.

“No. I know that look. That’s the ‘I’m a vigilante and I’ll take the law into my own tiny hands’ kind of look.” *Eh?*

“Tiny? Tiny hands? You think that I have tiny hands?!” They break into laughter, lightening the mood a bit.

“Itty bitty baby hands, Midoriya.” To further demonstrate his point, Shinsou holds his hands up in a cat paw position. He waves one hand per word.

“Now I need your address for *two* reasons. I’ll get revenge on you.” Izuku thinks a moment. “Is that why you sleep over so much?”

“Yeah. They asked if I made a friend. I said yes. All they said was to make sure everyone in the house knew about my quirk. Like it’s a requirement to be friend’s with me.”

“They want you to come with a warning label?!” Izuku all but snarls.

“I guess.”

“Fuck them, live with me. I have room.”

“I practically do.” Shinsou shrugs. They get to Izuku’s apartment. Shinsou has officially gotten into the habit of climbing through the window as well. “You know, we don’t seem as shaken up as we should be.”

“That’s true. Don’t worry, this’ll probably resurface years from now in therapy.”

“Great, thanks.” He deadpans.

“You know, you really are a good friend. You were my voice of reason today.” Izuku comments absentmindedly, getting snacks for the two.

“Someone has to be.” They both eat, and Izuku starts getting ready to leave. “Are you sure you should be up and moving right now?”

“Yeah. if I disappear for the day, it could be tied to USJ. Besides, I’m fully healed.” Shinsou makes a noise in response, his face showing he’s utterly unconvinced. When Izuku walks out of his bedroom, Shinsou stares a moment. “What is wrong with you?” He laughs.

Izuku wears his Oni costume, except there’s a white T-Shirt over it with the name Oni on it in large black lettering.

“I think it’s funny.” Izuku defends.

“You *would.”* Shinsou is undeniably the most fashionable of the two, but Izuku would never give him the satisfaction of admitting it. The purple-haired boy works on his computer, not looking back up at

Izuku. “You’re really going to see your boyfriend dressed like that?” *Uh.*

“Whomst the fuck are you talking about?” Izuku sputters. *I’m going to see both Eraserhead and Todoroki, and this conversation could take a very dark, gross turn.*

“You and Todoroki talk nonstop. I’d say you talk more than we do and I basically live with you.”

“Not true. Either way, shut up.” He glares at Shinsou, who laughs behind the safety of his laptop. “I’m going to see Todoroki to see how he’s doing. Also because he asked to see me.”

“Wonder why.”

“Fuck you. I'll slap that look off your face with my tiny hands.” Izuku hisses with no actual malice.

“If you’re going to his house, might as well get footage of you ruining Endeavor’s life. Honestly, marrying his son would do the trick.”

“Oh my god. If I had known *this* was your sick sense of humor, I would have never befriended you.” Shinsou raises an eyebrow in response.

“Yes. You would have.”

Izuku leaves the apartment, forcing what Shinsou said out of his mind.

It's weird walking the streets like this. They see that I'm Oni, yet no one alerts the authorities. Do people actually think that I do good for the world? The intern in Izuku takes over, and before he realizes it he's walking into Eraserhead's favorite coffee shop. The working barista stares at him. *Oh my god. I didn't even notice! Well, I might as well.*

"Hi, can I get one large caramel iced coffee, and a large hot black coffee with a teensy bit of cinnamon in it?" Izuku starts getting his wallet out, but the barista shakes her head.

"There's uh. There's no need. You can k-keep your money." *Is she scared of me?* She quickly turns and makes the drinks. *Fuck you, I'm the nicest fucker to ever…. Fuck.* Izuku keeps the money out anyways, waiting for his drinks. When she brings them back to the counter, he waves a hand to get her attention.

"Here." He puts all of the money into the tip jar on the counter.

"Oh! Thank you!" *Ha! I win!* He thanks her and leaves with the drinks.

Now that Shouta's gotten Hizashi out of the hospital, he can relax. Or, settle down as much as someone can in this situation. He's been awake for the past hour or so, alarming all of the doctors. Hell, even Recovery Girl is baffled over his alertness. She warned that he'd be asleep for a while, considering how much she had to heal him. Shouta's only awake because he's used to being so tired.

The damn doctors won't let me have coffee. Why can't he? It's not like he's in critical condition anymore. He's listened to Tsukauchi's voicemail, feeling another headache coming on. *Does that mean*

someone's pretending to be Midoriya? It's much more likely that Izuku Midoriya just isn't his real name. Shouta's worried that the kid's in deeper than he realizes. *Stupid brat saved my life. The audacity!* A part of Shouta is very much so aware that without Midoriya, there may have actually been casualties today.

Shouta feels haunted by the sound of him screaming in agony. He hates that he was just conscious enough to hear, yet not enough to do anything. He was helpless.

A knock at the door causes an eyeroll before he even knows who it is.

“Hey, Dad.” *For fuck’s sake.* He turns, seeing Oni out of some of his bandages.

“What do you want.” Oni crosses the room quietly, sitting down beside his bed. He hands Shouta one of the coffees in his hand. “I’m not thanking you.” He huffs, taking it.

“How are you feeling? I heard about what happened.” *Yeah, heard.*

“They’re calling themselves the League of Villains. Ever heard of them?” Oni shakes his head. “So they’re a group that an underground hero and a weasel of a vigilante have never encountered.”

“Shouldn’t you be resting?”

“I could ask you the same thing.” Shouta snarks back, “What do you think of the situation?” *As much as I can’t stand the kid, it’s good to have the perspective from his side of the board.*

“They’re either very secretive, or very new. I heard that all of the captured villains were only known for severely petty crimes. They weren’t gathered for strength.”

“Why’s that?”

“The masses won’t care if four super strong villains attacked a high school. They care if dozens of them do, no matter what their abilities amount to.” *He’s right. That means they did it for attention.* Shouta freezes when he takes a sip of the coffee. *Black coffee with a dash of cinnamon. Something only Hizashi and Midoriya knows I drink.* “Coffee’s good, thanks little intern.” Oni laughs. *He did it on purpose. He knows that I know, but knows that I can’t do anything without proof.*

“I thought you weren’t thanking little ol’ me?”

“The doctors won’t let me have coffee. This is called a public service.” There’s a small moment of silence. “So, how’d you get into the hospital while wearing that dumbass shirt?”

“First of all, this shirt is great. It’s my civilian look. Second, I looped the feed on the camera and set it to revert after a few minutes. The doctor’s were unfazed.”

“You didn’t hurt them?”

“I’m not a villain!” *He actually sounds his age with the way he whines.* Oni is on his phone, watching something. The eyes on his mask widen a bit, before he starts typing away.

Shouta feels his phone buzz, and has to hold back a chuckle when he opens it.

It’s security footage of Endeavor picking a wedgie, taken from his own home.

“You hacked his cameras?” Shouta raises an eyebrow at Oni. “Why?” *It looks like he was just waiting to catch Endeavor doing something gross.*

“He’s an awful person.”

“Legally, I have to say that what you’re doing is against the law and you should stop.” *Why does he hate Endeavor so much? Is it because of his fear of fire quirks? No. He’d just avoid the man.* “On the other hand, I want to know what’s with your grudge against him.”

“Have you ever heard the story of Touya Todoroki?”

“No.”

“I think… Hearing that case will answer the most questions.” *He switched from ‘story’ to ‘case’. I’ll remember the name.*

“ Have you ever thought about how this affects his kids? You go to

school with his son, you know."

"I have considered it. It's why I'm doing this." *Is Todoroki glad his father is being attacked? Is that why he has that burn scar…?* The thought makes Shouta nauseas. Oni sticks the straw of his coffee under his mask, taking a sip without revealing anything. *I wish I was healthy enough to apprehend this freak. I'll settle to comprehend him instead.*

"Why are you doing this? Any of this?" Oni hums a bit, no doubt pondering if he can truthfully answer.

"I have goals I need to meet." Is all he says. *Wow, thanks for the insightful answer.*

"How do your parents feel about this?" Shouta can't help but feel a bit angry. Parents have to know that their kid goes missing almost every day.

"I don't have any." *You told me that? Why did you give me a real answer? … Why do you sound so tired?*

"Oni, do you want to be caught?"

"Eventually, just not right now. I have a few more things to do." Shouta thinks it over.

"Is that why you purposely leave hints?" He nods, "Like getting me this specific coffee from my favorite place?"

“Call it a good guess.” *You’re telling me the truth, yet deflecting small things like this?*

“Are you doing this just for yourself?” Oni is so quick to shake his head that it appears he gave himself whiplash.

“I’d never do this if it were just for myself. What am I, Endeavor?” He snorts.

“Would you ever kill someone?” Shouta asks, curious. Oni narrows his eyes a bit, getting up.

“One specific person, yes.” *I don’t like that answer. I could have done with a simple yes or no. He has a target.*

“Where are you going?”

“You’re not the only one I had to make sure is okay.” With that, Oni waves and opens the window, promptly jumping out. *He wanted to make sure I was alright? Dumb kid.*

After thinking over all of the things the kid said, Shouta decides to call Midoriya’s mother. *Oni said he didn’t have parents. Where does he live? How does he afford to survive? Why can’t he just give up?* The most concerning information, strangely enough, is how Oni is indirectly admitting to being Midoriya. He’s only trying to buy time. For what? There’s something bigger than Endeavor going on.

Sighing, he dials the on-file number for the Midoriya household.

“Hello?” A woman’s voice answers. *She sounds frantic.*

“Hi, Ms. Midoriya?”

“That’s me, yes. Is something wrong? Do you need to speak to Izuku?” *He’s available to speak?*

“Yes, please. It’s regarding school work.” Shouta hears Ms. Midoriya calling her son.

“Hey, Aizawa. I didn’t think you’d be awake right now. Are you okay?” *That’s Midoriya’s voice.*

What the fuck.

Shouto sits in his room, listening to music playing from his speakers. He initially turned it on to mask the noise of his father’s screaming, and his own laughter upon seeing the viral video of his father picking at himself. It really does cheer Shouto up after the day he’s had. Quiet knocking on his window makes his night.

“Soba delivery service.” Izu sings as the window opens.

“I’m happy to see you.” Shouto admits, taking the food when it’s handed to him.

“I thought I’d come and see how you’re feeling. “ The two have become good friends in the past few weeks, but Shouto rarely ever gets to hear about his vigilante work. Izu’s been adamant about keeping him out of it.

“I’m doing fine. Did you leak that video of my father just to get him out of the house?” Izu nods. “Thank you. He wanted to train me, even after a villain attack. Now he’s off to see some officials about his public image or something. I don’t really care enough to ask.” The two sit on Shouto’s futon, ready to chat and eat for while.

“You can dig in. I got some snacks for some snaccs.” *What?* Shouto blinks at Izu, who starts howling with laughter.

“What does that mean?”

“I called you a snacc.”

“Yes, but what does that mean?” *I’m missing something, aren’t I?*

“Uh, never mind.” For whatever reason, Izu has decided against telling Shouto what that phrase means. “Something on your mind?” Actually, there has been something he’s wondering about.

“One of the villains had a quirk that disintegrated whatever he touched with all five fingers.” *He tensed a bit.* “What do you think would happen if he used it on you?” Izu has explained the basics of his quirk to Shouto before, and he keeps coming up with scenarios.

“It depends on who’s faster. I’d have to regenerate faster than he can tear me apart if I wanted to escape. I’d feel all of it, though.” Shouto’s

reminded of the way his classmate screamed in pain. It echoed through the facility, chilling him more than his own ice could. Izu has his mask pulled up just above his lips, so he can eat.

“I see. Is there any training you want to do involving your quirk? In a situation like that?”

“Not in that situation, but the opposite. I want to be able to turn off my quirk, or at least control the rate at which I heal. Say someone actually arrested me, or saw me hurt without my mask on. If I healed in front of them, my life is pretty much over.” *I don’t think that’s true, other people have similar quirks.*

“I’m sure you wouldn’t be tried as an adult, Izu.”

“You don’t know what I’ve done.” *There’s something sad in the voice.* “I’ve tried my best to do good, but the ways I get my results aren’t the best.” Shouto mentally stores the comment away for later. Izu snickers a bit, confusing Shouto. “Are you staring at my lips for a reason?” *Oh, I have been staring.*

“I want your face.” Wait, “I mean I want to *see* your face!” Shouto loses his composure a moment at his horrendous slip up. Izu’s rolling, laughing his heart out. Shouto almost mistakes the sound for the music playing in the background.

“Smooth, Todoroki, smooth.” *That’s sarcasm. Fine, I’ll show him I can be smooth without the need for that tone.*

“Please, Todoroki is my father. Call me Shouto.” At that, Izu freezes.

“Oh my god. My heart can’t thank this!” He’s still giggling. *I want to hear that sound more often.* “Anyways. I know you want to see what’s under the mask, but I can’t reveal my identity to anyone.” He knows this, yet still feels strangely saddened by it.

“Does Catspiracy know who you are?” Izu nods, and Shouto feels an emotion he’s never felt before. It’s not anger or sadness, it’s like his heart is shouting ‘it’s not fair’ from the rooftops. “He knows your identity because you’re dating, right?” In shock, Izu inhales the soba and promptly chokes on it.

“We’re not dating!” He yells after his breath returns to him. *Oh.* His heart skips a beat.

“I’m glad.” At the admission, Izu drops his chopsticks and doesn’t speak.

“...Oh.” The only sound in the room are the speakers playing some music.

“Someone tell me how I got here-” The voice on the station sings. Shouto notices Izu nervously humming along. *I’ll have to listen to this song later.* He’s fallen into a habit of listening to the songs that he hears Izu absentmindedly singing. When Izu goes back to eating, he looks at the song, ‘Is (feat. POP ETC)’ from the Zankyou No Terror soundtrack’. Shouto hits the button that stores the song into his playlist titled “Izu’s music.”

After the confused silence from both parties, they turn on a movie. The two like to watch a new one every time they meet up. The last one was too weird for them both, and they had to change it. The slogan about Ultraviolence made them think of UA’s motto. As it turns out, it’s further from heroics as can be. Izu picks the movie tonight, settling in next to Shouto on the futon.

“Lilo and Stitch? Another American movie?” Izu nods.

“You’ll like this, I promise.” When the movie start, Shouto finds himself captivated by the themes of what it means to really be a family. It’s not about genetics or DNA at all. This one focuses more on being able to decide for yourself what family is. It makes Shouto smiles a bit as he watches.

Towards the end of the movie, Shouto feels a weight drop on him. He looks down, seeing Izu with his arm wrapped around his waist, face against his stomach.

“Izu?” Shouto quietly calls. *He’s asleep.* He hears the soothing sound of Izu’s steady breathing. Izu never pulled his mask back over his mouth when he finished eating. Shouto so desperately wants to pull the mask off and see the face of his first friend, his savior. He reaches down, gently grabbing the mask.

He pulls it back over his lips, fully covering Izu’s face again. *He’ll show me when he’s ready. I trust him.*

Sweet dreams, Izu.

Chapter End Notes

> What up, My name's Raven, I'm 18, and I never fuckin learned how to read
> Insta: Jellofello22
> tumblr: jello-fello
>
> Also the song mentioned is from a short anime that I thought was frikin great, the soundtrack is good

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Gay panic followed by Dad Panic

Chapter Notes

Y'all are so sweet. My heart can't take this.
Tell me some of your fav fics in the comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku wakes up feeling warm. He moves to get up, but the feeling of air on his neck makes him freeze. It takes all of three seconds to realize that he fell asleep on Todoroki's futon,

And that he's the little spoon.

Gently, he tries to climb out of the boy's arms without waking him, but it doesn't work.

"Leaving?" Todoroki yawns, "It's three am." *You don't seem very fazed by this.*

"Yeah, before your dad finds me."

"He doesn't come into my room. The most he'll do is hit the door." Izuku chuckles, messing up Todoroki's hair a bit. Izuku's already getting up, but Todoroki doesn't move from his spot at all. *What woke me up? The feeling of him breathing?* He checks his phone, seeing several missed messages.

Catspiracy:

Aizawa called the house phone, I managed to pull off that I was your mother with the voice changer you got me.

Catspiracy:

Are you coming home tonight?

Catspiracy:

Please tell me you're safe.

Catspiracy:

In your boyfriend's arms, no doubt.

Next conversation it is.

Eraserhead:

What the fuck. You've done it. You've stumped me. Is it clones?

Oni:

No, not clones.

Eraserhead:

We need to talk soon.

Replying right away? Go to bed!

“What are you laughing at?” Todoroki yawns again.

“Texting Eraserhead, he’s being stupid as always.” The boy’s eyes go wide a moment.

“He’s awake?”

“He’s been awake since 5 yesterday.”

“Aizawa’s a mess.” Is how this particular conversation ends. Izuku’s still exhausted, which is a new feeling for him. *My quirk also keeps me from getting too tired, treating a lack of sleep as an injury of sorts. I’ve never felt this run down before.* It dawns on him just how much he overused his quirk at USJ. *Between that show of strength, and trying to avoid being the result of a Thanos snap, I could’ve overworked myself. That implies I actually have a limit?* In all honesty, he doesn’t know what to do with this information. *I'm the main character, I thought I was supposed to be OP or some shit?!*

“I have to go.” Izuku moves to leave through the window, but Todoroki grabs his wrist.

“Stay safe.” Those two words cause his heart to melt. He can’t remember the last time so many people have cared about his well being, and he isn’t sure how to take it.

“I promise I will.” With that, Izuku leaves.

At his own apartment, he rolls his eyes at the fact that the lights are still on.

“Shinsou, you need sleep.” Izuku calls.

“I’ll sleep when I’m dead.” *I can help with that, you sassy child.* He yanks off his mask, forgetting how nice it feels to actually see and breathe normally. Although, Izuku’s not fond of how it makes his ears cold when he removes it.

“You said Aizawa called?” It looks like Shinsou hasn’t moved from that spot since he’s left.

“Yeah. I managed to impersonate both you and your fake mother.”

“Now, now. She’s not fake, just dead.” Shinsou rolls his eyes.

“Anyways. He heard your voice and said we have tomorrow off from school, but we already knew that. It sounded like he was so thrown off he forgot what to say.” He gives a dry chuckle.

“Wish I could’ve heard it. I told him that I don’t have parents, so he probably wanted to check.” The boy narrows his eyes at Izuku.

“Why did you tell him you’re an orphan…?” Realization dawns on Shinsou, “You either want to get caught, or are dropping hints that get him nowhere just to frustrate him.”

“Both.”

“Why?” The laptop in front of Shinsou is partially closed, giving Izuku full attention. *I should be honest with him.*

“I’m tired of living like this. I want my revenge, and I want to save people. I want things to be okay, but I’m *so tired.”* Izuku doesn’t know why Shinsou’s out of his seat, rushing towards him. The taller boy pulls Izuku into a tight hug, holding his weight entirely. Izuku didn’t realize he was crying until a sob shakes his body, calming when Shinsou rubs his back.

“I knew you were close to breaking. I think what you went through today jump started it. It’s okay.” *He’s right. Since USJ I’ve been fucked up.*

“I was so scared of losing you guys.”

“You didn’t. I’m here. You saved my life. Izuku, you’re my hero.” *Did he just call me Izuku? This fluff is going to kill me.* “I have some news.” *Uh oh. He said that in a ‘you might want to sit down for this’ kind of voice.* They get moved to the couch in the living room, sitting.

“You found him, didn’t you?” Izuku asks. *This is the only thing I’d have to sit down for.*

“Yeah,” he breathes, nervously rubbing the back of his neck. “72 villains attacked USJ. Among those named, Hisashi Midoriya had one of the most extensive records.” All tears stop, Izuku feels emptier than he thought he would have. *It sounds like he memorized the file he read it from.*

“Where are they keeping him?”

“They won’t name places this early on. I got it straight from the station's database. Give me a few days.” *I can work with this. Stay calm, don’t do anything rash with your dumb monkey brain, Izuku.*

“Okay.” Shinsou snaps his eyes to Izuku with an odd look. “What?”

“Just OKAY?” He dramatically throws himself back against the couch. “That’s all you have to say to finding out your father is still alive and ripe for an ass kicking?”

“Right now. Yes. I am trying really hard to stay calm and think rationally.”

“Oh, that makes more sense.”

“Also because I’m dead inside!” They laugh a bit, changing the subject onto something lighter.

Everyone was given a day off in addition to the weekend to recover both mentally and physically from USJ. Which each passing day, Shouta just becomes more annoyed. The doctors know he’s awake and aware enough to speak and think as normal, but won’t let him leave. Worst of all, staying here will ruin his perfect attendance as a teacher. That simply won’t do.

Bored, he scrolls through news on his phone. The main story isn’t even about a hero. It’s Oni.

Apparently, Oni and Catspiracy went grocery shopping in their masks, with T-shirts saying their respective names on it. The media thought they were the same person, seeing as they've never been in a video together. Now, all of the news is about this 'anti-media, anti-endeavor couple.'

Eraserhead:

What is wrong with you?

Oni:

Loaded question. Generally speaking?

I hate him.

Eraserhead:

Got enough media attention yet? I can't image you're a fan of that attention.

Oni:

It's gross, but when the time comes, they'll plaster my story everywhere.

Eraserhead:

If you want to take Endeavor down, do you know how his loss will affect the country? The government will be disrupted at the loss of a powerful hero.

Oni:

If the country can't handle the loss of that dumpster monster, then it deserves to fall to begin with. Besides, Hawks is much better and more capable.

Shouta feels restless. He wants to be in homeroom this morning to assure his students that he's okay, that it's all going to work out. Without him there, it seems more like an empty promise. He hates what he's about to do.

Eraserhead:

Disable the cameras. I have a class to teach.

There's a moment where Shouta doesn't get a response.

Oni:

You're good to go.

He has enough time to sneak out, get dressed, and make it to UA before school starts. He sits on his couch in the corner of the teacher's lounge, glaring through his bandages at anyone who looks at him.

"Young Aizawa." All Might greets, sitting down on the other end of the couch. "I know you're still angry with me, but I need to ask something."

"Shoot." He deadpans.

“Did you tell Midoriya about my time limit?” *What? Does that little brat know?*

“No? Why. Tell me what happened.” *If I didn’t know any better, I’d say he was debating whether or not to actually tell me.*

“At USJ, I defeated the Nomu, but my time was up. I was forced to transform into this.” He vaguely gestures at his skinnier appearance. “Midoriya was gravely injured, and our eyes met. He wasn’t surprised. He recognized me right away, turned around, and screamed. When asked by Tsukauchi, he admitted he did it because he had to save me.”

“Save you, a man that utterly traumatized him.” Shouta repeats, All Might sadly nods.

“With your permission, I’d like to speak to him.” *Aaaaaand you’ve lost me.*

“No. I’ll thank him for you, and I’ll ask how he knew. There’s no need for you to speak to him, he’s got enough on his plate as is.”

“But-”

“No buts. I don’t need you strolling up and asking that *thing* to be your successor. No. I’m not paid enough to deal with that shit.”

“I wasn’t going to offer anything to him yet, Aizawa.”

“Yet.”

“Yet.” All Might repeats, sounding a bit more distant than before.

“I’m serious. Stay away from the kid. He’s a time bomb, and he’s ready to take down anyone who’s near when he detonates.” For a moment, All Might’s eyes widen, before his face settle into a soft smile.

“He does have an explosive personality, doesn’t he?” *Jesus, All Might. I mean he’s going snap one day and probably kill someone, not that he’s a spunky teenager.*

“ No. He’s a vigilante and I’m not going to let you speak to my kid. Are we clear?” Shouta seethes, glaring more when All Might starts laughing.

“I’ll worry about the vigilante comment later. You called him your kid, Young Aizawa.” *I did not.* With that, Aizawa leaves for his class. For once, he’s bit earlier. The only students in there are Midoriya and Shinsou. Iida’s started a habit of studying in the library before school rather than being first and sitting idle for an hour. *I refuse to look at those two brats.*

Shouta realizes he has to look into Izuku Midoriya not being his real name, but it’s become a matter of how to approach the topic.

“I’m dying. I can’t do this.” Midoriya groans into his desk, getting a chuckle from Shinsou.

“I’ve been trying to tell you. It’s about time you felt some human emotion, you freak.” *Do I even want to know?*

“Help me!”

“I can’t. Rather, I just don’t want to.”

“Aizawa, tell Toshi to stop bullying me.” *Let me have peace, dammit.*

“Shinsou, don’t bully Midoriya if it’s not worth it.”

“Oh it *is.* Someone has a crush on him and he’s losing his mind over it.”

“I don’t know feelings?!” Midoriya whines, covering his face. *Embarrassing the brat? I can get behind this noble cause.*

“So, what’s the issue here? You don’t know a lot of things, Midoriya, it hasn’t stopped you from making a fool of yourself before.”

“Analysis! It’s not the same as feelings. I don’t know *morals.* ” He’s got a point there. “Toshi, Aizawa, please. Tell me the first thing that comes to mind for you guys!”

“I’m Ace.” Shouta and Shinsou say simultaneously, causing Midoriya to collapse on the floor in fetal position, screaming into his elbow. Shouta can’t help but chuckle, seeing this vigilante finally suffering.

All Might stands in the hallway, pleading eyes on Shouta. *Fine.* Shouta nods, shooing All Might away.

“Midoriya, I’m being morally obligated to speak with you on All Might’s behalf. C’mon.” He doesn’t wait for Midoriya, he just walks out into the hallway. Shouta almost considers turning to check if the boy follows.

“He’s not gonna talk to me himself?” Midoriya asks. *He can move silently, that’s not good.*

“He’s scared too.”

“I suppose I have you to thank for that?” In the private office, they sit down.

“All Might is curious as to how you know about his time limit.”

“Ah, that. I’ve seen him transform on some.. Uh…” He pauses, looking for the right words. “I’ve seen him transform before.” *Midoriya probably saw from cameras.*

“You didn’t tell anyone? Not even Shinsou?” The boy shakes his head. “Why not?”

“I have a grudge, sure, but that secret is beyond me and my own feelings. Say I was a vigilante,” *Really? ‘Say’? It’s still a hypothetical?* “I’d be pretty annoyed if someone revealed who I was as a civilian. For the Symbol of Peace, that could literally be his downfall.”

“What do you say that?”

“As mad as I am at him, I still find it impressive that he carries the world on his back. All it takes is the wrong person finding out a weakness, and the world begins to crumble.” Shouta stares a moment, distantly thankful that this kid didn’t turn out to be a villain.

“That was surprisingly wise of you, kid.” Shouta admits, earning a glare from Midoriya. “So, going on the assumption that you’re *not* a vigilante, give me some more wisdom regarding your view on it.” Midoriya hums.

“If I *were* a vigilante, I’d have a certain mentality. No matter that I do, people will hate me. It just becomes a matter of how many.” *I wish I had a stupid kid to catch. Not this evil genius bullshit.*

For the past week, the students have been training for the upcoming Sports Festival. Many of the kids show improvement, others not so much. Not that he’s showing favoritism, but Shouta can tell which of his students will advance to the final rounds. Bakugou will go far if he doesn’t get disqualified for his personality. Todoroki will, but for whatever reason, he doesn’t use his fire. Iida and Uraraka have potential, if they work on their combat a bit more, rather than relying on quirks. Shinsou could probably win if he can manage to avoid people finding out what his quirk is. Lastly, as much as he wishes it weren’t true…

Midoriya might actually win. *I’m not playing favorites, he just has the most experience when it comes to being on the field. He’s not my favorite in the slightest, I can’t stand the pest.*

Shouta has felt someone blowing up his phone for the past hour, now that he has free time, he checks it.

Seven missed calls from Detective Tsukauchi. Shouta calls back.

“Sorry, I have a class right now.” He greets. “Something wrong?”

“You know your problem kid? Izuku Midoriya?” There’s a headache coming on already. *He never showed up for class. It’s his first mark on his record.*

“He’s not here.” Shouta hears a distressed sigh. “Let me ask if his whereabouts are known.”

“Shinsou, any idea where Midoriya is?” Shinsou shakes his head, a concerned look his face. “Classmates don’t know where he is.” The class has noticed Shouta asking, eyes on him. No one speaks up. When he meets Shinsou’s eyes again, the boy mouths.

“Can I go to the bathroom please?” *Ugh, I thought it’d be useful information.* Shouta nods.

“God dammit. “ Tsukauchi hisses.

“What happened? Do you have him?” *I’ve haven’t heard him that worried in a while.*

“ One of the villains from USJ has been identified as Hisashi Midoriya.” *Midoriya?*

“Is that his father?”

“No. He’s the father of Izuku’s cousin, Mikumo.” *I remember that name. The reason Bakugou and Midoriya got into a fight on the first day of class.* The thought of the kid’s uncle being a villain doesn’t sit well with him.

“Did the name get put in a publicly accessible file?”

“No. It was kept quiet in case Oni made a move, only in our systems. It was going well until the villain’s name was plastered all over police scanners this morning.”

“Why?” *I know the answer. Please let it be false.*

“He escaped.” *That stupid kid tried so fucking hard to keep us from getting evidence against him, but at the mention of his uncle pulls a stunt like this?* “Did you catch Oni? You caught him. *Please* give me something to work with.” In the corner of the now silent room, Shouta sees Todoroki go stiff, face paling a bit.

“We did. We got a good dose of quirk suppressants in him, too.” *What if his quirk treats the drug as an illness and cures himself of it before it kicks in?* “Don’t worry, the dosage was high enough to kick in almost immediately.”

“If you caught him, why do you sound so sad?” *An idea dawns on Shouta. “* Hold on, let me call the boy’s mother and see if she knows what he’s up to.” He quickly hangs up, dialing Ms. Midoriya.

“H-Hello! I’m afraid I can’t talk much right now. Little Zuku is sick.”

The woman's voice sounds as anxious as ever. "He's running such a high fever!"

"Is he awake?"

"Er, yes, but I don't think you should talk to him right now. Do you wish to?"

"Just for a moment, ma'am." There's a moment of silence, then the sound of a door being knocked on.

"Zuku, it's your teacher, he wants to speak with you."

"Okay, just a moment, Mom." Shouta feels his blood run still. *That's his voice. What am I missing?*

"You know what? I'll speak with him when he comes back. Thanks." He hangs up and promptly calls Tsukauchi back. "You said you caught him?"

"We *did.* " *Ah, fuck.* Shouta watches Shinsou return to his seat from the bathroom, wondering if he'd have better luck tracking the boy down.

"You're telling me he escaped with quirk suppressants in his system." Tsukauchi hums in response.

"He got cuffed and dragged to the car, and managed to knock one officer out. When he was being put into the car, the remaining officer

tried taking off his mask to finally reveal his identity. The officer has a broken nose from Oni biting it." *Animalistic tendencies when desperate, noted.* " They decided to wait until bringing him in to get his mask off."

"He didn't make it to the station, did he."

"No. The footage from the cop car shows Oni blowing a kiss at the camera before escaping."

"How did he escape?" *Quirk suppressants are no joke, he should have been too drowsy to fight.*

"He bit off a finger." Shouta tenses at the thought, knowing he wouldn't have healed. "The officer didn't notice. He chewed the finger in such a way that he whittled some of the bone into a lockpick." *That's disgusting.* "He quietly took off the cuffs."

"I have a feeling this gets worse."

"He managed to unscrew the barrier off the seat and got to the driving officer, causing them to forcibly stop the car, on the bridge by Nighteye's office. He jumped over the bridge and my officer shot at him. We lost sight once he hit the water." *What he's saying is 'we don't know if we have a dead child on our hands.'*

"How long has it been since Oni escaped?"

"Little over an hour ago. He's yet to be seen by officers, we only saw red in the water and nothing else." *Shit. I have to go, don't I? With quirk suppressants, an injury, and possible bullet wounds, there's no way*

he can manage to stay above water long enough. He's going to drown if he hasn't made it out yet. If he hasn't already drowned, to be more acurate.

He texts Hizashi to take over for him and leaves school without a single word to his students.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Chaos! Chaos!

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter today!
Also I have an MRI plus a whole bunch of other annoying stuff tomorrow, so I might not update tomorrow.
There's like, a 64% chance I will tho

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku wakes up, coughing water out of his lungs. *That's not where that goes.* The sudden realization that he's both upside down and moving makes him incredibly nauseous.

"Stop moving." A voice demands. He's never heard it before. *I can't trust them. I have to get away.* The man has Izuku slung over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, very soggy ones at that. Izuku absolutely would get away, if he were able to move. *I'm drugged up and beyond tired. I don't know what his quirk is, I wouldn't get very far in this condition.* Izuku may lack all self-preservation, but he's no idiot.

"Are you a cop?" The first question should have been to ask if he's a villain, but he has bigger things to worry about. The man moves inside of a warehouse, connected to an alleyway.

"If you don't want them to see your face, cover it." He instructs. *Holy shit, my mask! Where is it?!* He does as told. Once in a secure room, the man sets Izuku down on a bed. His head is pounding, threatening to beat right out of his skull.

"Did you save me?" In the poor lighting, he gets a look at the person. They have black spikey hair, reminiscent of Kacchan, and they're

covered in large sections of charred flesh. The only thing holding him together are surgical staples. Although, some are clearly piercings.

Aesthetic.

“I didn’t save you, so much as I just dragged your body here.” The man tosses Izuku’s mask to him. “I had to take it off, or else you would have probably choked on the water again.” *He’s already seen my face, I don’t really feel like putting it back on.* Izuku pulls his phone out, seeing if it’s fine. *Fuck.*

It most certainly is *not* fine. It works, yeah, but for how long? Blue, pink, and yellow hues blink on and off of the display.

The man leaves, coming back a few minutes later with a first aid kit, some orange juice, and cookies.

“Here. You can do the first aid yourself if you know how.” *If I know how? Juice? Cookies? You’re not my fucking babysitter. But I’ll be* damned *if these aren’t some bombass cookies.*

“Thanks,...”

“I’m going by Dabi right now.” *Vague.*

“Call me-”

“Oni. I know who you are. If you were anyone else I’d probably would have let you drown.”

“Gee, thanks.” *Wait a second.* “Are you a villain?”

“I prefer the term anti-hero, but sure.”

“That’s not what an antihero is. *I’m* more of an antihero than anyone in this story.”

“The hell’re you talking about?” *Never mind!* “Call me what you want to, I don’t care.” *Ooo edgy hair flip.*

“You’re saying you saved me because I’m Oni?”

“Yeah, you’re the one behind the suspicion surrounding Endeavor right now. I can get behind that cause.” Dabi stares at Izuku a moment. “Why are you doing this anyways?”

“He’s a shitbag! A child abuser! I can go on for days!”

“How’d you find out about his abuse?” *He doesn’t seem shocked at all.*

“Well he’s always been a dick to me, then he set me on fire, then I befriended his son and everything went from there. I have access to all the camera’s in his house.” Izuku can’t help the devilish smirk on his face as he thinks about ruining Endeavor’s life.

“I also saved you because you’re a kid. Boy was I shocked to find that out.” Izuku doesn’t answer, “Don’t you have a family?”

“Don’t you?” The man freezes. “My family was ruined by my fuckface of a father, who’s on the loose as we speak.”

“Sounds like we got some things in common.” Dabi takes a seat on the bed beside Izuku, studying the boy’s face. “Your scar reminds me of my little brother, you’re probably around his age too.” *Well then, I was right about something.*

“Shouto’s doing well.” Dabi’s eyes widen at the boy, before settling into a ghost of a smile. *He didn't expect me to know Todoroki, huh?*

“What was it?”

“Your hatred of Endeavor, mentioning the scar, not seeming shocked. Also, you have an overall ‘daddy issues’ vibe going on.” Dabi hums, chuckling a bit. “What time is it?”

“Almost noon, why?” Izuku jumps to his feet, only to fall back down onto the bed in dizziness.

“I’m late for school!” *Stupid! I could’ve had him!*

“What school? Is it nearby?” Izuku groans into his hands, tired.

“I’d rather not say. It’s uh, prestigious school.”

“Oh my god, you’re totally training to be a hero!” Dabi laughs, and

Izuku feels oddly mesmorized at the way his expression pulls at the staples.

“Shut it. It’s easier to save lives without people trying to end mine.” There’s a long stretch of silence between them. “If I were to bring your case forward like I planned on….. Would you testify?” *I should ask if he'd stop me in general.*

“I can’t say I won’t try and kill him if I see him.”

“That’s not what I’m asking.”

“Yeah, I’d probably testify.” *Good. Something good will come out of this. I just have to find a way to explain this to Todoroki. I can get Aizawa to cancel whatever quirk this guy has if the court needs it.* Izuku gets up, ready to stumble out and find his way home. “Just so you know, kid. If you’re in a hero school, the next time we meet it may be on opposite sides.”

“What does that mean?” *Is there going to be another attack?*

“It doesn’t mean anything yet. It might one day. I saved you because Stain doesn’t believe in killing innocent children. A day may come where he decides he believe in it, or believes that you no longer innocent.” *He's a Stain Follower? Kinda gross, dude.*

“Uh.”

“I think you’d be spared. He only lets true heroes live.” *How the fuck did we start talking about Stain? God, don’t tell me this is an upcoming arc in my life.*

“Thanks?” Izuku puts his mask back on, stumbling out of the room Dabi brought him to. All eyes settle on him, recognizing who he is. No one makes a move. *They must be under Dabi’s control.* On the way out of the door, he accidentally bumps into someone who’s entering. “Sorry,-” He meets the eyes to apologize.

“Watch where you're going.” Shigaraki hisses, but keeps moving. Like he has important business to attend to. Izuku forces himself to leave, knowing he’d be killed if he stayed to spy. *Fucking Quirk suppressants.*

On his own, Izuku makes it to the front steps of his destination, collapsing.

Shouta races to the place Oni was last seen. *If the stupid brat allowed GPS tracking, he might’ve been able to be found already.* At the scene, he speaks to the officers involved.

“He escaped and jumped into the water. What happened after that?” He asks the officers, not hiding his distress.

“We shot at him, and we never saw him resurface.” The officer doesn’t seem too bothered by the situation, which infuriates Shouta.

“Did you guys have a search team check the water?” They nod.

“Nothing was found. We even got some water-breathers to check the floor of the river. *Nothing* was found.” *Oni either escaped, or someone took him.* Shouta hopes that the former is the case. Escaping would

mean he's healthy enough to move on his own. Who's to say someone didn't just drag out his body?

"Did you shoot him? Can you confirm if he was hit?"

"He was. Grazed in the shoulder, shot in the abdomen." *Shit. Okay, let's switch gears a moment.*

"Does anyone have a lead on Hisashi Midoriya?" They both stare at Shouta a second, "What, do you not know that these two are connected?" Slowly, they shake their heads. *Idiots. The kid is probably still pursuing him.*

After concluding the borderline interrogation of the officers, Shouta looks at the scene himself. Under the bridge, there's a small blood trail. Following it, he finds himself in an alley. The pattern of dropping blood, rather than smears, suggests that someone carried him. The splatter of each blood drop is a bit further from the epicenter than normal. *Higher downward acceleration of the blood. Oni wasn't carried bridal style, it looks like he was sack carried. Mostly likely from someone tall.* The blood is almost brown in color, meaning it's been a while since he's been through the alley.

The trail leads Shouta to the side door of a warehouse. For a moment, he almost considers going in blind,

But that's not rational.

There another trail of blood, going further down the alley. *Oni was inside this building for an unknown amount of time, then walked out by himself.* The blood splatter is closer than before, hinting that he was bleeding from a lower height. Shouta notices the new path is redder than before, appearing much more recent. A weight lifts that Shouta

didn't know was there. *He's alive.*

The drops are bigger. His wound either opened up more, or he was stressed out by something. What happened in there?

Shouta follows the blood trail, slowly getting closer to wherever Oni went. Every few blocks, Shouta encounters someone being annoying, and has to take them out. *There is no need to rob a store right now! Bigger fish!* The man can't seem to avoid finding villains on the way. *If he was shot, those quirk suppressants might actually kill him.* A part of Shouta hopes that he'll bleed enough of the chemicals out, allowing his quirk to kick in before it's too late.

His phone buzzes in his pocket. After fumbling it out, he quickly looks at the message.

They're coordinates from Oni. When Shouta looks up address it leads to, he takes off running.

He went to my fucking house?!

Hitoshi goes most of the school day with his classmates' eyes on him. *Stare all you want, you're not getting answers.* In English class, he starts getting worried for his friend. Izuku's never missed school, and has never gone this long without a status update during a mission. The sinking feeling in his gut tells him something's gone wrong.

Todoroki seems stressed out, compared to usual. Hitoshi knows

Todoroki probably linked Izuku's absence to Oni and Aizawa. Hell, most of the class probably put it together. Seeing as Aizawa never excused himself for the phone calls, it's obvious.

He silently listens on as classmates discuss what's going on.

"Poor Midoriya. Oni probably took him to get to Aizawa!" Uraraka speaks up. The conspiracy theorist in Hitoshi cringes. *What kind of broke theory is that? C'mon, go the whole mile!*

"Wasn't Midoriya like, Aizawa's assistant or something?" Kaminari asks, "If I were a vigilante, I'd probably do the same thing."

"That means you'd have to actually be smart." Jirou counters, pointing at him with an earphone jack. *Is it not obvious that Izuku is Oni?*

"Bakugou, you were friends with Midoriya right?" Ojiro asks. Bakugou stiffens at the accusation, slowly turning.

"The fuck did you just say to me? You saw me and Shit-for-Brains the first day of class and you wonder if we were friends? There's no way in hell I'd befriend that fucking cabbage." He huffs, glaring at Kirishima when he comes over to calm him. "Besides, he's made it real clear to me that he's not the person I think he is. The Shit's trying to pull a fast one on me."

"Not the person you think he is?"

"Fuck off, I owe you skanks no kind of explanation!"

“Now, now, little listeners. We need to get back to the assignment before Aizawa gets back and attacks us.” Present Mic jokes. The class settles back into silence.

Hitoshi’s phone buzzes, showing a notification that someone is in their apartment. After Hitoshi got into the habit of also getting in through the window, they rigged the door. If someone opens it from the outside, their phones get notification. He takes his laptop out, accessing the cameras they set up.

Is that Izuku’s dad? A man with curly black hair creeps into the apartment, looking over their things. The mans face doesn’t seem pleased at the realization that people live there. He grabs one of the backpacks sitting by the door and dumps the contents on the floor. The backpack gets filled up with food from their cabinets and fridges. *Why would he come back to that apartment? To see if they lived? He would have known if they were pronounced dead.*

“Shinsou, laptop has to be put away right now.” Mic starts, getting utterly ignored. “Shinsou?” Hitoshi’s eyes land on him, clearly wide with panic.

“Emergency, hold on.” He quickly signs to Mic, not taking his eyes off the screen again. His teacher doesn’t badger him again. *Izuku would have gotten a notification too. He should text me soon.* Soon is a major understatement, because his phone buzzes immediately, as if he spoke it into existence himself. It’s the coordinates to Izuku’s location. Without thinking, he bolts up into a standing position, startling his classmates. *He never uses his location. It’s an emergency. He could be* dying *right now.*

“Shinsou-”

“I have to go.” He manages, shoving his laptop into his bag and running to the door.

“I’m afraid I’m not allowed to let you leave.” Present Mic blocks the door, sad expression on his face.

“I know where Izuku is.” At that, he hears whispers behind him. He doesn’t care, he has to find his friend. “Please?”

“I can’t-” Panicked, Hitoshi takes a hold of Present Mic.

“ **Let me go find my friend.** ” Present Mic moves out of the way, letting him go. Hitoshi sprints as hard as his body allows, even then, he pushes a bit more. The sound of his classmates yelling after him do nothing to discourage him. He looks over his shoulder before turning the corner, seeing Present Mic staring back at him.

There’s a smile on Present Mic’s face, as if he’s proud of Shinsou for doing what he thinks is right.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

"Please don't bleed on my furniture, it's new." -Aizawa, probably

Chapter Notes

Despite getting two MRIs today, I post! MRIs are actually really nice and relaxing to me??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kid!” Izuku tries turning his head a bit, bracing himself as Aizawa practically throws himself beside him. “Hold on.” *I’ve never heard him speak like this. He’s so…. Awake.* Vaguely, he feels himself getting scooped up into Aizawa’s arms, being brought inside the house. His body is set down on something soft. *A couch,* his mind registers.

“Thanks, Dad.” He manages, before coughing roughly and grabbing his stomach in pain at the tensing of his muscles. “Ow.”

“Stop talking, stop moving, just stop.” Aizawa hisses, briefly leaving the room. It’s not a first aid kit he comes back with, it’s more of a first aid suitcase. The sound it makes smacking Aizawa’s living room table is kind of amusing, like someone smacking a countertop with a raw ham. “Take off the mask.” *Huh? Take off the what now?*

“Okay, fine. It all started when I was four, my moth-”

“Not your metaphorical mask, you pest. Take off your actual mask.” The sight of Aizawa pinching his nose in frustration is oddly comforting. “I’d do it myself, but I heard you broke an officer’s nose with your teeth.”

“I can’t, Eraser.” *This mask comes off, and it’s all over. It doesn’t matter if*

you know who I am underneath. If you can confirm my identity, that's it. I'm ready for it to end, just not now. Not yet. Before Izuku can speak up about the matter, he starts another coughing fit. He puts a hand to his mouth to cover it, only to get it snatched away from Aizawa.

"Look, you're coughing up so much blood that it's going through your mask." Aizawa moves to take the mask off by force, getting his hand bitten. " *You little-"*

"Leave it on." Izuku hisses. "Let me die if you have to."

"I can't let a kid die."

"Why not? What's stopping you? Huh?! If I were just a few years older, would you?" *I'm not taking off this mask. There's more than just myself to worry about.*

"I won't let anyone die. That's not what a hero does."

"All Might let me die."

Shouta stares at the kid, bleeding out all over his couch.

When Oni speaks, his heart fills with both rage, and a new kind of sorrow he's yet to feel before.

"What do you mean All Might let you die?" *Just by talking about it, he's*

confirming that Midoriya and Oni are the same person, yet he can't take off the mask.

"The first time I met All Might, it was the worst day of my life already. It was a hostage situation, and All Might's presence scared the guy into slitting my throat." *I can imagine that. Overly tense muscles could contract the moment someone thinks something's about to happen.* "He gave this 'sorry I was too late' spiel to my corpse. Had I been anyone else, that's a corpse. A dead child!" Oni gives a bitter laugh. *He won't let me do first aid.*

"So I thought, that with the shit day it's already been, why not ask him something. What *no one* has ever told me in my life." Oni continues.

"What was it?" Shouta finds himself asking, slowly grabbing the supplies for first aid. Upon seeing Shouta's movements, Oni strains to sit up and unzips the upper portion of his suit, getting enough of it off so Shouta can help. *What the fuck is that?* Shouta's eyes linger on Oni's scar.

"That I could be a hero." *I remember Shinsou telling me. I can't remember the last time I was that angry at one person. I can't remember the last time I've felt angry on someone's behalf.* Oni takes his phone out, typing away at something. He lays back down so Shouta can work. "There." Oni abruptly takes off his mask.

"I thought you weren't going to?" *I knew it was Midoriya all along, but this still somehow feels weird. Too easy.*

"I won't let you get proof that I'm Oni. I disabled your cameras." *You did what? I wasn't thinking about proof, you dumbass! I was thinking about saving your stupid life.* Shouta explains he has to dig out the bullet, and do the stitches himself. Oni only nods.

“I’m guessing you used the same methods as you did finding my home address?”

“Yeah, sorry.” *I’m digging through this kid’s guts to find a bullet, and he hasn’t even flinched. Now that I think about it…* he glances at one of his hands, seeing Oni is missing most of a finger.

“Why’d you come here? Why not go to a hospital?”

“What kind of tomfoolery? I’m a wanted vigilante! Well, there are more important reasons I can’t go.” *So you showed up at the steps of the person trying to arrest you?*

“Why not go to your own home?” A look of ‘oh shit that reminds me’ washes of Oni’s face, and he types away at his phone again.

“Turn your TV on.” Oni coughs. Curious, Shouta listens. Oni connects his phone to the TV, putting a video feed up. It’s camera footage from some sort of run-down building. Clearly the result of a fire and a lack of motivation to renovate. There’s a man in the house, raiding supplies. “God DAMMIT!” He yells, moving to get up. Shouta practically has to tackle the kid to keep him from moving.

“Who’s that? Where is that footage from?” *That snarl on his face tells me exactly who it is.*

“Hisashi.” *Why’s the kid so angry? What’s so special about that place.*

“It’s just some burned up apartment, what does it matter to you?” Oni

locks eyes with Shouta, overcome with something close to grief.

“That’s my home.”

Oh. That…. Hurts. This kid was living in those conditions for how many years? Shouta watches the man dumping all of his groceries into bags to steal.

“I just got those.” Oni whines, still trying to get up.

“Stop moving!” Shouta yells. “I have to get the bullet out and the fact that you’re wiggling around like a god damned caterpillar doesn’t help!” Oni listens, mumbling stuff under his breath. “You said you lived there?” Oni nods. *It does look like it’s fairly lived in for it’s condition. It seems like more than one person was living there.* “I have to call your mom.” *If his mom is in the picture, it doesn’t make sense. It’s not logical for them to live somewhere like that.* Oni snorts.

“Go ahead.” *I don’t like your tone.* With one hand, Shouta dials her number and puts it on speaker so he can work.

“Hello?” His mom answers.

“Hi, Ms. Midoriya, I’m calling on behalf of your son? He’s fairly injured and I need you to pick him up.”

“Oh dear! I wonder how he escaped!” *She sounds worried, should I tell her to come fast?*

“We can discuss all this. I’ll send you my address, you should hurry.”

“Thank you, thank you! I really do think in that case,....” The woman trails, her voice changing into one much lower. It sounds slower, less energetic. “That you should open your front door right now.” As much as he hates to admit it, a chill goes down Shouta’s spine. He jumps to his feet and goes to his front door, not seeing the smug look on Oni’s face.

When he opens the door, he’s greeted by a person in a black shirt and jeans, wearing a purple cat mask.

“Catspiracy.” He greets, eyeing the small device in the person’s hands. They bring it up to the front of their mask, and with great annoyance, Shouta notices it’s modelled after a kazoo.

“Please, Call me Ms. Midoriya.” *It’s the woman’s voice! How did they fit that technology into something so small?* Reluctantly, he lets the person inside his *private home.*

I’m going to have to move after this, aren’t I? When leading the boy to the living room, Shouta feels his blood freezing a bit.

“Izuku!” The person rushes over to his friend, who’s taken the liberty of cutting off their own hand. *I didn’t hear it. He didn’t make a sound!* The fact that this child has such a high pain tolerance at such a young age disturbs him.

“Hey, buddy.” Oni greets, grabbing his friend’s shoulder with the hand he has left.

“Your mask.”

“All cameras in here have been taken out. He can’t convict me just by saying ‘hey that kid’s Oni’.”

“Should I take mine off?” *Why aren't they discussing his lack of a hand?* Oni sighs, thinking it over.

“Listen up, Eraserhead.” *His tone just got very serious.* Aizawa nods in acknowledgment, seeing that Oni’s letting his stump of a hand bleed into a container from his utility belt. *At least he has the decency not to bleed on my furniture. Hizashi would kill me.*

“I’m, unfortunately, all ears.”

“He’s not an accomplice. He’s a victim. I threatened him into helping me with my crimes. He’s innocent.” *Judging by Catspiracy’s reaction, I’d say Oni’s lying for his friend right now.*

“Izuku-”

“He’s *innocent.”* Oni cuts a glare at his friend, “Take off the mask.” Catspiracy does as told. *I’m both shocked and not at all shocked that it was Shinsou under the mask. This means that Shinsou left school.*

“Shinsou, why aren’t you in school?” Shouta uses his teacher voice, feeling joy at the sight of his student cowering back a bit.

“My friend is bleeding out on your sofa, sir.” *Fair point.*

“I can feel my hair going grey.” Shouta mumbles, continuing the first aid. “Care to tell me why your hand is on my floor?”

“It’s called bloodletting. People would make cuts on themselves in order to bleed out their demons.” There’s a moment of silence, creating an awkward air. “Get it? Because the quirk suppressants are like tiny little demons?”

Izuku wakes up, vaguely remembering talking about demons in his blood before passing out. The sound of people quietly talking pull him out of his sleep fully. Rubbing at his eyes, he feels that his hands are back. On the living room table, he sees the bullet in a small metal tray, along with bloodied gauze. With little regard to how dizzy he’ll feel when he gets up, he hops to his feet.

I’m dizzy. Is this what regret feels like?

The talking stops, and eyes watch Izuku waddle towards the table.

“Sit down.” Aizawa instructs.

“In a sec, I need to take the stitching out.”

“Kid, you’re lucky you bled the suppressants out faster than you could bleed to death. You shouldn't even be up right now.” *I know, the fever is well on its way. I have to do this before I’m stuck in bed.* He grabs the

surgical scissors, cutting the stitching out.

"How ya feeling, champ?" Izuku meets Present Mic's soft expression with a smile. *How did you get stuck with Aizawa?* Toshi sits at the table, patiently waiting for Izuku to come over to him.

"I'll be back in peak condition in a day or so. It's the fever that going to kick my ass."

"You deserve it." He hears Aizawa mumble.

"Go wash up and come eat dinner." Izuku almost does a double take at Mic's words. *I intruded their home, disabled their cameras, and bled on their couch. They want me to stay for dinner?* Stunned, he simply lets Mic lead him to the bathroom, handing him some clothes to change into.

He looks in the mirror, seeing how red his face is from the oncoming fever. His hair is already plastered to his forehead, but that may just be from the river water. When he changes into the clothes, he scowls at how baggy they are on him. *These are Aizawa's. Mic's probably too tall for me to fit into at all.* Toshi laughs at his appearance the moment he shuffles into the kitchen.

"I feel like a trash bag." Aizawa glares at him.

"You *are* a trash bag." To that, he sticks his tongue out.

"Don't fight, you two. Go sit down and wait." Mic ushers them out of the room and into the dining room. Izuku sits between Shinsou and Aizawa, waiting for Mic to come back with the food.

“Toshi, he took our groceries.” Izuku complains to his friend, who looks equally upset about it.

“I know. We literally *just* got them.” It looks like Toshi is mentally recalling what he took. “He didn’t touch the freezer, so the ice cream is still there.”

“It’s chocolate! You’re the only who eats that shit!” Toshi rolls his eyes, “He took my kettle corn. My *lifeline.* I can’t go on in these conditions. You’ll have to kill me.” *What kind of sicko is he?! Yeah, go ahead and kill my mother and I, but I have to travel all the way across town for the kettlecorn! It’s! Premium!*

“I’ll get you more, calm down.” *Sure Toshi, like it’s that easy.* The feeling of a hand on his forehead startles him into grabbing the arm and twisting.

“Relax.” As soon as Aizawa speaks up, he lets go. “I’m trying to see if you’re running a fever yet.” He puts his hand back and takes Izuku’s temperature. “Hm, you’re a little warm.”

“Unlike my ice cold heart.”

“Shut up.”

They stop bickering when Mic starts bringing out the bowls of food and setting the table. The moment the sent of food hits his nose, Izuku remembers he hasn’t eaten at all that day.

“Izuku, you’re drooling.” Toshi teases, offering a napkin.

“Well *excuse* me, but I can’t remember the last time I had a meal.” He quips back, almost feeling bad at the concerned look the adults give him. Toshi and Izuku thank Present Mic for preparing dinner and make their plates. They eat in a somewhat comfortable silence until Toshi holds a napkin out to Izuku again. “Do I have food on my face?”

“You’re crying, kiddo.” Present Mic explains. Quickly, he wipes his tears away. “Do you not like the food? I can get ya something else, you know.” *He’s so nice. Aizawa, what did you do to get someone so good?!*

“No, no. It’s good. Katsudon’s actually my favorite food. I haven’t had it since…” Izuku feels his breath catch, sucking in a hiccup. *Am I crying? Who said I could do that?* “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be!” Mic defends, “Cry as much as you want, so long as you drink water to make up for it.” *We love a selfcare guru.*

“You can tell them, Toshi. I need a moment.” Toshi nods, starting to explain.

“Besides the food I’ve made for him, he hasn’t had a home cooked meal since he was 12. Izuku once mentioned Katsudon was the last meal his mother made before they were separated.” Out the corner of his tear-filled eyes, he sees the adults tense. When he looks up, he sees Mic watching him with sympathy, and Aizawa looking on with a slightly colder look. *He’s trying to reconstruct my life's story.*

“This is very good, thank you.” *My voice must’ve startled them. I did say I only needed a moment to shove down whatever emotion was trying to gurgle its way up.*

“No need to thank us, kiddo. Shouta’s been trying to take you in for a while now, I guess it’ll just be a different kind of custody now!” At the joke, both Aizawa and Izuku chokes on their food. “Kidding! Jeez listeners, you’re too tense.” Izuku glares at Toshi when he startes snickering at them. *Never mind. You’re my accomplice.*

The phone in Izuku’s pocket startles him when it rings, halting the table's chatter.

“You can take the call, but you can’t leave the table.” Aizawa states firmly. *You think I take vigilante orders or some shit? I’m not a delivery service!* It’s Todoroki. “Put it on speaker.” *Oh god.* He gives one last glare at Aizawa, before doing as told.

“Hey Shouto.” He greets, not missing the collective eyebrow raise of everyone else in the room.

“Are you okay?” His words sound rushed, like he has to know right this second or else he’ll burst into flames. *Well…. He might, actually.*

“Yeah, I’m good. Healing from a few bad wounds, fever. Not anything I haven’t gone through before.”

“That doesn’t mean you should go through it again.” *Woah, where did* that *tone come from?!*

“I know, I’m sorry if I worried you.”

“I’m guessing you didn’t get caught? Please tell me you’re safe?” Izuku

sighs, knowing he'll have to lie.

"I made it away. I'm good." Aizawa gives him an odd look.

"My classmates were talking about you kidnapping this kid named Midoriya?" *They said what? You're telling me that 18 kids were left to come up with theories and not one could guess we're the same person? Come on, my act isn't that good.*

"That green haired freak? I didn't see him today." Shouto hums. Izuku only called him Shouto so there was a smaller chance of them knowing it's Todoroki. It was worth a shot.

"I see." He goes quiet a moment. "Are you coming over tonight?" Mic spits out his water at the question, and Aizawa stares at the phone with wide eyes.

"Not tonight, I'll let you know when I can."

"Oh, okay." *Don't sound so sad!* "You're in charge of picking the next movie, then."

"You're in charge of food, then."

"Fine!" Shouto chuckles, pretending to sound mad.

"I gotta go,"

“Let me guess, going back to work? Don’t you ever rest?” *No. I’ll sleep when I’m dead… Wait I can’t die…. Fuck.* “The next time you come over I’m going to force you to stay put and relax, Izu.”

“I’m a workaholic! Say hi to your expired coupon of a father for me.” He snickers.

“I will *not.* Have a good night, Izu. Sweet dreams.” As usual, Todoroki hangs up first, not needing any more words from Izuku. It’s nice, seeing as Izuku hates goodbyes.

“Hey Shouto.” Toshi mimics in Izuku’s voice using the voice changer. Izuku quickly snatches away, mumbling about abuse of power.

“So, is seducing the man’s son part of your grand scheme?” Aizawa jabs, raising an eyebrow at Izuku’s increasingly red face.

“No! It just happened…” *Hold it, “* I’m not seducing anyone!”

“It sounds like you were. I didn’t know the kid could actually emote.”

“Eraser, I have a fork and knife with your name on it if you don’t shut it.” *I will end you, I swear.*

“Not with my good silverware, kiddo. I can get you something else.” The table laughs a bit. Toshi waves a hand to Izuku, signaling he has to sign something.

“Tired Dad and Loud Dad.” Immediately after he signs it, Izuku and

Present Mic starts laughing.

“What, what did you say?” Aizawa narrows his eyes.

“He didn’t say anything, *dad.”* Before he even finishes the word ‘dad’, Aizawa bitch slaps him with his scarf.

“So, Shinsou, would you like to call your parents and explain why you’re going home late?”

“Uh-”

“No. If I’m staying here, he is too.” *I’m not staying alone, and I won’t let him go back to his shitty parents.*

“Why’s that?” Aizawa deadpans, leaning towards Izuku in an attempt to intimidate him.

“He’s not going home. He lives with me. That was our apartment that was raided.”

“Izuku, it’s fine. I can go home.” *Toshi, you know damn well what I’m thinking right now, and it’s not that.*

“You’re not leaving.” Toshi looks like he doesn’t want to leave, but he doesn’t want to be a burden. “You’re not a burden to them, I promise.”

“He’s right. If you don’t feel safe at home, for whatever reason, you

can stay the night." Aizawa speaks up. While he says Toshi *can* stay the night, it feels more like 'you're staying and that's final'.

"Okay, I'll stay." *You don't really sound like it took much convincing.*

"We have two spare bedrooms, you two can decide which you want. For tonight, no hero or vigilante talk. I don't have the energy to sort through all this shit today. I'll call Tsukauchi first thing in the morning."

"Yeah, if you called Tsuki now he'd probably be up all night." Izuku agrees. "Hey, Eraser. If you live a life by rationality, why don't you two just live in a one-bedroom apartment? Instead of a house like this?"

"Apartments don't offer as much privacy, for one. Hizashi was in charge of almost all of the choices involving the house." he pauses, "He probably predicted that we'd get stuck with a brat and his sidekick for the night." *Why am I the only brat? Look at Toshi, that's a brat!*

After dinner, they take turns showering, and Izuku and Toshi check the rooms. They're fairly large for guest bedrooms, mostly blank. There's dressers and beds in each, as well as a desk. *The windows look like they're hard to open.* Izuku can't help but mentally plan ways out of the building. Not that he's going to escape! It's a precautionary measure, if anything.

"Actually, kid. You'll be in this room." *Huh? Why can't I choose? Yeah, I wanted this room, but having you say I have no choice makes me want the other one!* "If you start to be yourself and try to weasel out of our house, this is closest to our bedroom. I won't hesitate to tackle a tiny child." *Okay, why the fuck does everyone refer to me as tiny? Literally any other adjective would do.*

“Fine.” Him and Toshi say their goodnights, already being ushered to their rooms with a declaration of ‘bedtime, there’s school in the morning!’.

The bed feels soft, much better than the one he has at his apartment. The way the air no longer smells like burnt wood and ash is both comforting and unnerving to the boy.

Slowly, he dreams.

Most of his dreams are vigilante related. When something occupies your thoughts constantly, it inevitably leaks into your dreams. It’s a sick distortion of reality that Izuku is all too familiar with. In this dream he finds himself fighting for his life. Be it cops, heroes, villains, or *monsters.* All he can process is that no one is his ally. Toshi and Shouto are nowhere to be seen. He’s alone.

It’s fine. I can shake these crusty fucks. I can win. Everything is going well, he *is* winning. That is, until something approaches him, hiding in his blind spots. He doesn’t see them at all. He only hears a crackly laughter, flooding all of his senses. Following that, he’s met with blinding pain. It's hot, searing, *burning.* Izuku’s falling apart at the seams.

Only then does he realize his limbs aren’t flesh. No, they’re stuffed. Izuku screams, watching his stuffing worm it’s way out of his stitching as he deflates into the hollow shell he is. He looks up, trying to find the source of the static and incessant scratching.

“I love my new toy.” Is all Izuku hears before he wakes up screaming

and thrashing at his sheets.

Chapter End Notes

Like art? Or something that vaguely resembles it?? Insta:
jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

> My main OC is actually a self-aware vigilante, I just realized that him and Izuku have that in common lmao
> No wonder Izuku seems easier for me to write!
>
> Also I want to be clear that yes, Aizawa is ace, but Erasermic is a thing in this! (I don't think I made it clear that they were together in previous chapters)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the shitstorm of a day Shouta's had, he wants nothing but to be able to sleep. He's agreed to take the night off from his patrol, making Hizashi look happier than the day Shouta said 'yes'. Restlessness plagues him, making him want to toss and turn, knowing his body doesn't naturally fall asleep this time of night anymore. Taking in the scent of Hizashi's passionfruit conditioner, he forces himself to remain still. Lying down without moving a muscle can force him into sleep.

It's working, very slowly. Drowsiness starts coming on, he starts drifting into sleep.

Then he hears screaming.

His body's moving before he can register who it is and where it's coming from. Shouta knows Hizashi is following closely behind, and he sees Shinsou coming out of his room and darting towards Midoriya's.

The kid's sitting against the headboard of the bed, screaming and scratching at his chest and abdomen, as if desperately trying to get something off of him. Shouta hears Hizashi trying to wake the boy up, attempting to capture the attention of Midoriya's unseeing eyes.

When Shouta moves to restrain Midoriya's arms, Shinsou steps in the way.

"Don't. He won't stop, he'll just attack you instead. He's on autopilot right now." *It sounds like this isn't the first time it's happened.* "He did this a day or two after USJ." The adults watch on as Shinsou tries to get a verbal response out of his friend. *With his Brainwashing, he can force Midoriya to settle down. The kid's still too asleep to notice he's being spoken to.*

"What did you do last time?" Shouta finds his voice.

"I had to cover him in blankets until he settled. Afterwards we went out and got him a weighted blanket for things like this." Shinsou seems distressed, but is keeping calm for his friend's sake. "He doesn't listen to me, I can't use my quirk when he's like this." *To think that a student who hated even mentioning their quirk not long ago now feels sad that he can't use it… You've come far, Shinsou.* Shouta nods, using his capture weapon and binding Midoriya's arms. He looks over his wounds, stomach sinking a bit.

"Why isn't he healing from his injuries?"

"If he's in shock, his quirk doesn't work." *Oh great.* Shouta leaves the room, going to one of the storage closets downstairs. He's tried weighted blankets before, didn't suit him. He'll just give the thing to Midoriya, he needs it more. When back in the kid's room, he hands the blanket to Shinsou, trusting him to do the work. Shouta watches on carefully, feeling that he might have to do this himself one day. Shinsou moves behind Midoriya, putting the blanket between the headboard and Midoriya, wrapping the boy up like a burrito and making him lay back down. Within seconds, his eyes close.

He's out.

Shinsou and the two other adults move out to the hall, closing the door.

"Is this a common occurrence?" Shouta speaks up, feeling that Hizashi won't be able to speak up a while. Shinsou hums as if he needs to think it over.

"After USJ, he also said the night after we fought Bakugou." *Huh?* "He doesn't know this, but I hear him waking up from nightmares every so often. He keeps his bedroom door cracked open. Izuku didn't know he's awful at hiding the sound of himself crying." Shinsou pauses. "He offhandedly mention that he still dreams about-" *He cut himself off.* "Anyways, it's obvious he has a nightmare when he randomly takes cold showers."

Who knew this problem child was problem *child?*

"Thanks, I'll have a chat with him tomorrow. Go back to bed." Shinsou does as told.

"I know what you're thinking, Shouta." When he meets Hizashi's eyes, he feels grateful. Shouta grabs one of his sleeping bags out their room, gets a goodnight kiss on the cheek, and goes into Midoriya's room. He sets up a spot in the corner of the room on the floor, and lays down. He'll be there to restrain the kid if he tries to hurt himself again.

Midoriya's breathing sounds steady enough, maybe he'll actually sleep the night? Shouta dozes off again. A few hours pass, and he finds himself waking back up. He hasn't had a full nights sleep in years. Just hours of back to back naps. *Might as well make sure that freak is still here.* He sits up a bit, seeing Midoriya more clearly. He's curled into a

ball, knees halfway to his chest. With one hand, he holds his necklace, still soundly asleep. *It's a ring, isn't it?*

Izuku is both annoyed and not at all shocked to find Eraser tucked in the corner of his room when he wakes up. His breath catches a bit when he sees the weighted blanket at the foot of the bed. *Aw shit.* With the slightest shift, he sees Aizawa's eye open.

"I'm sorry." *I meant to say good morning, or hello, or even 'what the hell are you doing?', but no.*

"Shut up. I'm not dealing with this shit yet. Go back to sleep." *Go back to sleep? What time is it?* Izuku reaches for his phone off the nightstand, yawning. He really needs to fix his phone soon, it doesn't have much left in it. *School started half an hour ago!* Izuku bolts out of bed, rushing to get ready, only to be restrained by cloth. "Stop it." *Right, not actually at my apartment. This is weird. Wait, why wouldn't we go to school? Oh god, this is the end for me, isn't it?*

"Is Toshi still here?" Aizawa gives a tired nod. *If he's here, I think I can deal with your bullshit a little longer.* "What's going to happen? Public execution? If so, it's about damn time."

"I thought I said to go back to bed? Did I not say that?" Izuku sits back down, holding his head a bit. *I feel awful.* Now that he's focusing on how he feels right now, he notices the disgusting body aches, the coldness of the room. Izuku doesn't miss Aizawa dumb smirk when he climbs back into the blankets. "That's one reason why you're staying home today. Did you forget you're not actually invincible?"

“Aren’t I though?” *If I wasn’t, that’d defeat half the purpose in making this story, don’t you think?*

“No. You have a quirk. You’re still human. So don’t act like whatever demon possesses you when you’re Oni.” At that, Izuku snorts.

“Yeah, as if I need an extra kick to lose my marbles. I didn’t know you were funny, dad.” He laughs harder at the sight of Aizawa’s hair floating up.

“Don’t call me that. I’m not your father.” Aizawa’s glare only sharpens when Izuku rolls off the bed laughing. “We’re going to see Tsukauchi.”

“Oh! Dad number two!” Aizawa sighs.

“You’re probably going to wear more of my clothes, seeing as you came in costume.” *Wait, no. I’m not turning myself in.*

“I’m not giving up vigilante work.” Izuku states with a matter-of-factly tone. “I’m not going anywhere near a police station without my mask on.”

“You’re being outed as Oni whether you like or not.” *Not if I can help it, you overgrown turnip.* Izuku fakes a defeated sigh. “We’ll try to minimize consequence, seeing as your vigilante work is coming to an end.” Aizawa gets up, leaving the room and coming back with clean clothes. “Go wash up, you can use Hizashi’s hair stylers if you want. Travel toothbrushes are in the second drawer on the left.”

“Uh, thanks.” *This is weird.*

“You can get breakfast when you come down, it should be ready soon enough.” With that, Aizawa leaves the room.

Shinsou, I’m going to trust you to trust me. Izuku gets into the bathroom, smuggling his mask under his shirt. He can always make a new costume. *I can break into Endeavor’s agency as much as I want.* In the shower, he makes sure to scrub extra hard, working the feeling of guilt off of himself. Last night was awful, that dream was….

Shit, I forgot to mention I saw Shigaraki! When Izuku gets out the shower, he quickly finishes getting ready, and looks around for things to write with. *Sorry, Mic, you might be the most mad at this one.* Izuku finds eyeliner in one of the drawers and moves to write a note on the mirror.

“Eraser, buddy, dad. You should have thought a little harder about telling me my vigilante days are up. I told you, I have goals.

Speaking of which, yesterday my body was brought into a warehouse, and I bumped into Shigaraki on the way out. It looked like he had business. I’ll still make sure my school work is taken care of, but for the next week...

I’m a ghost.” *There, dramatic but not over the top. Now for the fun part.* He looks around the window to the bathroom. Second floor, making some scratches and hurt ankles. On his Oni phone, he yet again disables their cameras. He ends up using a pair of hair scissors to unscrew enough of the window to get it open. *You’re on the second floor, there is no need for this many locks on a fucking window! Well, I’m a reason for them… Huh.*

He shimmies out the window, holding onto the ledge. The moment he

drops to the ground, he stays crouched. He slips his mask back on and prepares to run. *Their house is totally fenced in, with fucking barbed wire. Really Eraser? It's a bit much.* Izuku sneaks his way to the front of the house. When he gets ready to climb the main gate, he turns to see if the coast is still clear.

It very much so is *not* clear. Through the window of the living room, Izuku can see straight into the dining room. Straight into the eyes of Satan himself as Aizawa drops whatever he's doing and starts sprinting to get to Izuku. He scrambles over the gate and runs as fast as he can.

This is like sneaking out of a one night stand, except instead of sex I was given parental guidance. Freaky.

He turns down the second road he finds, and takes as many random turns he can, hoping Aizawa isn't warmed up enough to roof hop so early into the day. *Thank god there's a shopping street coming up.* Izuku barrels down the road, weaving in between people, he knows Eraser is gaining. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up, and he feels eyes on him. *Oh my god.* He sees a small table on the sidewalk, to advertise a shops fresh groceries. He runs buy and snags two bags of flour and turns to face Eraser.

Before for the man can throw out his capture weapon, Izuku slams the flour onto the ground, blinding Aizawa with a cloud of it. By time to dust clears, he's gone.

He stops in an alleyway, catching his breath. Something almost resembling a plan comes to him, it's just a matter of if he can pull it off. *If I stay hidden until the sports festival, then show up on field, they can't take me out of it. It'd have to be explained publicly. UA can't have it going public that Oni is one of their top first year hero students.* Toshi is

probably going to be stressed out, he'll make sure to get in contact as soon as he can.

Thirsty, Izuku goes to a café, only getting his usual iced coffee. *A sandwich sounds good.* As much as he hates it, that Katsudon he ate yesterday can probably hold him over for a few days, so long as he has a snack here and there.

Izuku wonders around the streets a while, figuring out his first priority. *New phone, new costume. I don't even know if it's safe to return to my apartment. Aizawa never got the address, and there's no way Hisashi would be back again so soon.* The first order of business is to fix his gear, so he moseys over to Endeavor's agency. *The dickwad must be on a patrol.* The fact that the agency looks like it's empty unnerves Izuku. What if he were a villain? What if he had some sort of horrible grudge against Endeavor!?

Wait.

He does!

Izuku can't help smiling when he starts thinking of how he can redecorate the man's office. *Costume first, fun later.* He goes to Endeavor's computer, frowning at the sight of a password entry.

"Ho ho, what's this I see?" It's an option for 'security questions' in case he forgot his password. The question is 'What does Endeavor hate most?'. While Izuku has an answer that's probably right, he feels gross considering the pettiness of it all.

"AllMight" No space, because Endeavor looks like the kind of sicko who doesn't know a space counts as a character on these computers. He clicks and clacks away at the keys, snooping through Endeavor's

files in the hopes of finding something juicy to leak. *Nothing, he has less personality than a Wheat Thin.* He managed to find an old phone in a storage closet in Endeavor's main office. *Two birds, one stone.* Izuku factory resets, and goes through the phone and reprograms it to be like the last. That process takes an hour. *I don't feel like making the costume here, I can take a duffle bag of materials.* Izuku decides that in case he has to sleep on the street, he'll steal some blankets.

Food is needed too, now that he thinks about it. *I'm about to Robin Hood the fuck outta this place!* Izuku's trying to keep track of his growing fever, feeling the chills getting a bit worse.

Now that he has a few duffle bags worth of supplies set aside, it's time for the fun part. *I really want to broadcast my painting process, but they'd know where to find me.* While the idea of being tackled on camera sounds amusing, it's not as much fun when he's the one getting tackled.

I want more paint. Oooo streamers! Let's make his office rainbow! Or green. Green can be both symbolic of me, and because it's the opposite of Endeavor's red. He thinks over the deeper meaning a moment. *No, let's go with rainbow.* After rummaging around Endeavor's supply closets, he finds paint. Not as much as he wanted, but enough to wreak havoc. Yet again he creates a borderline abstract portrait, only this time it's himself. Izuku takes it upon himself to coat every inch of the room in paint. If he didn't know any better, he'd say he's actually having fun!

Until he hears a door close, that is.

He drops down into a low stance, holding two metal paint scrapers in his hands as weapons.

"Father?" *I don't know how I feel about this turn of events.* "Hello?" *He must have heard me moving before I heard him.* The sound of footsteps

approaching startles him. Izuku can't decide whether or not to hide or to greet his friend. He's torn.

The knocking at the door tells him time is up.

"I'm opening the door." Todoroki opens the door, and blinks in surprise. Almost immediately after, he throws open the door and runs at Izuku, hugging him tightly. *Woah, you know how to hug?* Izuku fails to notice how much he leans into the hug, reciprocating it. "I was so worried about you." Todoroki mutters into Izuku's ear. His heart hurts at the sound of how distressed his friend truly is.

"I'm sorry. I'm okay." Todoroki doesn't lessen his hold. "Todoroki, you're gonna get paint on yourself!" Intrigued, Todoroki pulls away. He must have been too caught up in the sight of Izuku, he never saw the paint all over the office. *Thank god he's in workout clothes and not his uniform.*

"Shouto." *Eh?*

"Wha-"

"Yesterday you called me Shouto. I don't see why you should switch back and forth between the two." *He's so straightforward it throws me off sometimes.* Izuku nods, not knowing what else to say. "What are you doing?" Shouto asks, moving to examine Izuku's art.

"Ruining your father's day." He hums, moving to hand Shouto a paint brush. Shouto gives a small smile, accepting the brush and moving to paint a section of a blank wall. "Where is he, anyways?"

“Press conference in Hosu, he’ll be gone a while. That’s why I was confused as to who was in the building.” Shouto trails, “I was very happy to find you.” *Here today? Or generally speaking?*

“Oh.” *Why the fuck can’t I speak? I am one eloquent fuck, so why won’t my jaw move?!*

“Aizawa never showed up today, and neither did two of my classmates. I was starting to worry that it had to do with you, but here you are… painting genitalia on my father’s furniture.” Izuku snickers at the nonchalant comment. Shouto types something on his phone, putting it away and painting some more.

“I was thinking of getting industrial sized bags of glitter. There’s no bouncing back from that.”

“If you assaulted my father’s agency with glitter, it’d get on me, and I’d go the rest of my life being all sparkly.”

“Is that supposed to be a bad thing? I don’t see a downside here.” Shouto huffs a bit, pretending to ignore Izuku. When Izuku purposely moves into Shouto’s line of sight, the latter turns his head more. *Two can play this game, you dork.* Izuku keeps moving towards Shouto, and when he moves to finally confront Izuku, he swipes a line of pink paint across Shouto’s cheek. As a safety measure, Izuku darts back out of reach.

“Excuse me?” Shouto scoffs, getting ready to retaliate. *I’m probably faster than you, you know.* The foot Izuku tries to raise doesn’t follow his command. It’s frozen to the ground.

“That’s cheating!” The ice crawls up his legs, cementing him in place. Shouto comes over with a brush of blue paint and grabs Izuku’s arm,

making zebra stripes all over his it. As if declaring himself the winner, he unfreezes Izuku and turns back.

Izuku moves to get the last laugh, but falls to the ground when he gets hit with a strong body ache. *Shit.* Shouto turns in time to see Izuku staggering forward.

“Did I hurt you?” *He sounds so scared.*

“No. I have a fever and I’m..” *really, really cold. Holy shit I’m freezing. Is this hypothermia?*

“Shivering. You’re shivering, Izu.” He finishes. Shouto looks conflicted over something. “Hold on a second.” He leaves the room for a few moments, giving Izuku time to wrap himself up inside one of the blankets he stole from Endeavor. When Shouto returns, his hands are full.

“What’s all this?”

“I ordered us food, and I grabbed a blanket because we covered the carpet in paint.” Izuku gets a watered down glare from Shouto when he tries to get up. *He must want me to stay put.* Shouto sets the blanket flat on the ground, then sets up the food.

“Thank you.” Izuku gets a soft smile in response.

“You mentioned a fever last night.” He speaks after they each take a few bites of food. Izuku’s mask is pulled up past his lips again, stopping right where his scar starts.

“I got shot a few times. I had quirk suppressants in while it happened so it wasn’t much fun.”

“Why did… Why’d you get shot? *Who* shot you?” *He says it like he’s about to go apeshit and hunt them down himself!*

“The police tried to take me into custody. I wasn’t having it, so I escaped.” Shouto goes quiet, staring at the ground.

“You’re staying with me tonight.” *What?*

“What?”

“You clearly have no regard for your own life and don’t have any desire to take care of yourself. Well, I do.”

“You do what?” *I’m lost.*

“Want to take care of you.” *There it is again! My mouth feels like it’s sewn shut! My stomach feels like static. My face feels hot as fuck, too.* Shouto stares at Izuku’s lips again, before abruptly grabbing the sides of his face and pulling him closer. He lays the back of his hand on the exposed part of Izuku’s cheek. “You’re hot.” *I know he’s talking about my temperature, but he’s really setting himself up here.*

“No, you.”

“What?”

“What?”

Chapter End Notes

Follow my insta for art, if ya want
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

big thanks to birdie-artts and hellleo on tumblr for making beautiful art of the fic!

Also this is like the first time I've posted a chapter and it wasn't 2-3am for me lmao. It's only like 9 for me rn

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto stares at his friend, trying to figure out what he just said. *Why am I hot if you're the one who's sick. Are you trying to say you'll get me sick? I don't get fevers, Izu. I'm happy that you worry for me, though.*

"Never mind, Shouto." Izu laughs, and Shouto watches how his shoulders lightly bounce. When he stops laughing, his shoulders still move. *You're still cold.* He can't decide if he wants to help with his father's quirk. It won't be fire, but it's close enough to fire that he's scared to risk it. "What's wrong?"

"I was wondering about whether or not to use my quirk to warm you up." He admits. Izu hums, wondering the same.

"You can be a space heater?"

"Or an AC." He witnesses Izu's lips quirk into a smile, moving a bit closer to Shouto.

"That sounds perfect for someone with a fever. Think you can keep up?" *While my training focused more on all-out quirk usage, I think this is easy enough.* Shouto gives a small nod, before activating his father's quirk. The soft boiling under his skin is uncomfortable at first, most likely due to his dislike of using it. The blanket they eat on is against

one of the office walls, and the moment Shouto warms up the air around them, Izu leans back against the wall, relaxing.

“Better?”

“You’re perfect.” Izu hums, unaware of how his words make Shouto’s face red. If he wasn’t careful, he’d probably set himself on fire.

“Thank you.” He manages. They eat, enjoying each other’s presence without need for words. *I’ve seen people interact with friends before. I’ve seen the shows and movies. So why does it feel like this? It doesn’t feel like what I’ve seen.* While Shouto remains confused as to why he feels so much peace with Izu, he absolutely wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world.

A soft thud on the wall grabs his attention, snapping him out of his thoughts. He turns and finds Izu asleep, breathing steady. *He still has food on his face.* Without thinking too much about it, he reaches up with his left hand, wiping some of the food off Izu’s chin, and some of his bottom lip. He freezes when Izu leans into the touch. *Probably because he’s cold.* Trying not to wake him, he wraps the blanket around his friend more securely, upping the output of his quirk.

He’s moves too fast for his own good. He needs rest.

Shouta is not happy. In fact, he’s furious. So angry that he might become a wrathful god and strike Oni down himself. To make matters worse, he returned home covered in flour. Hizashi won’t let him delete the pictures, saying that his floating hair and red eyes make him look even more like an evil spirit.

I'm going to haunt that brat.

Back home, Shinsou doesn't seem shocked at all that his friend jumped out the window.

"Let me guess, you told Izuku that his vigilante days are numbered or something?" *Okay, I can see how that was a mistake.* Shouta nods, interested on any insight his friend may have.

"We still have to go to Tsukauchi today, to speak with him. It would have been nice if the actual criminal was present, but you'll do." He flashes a manic grin as panic takes over Shinsou's eyes. "Regardless of whether or not you know his plans, we'll question as normal."

"We?" *Ah, so it seems you've picked up some of Midoriya's analytical skills. That's not all. Your combat has greatly improved since befriending him in class. There's no doubt he's training you.* He can't be upset at a student's progress, but the reason for it annoys him nonetheless.

"Besides Tsukauchi, I'm in charge of the investigation. Heroes are allowed to work for or with the police. In my case, I gather intel, discuss with them, and act accordingly."

"Did they assign you because he's a child?" *I feel like everything would have gone much differently if I knew his age right off the bat. If I had one more hint, I could have prevented this mess.*

"No. They assigned me because I can erase his quirk." Shinsou tenses, rightfully so. "They knew it was a healing quirk, and assumed that without it, he'd stop pulling reckless stunts in order to escape."

“That’s kind of funny.” Shouta glares at the kid.

“We didn’t know his pain tolerance was already so high that he no longer cared about his quirk working.” *Now I can't use my quirk on him. He'll just keep going. I can't let a child do that.*

“He has a high pain tolerance, but he has an incredibly low pain threshold.” *What?*

“What do you mean by that?” *That might make this more distressing than we realized.* At this point, Shouta makes himself a cup of coffee and sits at the table besides Shinsou. *It sounds like Midoriya has trusted Shinsou with a* lot *of information about himself.*

“He has a theory that when he heals, his nerves are new. Or at least, newer. They’re sensitive, and he registers most touch as pain.” *Dear lord.* “He just has a high tolerance to it, and will break himself in order to accomplish something.” *Meaning his goal of getting to Hisashi Midoriya.* Shouta waits until Shinsou finishes breakfast, and goes to start the car.

Shinsou fidgets in the passenger seat, looking anywhere but at Shouta.

“I’m starting the questioning now.” *Might as well ask about the more important things before seeing Tsukauchi.*

“Shouldn’t the detective be present?” *Nice try.*

“It’s not about Midoriya. It’s about you.” Shouta sees Shinsou flinch

out the corner of his eye. He pretends he didn't see it. "Why were you living with Midoriya?" The longer the silence stretches, the worse Shouta feels the answer will be.

"My parents don't love me." *Excuse me?* "I'm adopted. When we found out my quirk, they stopped loving me. Talked about putting me up for adoption again." *I'll have a chat with them.* "When I tried being nice, or passive, they thought it was manipulation."

"I can see why Midoriya started getting feral over having you stay." Shinsou nods in response, not speaking. "You two were the first friends you've had in a long time, correct?"

"I was a late bloomer. My paperwork all said quirkless, so did Izuku's. We didn't have friends, society didn't allow for it." *Midoriya was registered as quirkless? Until when? Maybe this can help get a lead on who he actually is.* "When I got my quirk, not only did I not have friends, but people went out of their way to avoid me. I didn't exist." *Let's try leading him on.*

"And why didn't Midoriya make friends when his quirk manifested?"

"He didn't have friends because he-" Shinsou abruptly snaps his teeth shut. "It's not my place to tell you." *God damn. Stupid friendship.*

"Because he what, Shinsou?"

"I can't tell you. You know that."

"I know you're trying to be a good friend, but-"

"'If you expose me, I'll have to deal with you.'. When I found out he was Oni, he threatened me." *You two are inseparable now, what's the problem?* "I know what you're going to say. I'm not scared of him or anything, but I get the feeling that interfering with his work could cost me my life. I'm not stupid." *Stupid enough to befriend the vigilante, though.* Shouta pulls into the station lot, parking.

"Listen up, we're going to question you, and you're going to answer. Silence isn't an option. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Naomasa sits in the interrogation room, waiting for the kids Eraserhead mentioned to be brought in. *Here I thought this vigilante would be easy to take down when he first appeared.* At this point, he'd say Oni owes him some boxes of hair dye from the amount of greys he has coming in.

This is the kid Toshinori has taken interest in, and he has no idea why that's such a bad idea! Apparently Eraserhead made an offhanded comment to him about Midoriya being a vigilante, but Toshinori assumed it was a 'he once stopped a purse snatcher' kind of situation. He has a straight jacket set aside for Midoriya. He doubts Shinsou will do much harm on his own. A knock at the door causes him to do a quick breathing exercise, preparing for the headache of a child about to walk into the room. The door opens, and in walks an angry Eraserhead, a tired looking Shinsou, and….

"He escaped, didn't he?" *I'm not surprised.*

“He broke my bathroom window and jumped out from the second floor.” The two have a seat. Shinsou sits directly in front of Naomasa, in the chair. Eraserhead sits off to the side, ready to intervene when needed. “I brought someone still worth questioning, though.”

“I’m impressed you managed to keep Oni on lockdown for the night. I can barely get him in custody for an hour.” *Okay, let’s see what I can get from Shinsou.* “Hi, Shinsou. We’ve met before. How are you?”

“Tired, but alright.” **True.**

“What is your friend’s name?”

“Izuku Midoriya.” **True.** *Does his friend not know that Izuku Midoriya isn’t his real name? From what I’ve been told, these two know almost everything about each other.*

“You are Catspiracy?” He nods, and Naomasa’s quirk also registers it as true. “He is Oni.”

“Yes.” **True.**

“Do you know what he wants with Hisashi Midoriya?”

“I’m not entirely sure.” **True.** *Maybe there are a few secrets after all. Eraserhead told me Oni may want to kill Hisashi Midoriya. We need a motive.*

“Do you know *why* he wants Midoriya?”

“He hurt his family.” **True.** *So this is about avenging his cousin and aunt? Eraserhead told me about an incident on the first day of school. Maybe that Bakugou kid is also worth questioning. Though that’d reveal that Midoriya is Oni. We’ll wait on that one. Wait, the file we have on their deaths…*

“The deaths of Inko and Mikumo Midoriya were caused by fire, but all of the files say that the fire was caused on accident. What are you implying?”

“Hisashi Midoriya set the fires.” **True.** *I’ve never heard such conviction from this boy before. He’s dead set on the theory.*

“Why would he do that? What’s his motive?” The interrogation takes a surprising turn, and Naomasa feels it’s for the worse.

“The Inko’s side of the family only ever had weak quirks. They tended to get weaker as generations passed.” That’s the opposite of quirks nowadays. “I was told that Mikumo, Hisashi’s child, was a quirkless runt.” **True.** *He set his family on fire because he had a quirkless child?*

“He killed Izuku’s cousin because he was quirkless?” It’s Eraserhead who speaks up. Shinsou nods. “Why? What was there to gain?”

“Being associated with someone quirkless makes you weak. At least, that’s how most people see it.” Naomasa offers, also getting a nod.

“Is that why Izuku is scared of fire quirks?” Eraserhead asks. *He is?*

“Yeah, partially. I’d be too if I saw my family burn to death.” **True.**

“That apartment you two live in, is that…?” Shinsou nods. *What apartment? These kids lived on their own?*

“What apartment?” Naomasa asks, bringing the investigation back into his hands.

“Oni lives in a burnt down apartment, location unknown, Hisashi was last seen raiding it for food.” *Well thank you for telling me.*

“He lives where his family were killed?”

“Yeah. I think it’s to help keep his mind on task, that and the fact that he has no where else to go.” **True.** *Does Shinsou really believe that? There’s lots of places he could have gone! He’s a child!*

“Are you aware that you’re considered his accomplice?” Naomasa *has* to mention it.

“I’m not.” **True.** *What? Why do you believe that?*

“Oni has made it painfully clear that Shinsou here is a victim to his crimes. He basically said that if we so much as point a finger in Shinsou’s direction, all hell will break loose.” *Great.* Eraserhead sounds just as annoyed by it when he speaks.

“So we can’t charge Shinsou for anything.” He concludes. “Well, your Youtube channel will probably be taken down-” Before he finishes speaking, Shinsou holds a hand up, getting papers out of his pocket. He hands them to Naomasa so he can read them over. *These are all examples of why his channel should be taken down, coupled with reasons as to why he has yet to break the law and any terms of service with the site. Well done.*

“This paperwork was made by Oni, for this exact Scenario.” *That just makes me angry!* “My channel and I are untouchable.” *Technically speaking, he’s right. For the safety of my employees, I have to let him free.* Who knows what Oni can do when he’s genuinely mad?

“Fine, you’re-” All at once, everyone’s phones go off. *I swear to god if this is Oni.* Upon pulling out his phone, Naomasa wishes he could teleport to Oni’s location and smack him right then and there.

It’s a picture of Oni laying across Endeavor’s desk, with his office entirely covered in paint.

It's a mass text. *We have a location.* Eraserhead is already on his feet, not wasting time. He pauses when seeing Shinsou.

"Go back to my house, kid. Hizashi will let you in." With that, he's gone. Naomasa moves too, ordering officers to swarm the place.

Izuku is in Shouto's room, laughing at the uproar one picture can cause. He dials Toshi's number, hoping he got the timing right.

“Izuku, you sly dog.” Toshi answers, “You planned this, didn’t you?” Izuku snickers a bit, happy that it worked out.

“Yeah, I wanted to cut your questioning short. If I did it before you got questioned, they would have just postponed it. Any later and I would have been, well, too late.” *I wish I could have seen it though. I can imagine the pure rage washing over their faces when they saw my picture!*

“I made sure not to mention that you and Mikumo are the same person. They don't seem to be figuring that out yet." *That's good.* Izuku hears laughter through the speaker. "Who knew you could actually be smart.” Izuku scoffs at Toshi’s teasing.

“Don’t make me use my evil genius on you!” He whines, laughing. Shouto gives a small smile at the sound of his laughter. *It’s a good thing I don’t have him on speaker phone, seeing as Toshi said 'Izuku' right off the bat.* “Are you forgetting that my intellect is what’s kept me out of the police’s grimy little hands for so long?”

“No, no. It’s just entertaining to see one of your plans unravel.” There’s a period of time where Toshi doesn’t speak, unsure of what to say. “The note on the mirror said you saw Shigaraki?”

“Yeah,” Izuku breathes. “Shigaraki was entering a building just as I was leaving, and I planned on spying but I knew that I was in no condition to stick around.” Shouto tenses at the mention of the villain. “He looked like he had a meeting or something. Barely even looked at me.”

“Is that why you woke up screaming last night?” *Ouch.*

“Yeah. I think Shigaraki using his quirk on me traumatized me more than I thought it did.” Toshi hums on the other end. “I have a plan. I’ll talk to you about the details later, it’s not very complex.”

“But just enough to piss Eraserhead off?”

“Exactly! Just go about your day to day life and I’ll get in contact. I’m not abandoning you, just laying low.”

“I know, Izuku. Do what you have to.” The conversation trails off, and they say goodbye. When Izuku hangs up, he meets the eyes of a distressed Shouto.

“You know Shigaraki?” *Oh boy.*

“Yeah. We got into a fight and he…” *Well, he heard me say it.*

“What happened?” *Right, Shouto once asked me what would happen if I fought him.*

“It was a tie, for the most part.” *Though I don’t consider what happened at USJ a tie, it’s better to call it that. While the heroes saved us in the end, it’s clear that the villains still won something from it.* “After a while my quirk couldn’t keep up, but he got bored of me and moved on. I passed out.”

“Why did you pass out?” Izuku shivers, unsure if it’s from the fever or from recalling USJ.

“The pain was unbearable. He called me a new toy.” *No matter how he meant it, it still sounds so fucking gross!*

“I’m sorry.” Shouto comes across the room, sitting beside where he ordered Izuku to lay on the futon to rest. He puts a hand on Izuku’s shoulder, giving a light squeeze. “I’m sure you were doing what you felt was right.”

“I was. My friend was going to be killed by him, so I threw myself in front.” A spark of recognition settles in Shouto’s eyes. *Uh oh, was that too much?*

“That Midoriya kid did the same thing, I think. But he has an analysis quirk, there was no point in throwing himself in front of his friend like that. There must have been other ways.” *Now hold on a second! I assure you if there was a way to save Toshi without turning into a pile of Moon Sand, then I would’ve done it!*

“Say I didn’t have this quirk, and I was in his shoes. What would you have done if you had no time to save me?”

“I’d jump in….. Oh.” *See! Ha!* “I suppose you’re right.”

“I know I am, you dork.” Shouto gives a glare that clearly holds no ill intent. He rests a hand on Izuku’s exposed face. “Is my temp any lower?”

“Doesn’t feel like it. You'd probably be cooler without this mask on...” Shouto frowns a bit. “How long do these usually last you?”

“Few days. I’ll be fine.”

“You probably never heal from them as fast because you’re always trying to do something else. You need to just relax for a while.”

“I know, Shouto.”

“When was the last time you relaxed?”

“Right now, with you.” When Izuku says it, he furrows his eyebrows a bit at Shouto’s reaction. *His face just got red. Did I get him sick?* “What’s wrong?” Shouto jumps a bit.

“Nothing, nothing. My heart just felt funny for a second.”

“Maybe it’s heartburn from lunch?” Izuku offers, only getting a head shake. Shouto gives him a dissaproving look when Izuku stands. “Come on, you remember the plan.”

“That doesn’t mean I like it.” Izuku’s already moving to Shouto’s dresser. The bottom drawer is a bit bigger than the others. A person can fit into it if they’re fine with breaking and dislocating a few bones to do so. *It’s a good thing I am!* They already took the time to move Shouto’s clothes out of the drawer and into the other ones. Once Izuku climbs inside, Shouto closes the dresser.

“I’ll let you know if I need to get out. Otherwise act as if you’re home alone.” *Eraserhead should be on his way here now.* Sure enough, someone’s ringing the doorbell. “Go get ‘em, tiger.” Izuku jokes, feeling a sudden rise in temperature in the room. *Did Shouto just set himself on fire? Is he alright?* Shouto leaves the room, and Izuku waits.

“I understand, sir.” He hears Shouto say outside the room. *He must have left the door open.* The sound of all emotion being pushed out of Shouto’s voice saddens him. *I hear two sets of approaching footsteps. Hello, dad! Long time no see!* It’s almost funny to Izuku, how Eraserhead is getting predictable.

“You know I have to search your room.” Eraserhead explains.

“I do.” Izuku listens to the sounds of Aizawa checking around the room. *Sounds like he’s checking the closet right now.* From the sound of it, the search is thorough. This is why Izuku decided to hide somewhere he wouldn’t think to look.

“Have you seen him?”

“Not in the past week or so, no.” *Good, good. As much as I hate it, your deadpan voice is perfect for this.*

“Why didn’t you speak up about knowing Oni?” *Uh oh. Don’t you dare get him in trouble.*

“I don’t know his identity under the mask. He’s my friend, I don’t want to lose him.” *He’s being honest when needed.*

“You realize I’ll have to speak to your father about this. You’re tied up with the person responsible for tarnishing his image.” *Don’t you fucking dare, Eraser. I’ll take you out myself if you even think about it.* Izuku tries his best to contain his anger, hoping Shouto can take care of it without his help.

“The only person tarnishing his image is himself.” There’s a hint of

anger dripping into Shouto's voice. "If I cared for my sperm donor of a father, don't you think I'd have my friend stop his operation?" Eraserhead doesn't speak a while.

".....Oni once said that you're also reason to take down Endeavor. What does he do?" Eraserhead's voice grew softer, he knows this is very thin ice he's walking on, and that Shouto can melt it any time he pleases.

"I wasn't born because he wanted children. I was born because he wanted someone to surpass him." *Shouto, you don't have to tell him. Wait until the sports festival. I have it all planned. Don't worry, I'll save you.*

"Care to elaborate on that?"

"No. I want you out of my home, sir. My father wouldn't be too pleased with the news that a lesser known hero had to search his home for the vigilante I befriended." *He's right.*

"Alright." *Eraserhead, you real weakness isn't your eyes. It's your desire to keep your students safe. He knows staying any longer would risk putting Shouto in harm.* "You are to contact me the moment you see him, got it?"

"Yes, Sir." After they leave the room, Izuku assumes they talk for a few more minutes outside. Shouto comes back and closes the bedroom door, helping Izuku get out of the drawer. He feels his bones and joints snapping back into place. Shouto winces a bit at every clicking sound his bones make.

"Did you remember to limp?"

“Yeah.” *I had Shouto fake a limp when Aizawa was here to help determine whose footsteps were whose. It was also to put more pressure onto his need to keep his students safe. He’s too parental, it’ll get him killed one day.*

“Good. How are you feeling?” Shouto widens his eyes a bit at his friend.

“I should be asking you that. Go lay back down.” He steps behind Izuku, planting a hand on either of his shoulders and forcing him to walk to Shouto’s futon. They sit down together, putting on a movie. This time, he’s next to Shouto’s cold side. Being folded up in the drawer made him feel scorching hot. More dinner is on the way. Shouto got a text not too long ago that Endeavor isn’t coming home tonight, because of his office. His sister is coming home soon, but doesn’t really talk to Shouto when his bedroom door is closed.

They have a great relationship, and have come to the agreement that bedrooms in this house are safe havens.

The boys eat when the food arrives, watching a show now.

“What is this?” Shouto asks, looking at the bright yellow on the screen.

“This show is called Banana Fish, and it better make you cry.” *I barely got through the first two episodes without balling.*

“Why is it called that?” Izuku almost laughs at the way Shouto tilts his head when confused.

“That’s why we’re going to watch it!”

It’s late, and they’ve long since turned the show off. Apparently the two can only handle so much emotional devastation from a show at a time. Shouto suggested putting on another Disney movie to lift their spirits a bit.

Shouto watches the movie, painfully aware that Izu has fallen asleep on him again. *I’m glad he finally fell asleep.* He looks at his friend, feeling nervous when he sees Izu’s face is still a bit red. With his right hand, he brings it close to Izu, but not quite touching. Just close enough to chill the air. *I should try bringing the fever down. I’m starting to think he’s overusing his quirk. This might just be a drawback, on top of exhaustion.* Shouto feels happy whenever he’s with Izu, as if life is actually looking up for him. He’s starting to think that as long as Izu’s by his side, it just might be.

He said he’s planning a surprise right after the Sport’s Festival ends. He’ll be there to see me compete. I won’t let him down. He thinks about Izu’s fear of fire. *Well, I know I’m not going to use it, out of spite. Now I just have to be more adamant about it, so I don’t scare him.*

Shouto tenses, feeling the boy wrap an arm around his waist, still asleep. *Is he cold now?* He stops using his ice.

“Good night, Izu.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm more active on my insta than tumblr, but you can find me on both!
Insta: Jellofello22

tumblr: Jello-fello
Have a good night!!

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Shorter chapter, but Sports Festival!

Chapter Notes

New issue: I keep coming up with new fic ideas I want to do. They're all being stored away right now. I want to do another 'izuku has a quirk' fic. Quick, someone guess the quirk I'm thinking of!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the past week, Izuku's been in hiding. His plan was to sneak on and off campus to turn in any assignments, and forge excuse notes for his absence. As far as anyone is concerned, he was simply sick. When reached out to by teachers and classmates, he said he feels good enough to attend the sports festival.

He's been switching between staying at his apartment and staying with Shouto. After school he'd find ways to train Toshi and talk to his friend. Today's the day of the Sports Festival, and he's so ready to participate! His classmates are in their preparation room, getting ready. Izuku is…

Well, Izuku is locked inside one of the lockers.

This is the only part of the plan that could go wrong. If Aizawa sees me before I'm on the field, it's all over. Speaking of Aizawa,

"Alright, settle down." Aizawa got dragged into hosting with Present Mic, so this is the only chance he has to talk to the class. "I'm not exactly supposed to show favorites, and I'm *not*, but you all survived a villain attack. You've learned not to let fears hold you back from doing what you need to." Izuku can see the class, looking through the

vents in the locker. He watches as Aizawa's eyes scan them, most likely searching for him. "I have no doubt that you will all do well. If you feel nervous about the crowd remember that there's someone in there watching for you. If any of you *don't* have someone in the crowd, I'm there too." *Woah, sappy sappy! I might just melt out of this locker!* Without waiting to hear the student's responses, he leaves.

Toshi lets him out the locker, and all eyes turn to him.

"You're alive?!" Kaminari yells.

"We thought you got kidnapped!" Kirishima decides to join in, as well as the rest of the class.

"I was sick, now I'm not."

"Why were in the locker, kero." Tsuyu asks.

"I wanted a quick nap, and I figured the only way you guys wouldn't wake me up was to hide." *I'm surprised they seem to buy this shit.* The only person who looks entirely unconvinced is Kacchan. He glares and looks the other way, like he doesn't care about what's happening. *Don't get on my nerves, Kacchan. I'll wipe the floor with your caramel-scented, protein shake drinking ass!* The class goes back into a quiet chatter, and Izuku and Toshi have claimed a corner of the room for themselves, unbothered by others.

"First year students may start making their way to the arena." Nedzu's voice cheerfully calls over the intercom. Class 1-A gets up, only to be halted by Shouto blocking the door.

“Midoriya.” Izuku freezes, not used to being on the recieving end of this glare. *It’s so cold.* “I don’t know what’s going on with you. I think that in terms of quirks, strength, and combat, I’m better than you.” *Ho ho! A declaration of war! How sweet, Shouto. Frankly, I don’t know if I can keep up my charade of not being your friend.*

“Yeah, probably.” He shrugs, causing Toshi to almost laugh aloud. Other classmates like Kaminari, Sero, and Kirishima whisper things like ‘oh snap’ and ‘burn! Sizzle!’. “All I have is my smarts. Don’t underestimate them, pretty boy.” Looking a bit shocked, Shouto blinks at him.

“I’m not joking around. For whatever reason, Aizawa is in your corner. I don’t care to know why that is, but I’m going to beat you.” Shouto storms out.

“The two strongest in the class are declaring war!” Uraraka laughs, getting an explosion from Kacchan.

“If the two strongest in the class were declaring war, this chucklefuck wouldn’t be involved!” Kacchan yells, stomping over to Izuku. He grabs the boy by the collar and lifts him, “I’ll show you and that Half-and-half fuck that I’m better than all you shits combined, you hear me?”

“I dunno, I might have gone deaf from your volume. Repeat that?” Izuku snickers in his former friend’s face, watching his eyes fill with even more rage than he thought possible. “We have to go. Care to let me down, *Kacchan?”* Izuku breaks out of Kacchan’s grip himself, grabs Toshi’s arm, and leaves the room.

“You’ve been back in class for all of two seconds and you’re a target.”

“I’m a villain magnet, what can I say?” *I’d actually say a trouble magnet in general. I guess that makes me…. Attractive? Ha!*

“You called him pretty boy.” Toshi laughs, leaning on Izuku’s shoulder with an elbow.

“Did not!” Izuku protests, despite the fact that he did call Shouto that.

“Did too!” Their conversation breaks into laughter as they reach the entrance to the area. The hold their arms above their head, blocking out the bright sun. Most of the other First year classes are there already. *Looks like Kacchan almost made us late!*

“Ladies and Gents, the survivors of a real life villain attack, Class 1-A!” Present Mic announces from the booth. “Shouta, this is your homeroom class!”

“Yes.” Is all Aizawa says. Toshi and Izuku cackle at the exchange, proclaiming it comedy gold.

“Erm, *anyways,* The on-field host is none other than the rated R hero: Midnight!” The crowd loses it, and Izuku sees the student’s faces go red.

“Hello everyone! Thank you for coming today. I see we have a full arena!” She cheers, waving around some tassels. *Wait, tassels? Where did she even get those? She doesn’t have pockets!* “Will Katsuki Bakugou and Izuku Midoriya please come up to the stage for their speeches? For the first time ever, we had a tie in the entrance exam! Bakugou got first with only combat points, and Midoriya got first with only rescue points! What a delicious variety of students!”

Speech? I wasn't told about no fuckin' speech! What do I say? What, do they want me to be myself? Because that's a huge mistake! Izuku immediately thinks of the heart attack Aizawa is sure to have upon seeing Izuku mosey up to the microphone. It brings him joy, and the courage to go and speak.

"I'll go first, dick-for-brains." Kacchan hisses on their way up.

"Sure thing." Like he said, Kaachan goes and snatches the mic, waiting for utter silence.

"I just want to say, I'm going to win." *Dear lord.* Directly after that, Kacchan aggressively shoves the microphone to Izuku and waddles off stage. The crowd of students before him boo at Kacchan's words.

"He has such a way with words, don'tcha think?" Izuku starts, getting laughs from the audience. "Well, you heard him. He's going to win. That's it, Sports Festival over!" More laughter. "In all seriousness, I agree with his sentiment. Not that he specifically will win, because let's face it, it'd be a miracle that he isn't disqualified for just being himself. I think each and every one of us should walk out and believe they're going to win." *Am I actually doing it? Look at me go. Izuku Midoriya: Comedy champion, winner of hearts!* "I expect every student before me to give it their all. We all have at least someone in the audience to impress. If not, someone at home. If not that, then *find* someone you wish to impress." *I'm parroting what Aizawa said on purpose. I want to piss him off.* "I, for one, have my dear old dad watching me." Izuku points directly to the booth, at Aizawa. "I'll make you proud." He turns and hands the mic back to Midnight and joins his class.

Kacchan is shaking like an angry chihuahua. *I wonder if he'd be mad if I pet him.* Okay, so it might have been a bit mean for Izuku to turn Kacchan's speech against him, but can you blame him?

The games are decided by a spinning wheel. Everything they do is at the mercy of chance. *Sure, chance. Absolute luck. No bullshit here. Nope. No, sir.* The wheel stops on ‘obstacle course’, getting Izuku excited.

“Do you think it’ll be like wall climbing and roof hopping?” He asks, elbowing Toshi’s side.

“No chance. It’ll probably be stuff we’ve already done before stuffed into one big course.”

“Like the first day of class?” Toshi nods, smiling a bit at the fond memory. The day they started becoming friends. “Hey, promise me that we’ll go all out on each other if we have to?”

“Of course.” *I’ll make you regret this agreement, buddy ol’ pal.* The students are more or less corralled into a starting area of the obstacle course. “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“This is the first test, yeah.” *Who’s has the biggest chance of getting ahead? Someone I know? Shouto might get all icy and freeze our feet to the ground.* “Toshi, I have an idea.”

When Mic calls the start, Izuku and Toshi have already wiggled their way up to the front as much as they can. Now it’s time for Toshi to do his part.

“ARE YOU READY KIDS?” Toshi yells. *It’s so weird to hear him louder than an indoor voice.*

“AYE AYE CAPTAIN!” Many kids are too caught up in the hype, readily answering his call. Toshi takes hold of them.

“**Lift me and Izuku up. Form a path.**” They do as told, lifting the two by the feet and letting them walk on their shoulders and hands. Just as Izuku guessed, Shouto freezes the feet of those on the ground.

Except his classmates all predicted him. He sees Kacchan boost himself over the crowd, and Sero swinging from tape attached to the ceiling. Yaoyorozu makes a large metal pole and vaults herself over the ice, abandoning the staff. *Mine!* Toshi and Izuku run, and he swipes the staff off the ground, carrying it with him.

“That’s very on brand of you.” Toshi snickers as they run. *I’m slowing down so I can stay with him.*

“Shut it.” The first obstacle appears to be robots, all zero pointers. *Hello Darkness, my old friend.* Shouto takes it upon himself to freeze the robots in unbalanced poses, ready to crash on other students. It’s painfully obvious to Izuku which way they’ll fall, so he has no issue dodging falling metal. “Follow me.” He hisses to Toshi, before weaving through the direct paths of the robots. Kacchan is in second place, with Izuku and Toshi following. *We just need to keep up. We don’t need to win right off the bat.*

“Looks like class 1-A is in the lead! In front is Shouto Todoroki and Katsuki Bakugou, closely followed by Izuku Midoriya and Hitoshi Shinsou! From what I understand, Shouta, this is your homeroom class? What are you teaching these kids?!”

“I didn’t teach them this. They’ve faced life threatening situations, they’ve simply learned not to hesitate.” *He sounds as tired as usual. Be awake to see my surprise.*

“You heard him, folks! He sucks at his job!!” The audience can hear a

small yelp through the speakers, meaning Aizawa most likely smacked Mic, or something to that extent. “L-Looks like our students are coming up to their next obstacle!” *I can see them, but not what the next challenge is. The ground looks level, which means it’s probably spike pits or some shit.*

“Next up is ‘The Fall’, students must cross chasms by using the stones and tightropes.” There’s a moment of silence, and Izuku can’t tell if it’s for anticipation or boredom. “If you fall into the chasm, not touching the ropes or pillars, you’re automatically out.” *Oh man! I could’ve fallen and ran!*

Izuku considers pole vaulting, but he doesn’t think he can get far enough. *Even if I can’t go the whole way, I can make the jump and try for one of the last ones.* Toshi gives Izuku a look, watching his friend back up and get a running start. He firmly plants the metal into the ground and takes off.

“Is Izuku Midoriya flying?! That’s not his quirk!” *I’m so lucky they’re treating me like a normal student right now.* “My, My, Shouta! Quit grinding your teeth like that!” *Yes, I’m pissing him off!* The wind feels nice, reminding him of the fun of hopping from roof to roof. *Man, I miss patrols.* Izuku takes a rough landing, feeling a knee shatter upon hitting the stone. He walks it off, running and jumping to the rest of the ropes.

It’s kind of like jumping on powerlines. Not that he does or anything. Okay, maybe once or twice.

A part of him feels bad at leaving Toshi behind, but he knows that Toshi would be mad at him holding back.

“And it seems the final obstacle has been reached!” *Minefield? Piece of cake! Maybe carrot cake, but cake nonetheless.* If looking for them, the faint outlines of where shallow mines are buried can be seen. To test out the potency, Izuku carefully digs one up. Kacchan and Shouto are

a little further ahead, walking slowly while also trying to knock each other down. Izuku holds the mine like a discus, careful not to hold too tightly. He gets a good spin and swing, releasing when his aim is more towards Kacchan. *Shouto, you're lucky I have a soft spot for you.* The mine lands in front of the boys, setting off another mine and blowing them back.

"Oooh that's gotta hurt!" Present Mic chuckles. *So they're actual mines? Most likely just dialed down. They might hurt just enough for someone to not want to do a mad dash to the finish line. What kind of self-sacrificing fuck would just sprint through a minefield?!*

I would, duh!

Izuku squats a bit, hitting his thighs. He hasn't had enough practice with his Hysterical Strength move, but he theorizes that willing more adrenaline to his legs might help him a bit. Not by much, though. Just in case, he picks up two more mines to carry. With a deep breath, he sprints.

"It looks like Midoriya has thrown caution to the wind and it just outrunning the explosions?!" Mic yells, causing Shouto and Kacchan to turn and glare at him. For a second, it looks like they decided to fight the common enemy. He sprints directly between them, knowing they'll get caught up in the aftermath of it. *I can feel my feet kicking off the ground. I'm just barely outrunning the detonations.* Izuku can feel the heat radiating through the soles of his shoes.

"GET BACK HERE YOU FUCKING DEKU!" Kacchan screeches. *Target locked, dumbass.* Izuku tosses one mine in the general direction of his voice. Out the corner of his eye, he sees ice creeping to the left of him. He tosses the other one. *Sorry Shouto. Don't worry, this has little effect on today's outcome.* It's true. Izuku has everything planned out.

“And in first place is- IZUKU MIDORIYA!” He crashes onto the ground, catching his breath. He’s not so much catching his breath, as he’s letting his body reset. The burns from the mines aren’t so visible on camera, but he’d like them gone as soon as possible. Izuku feels eyes on him. He turns, catching Kacchan and Shouto glaring. *I bet Aizawa is glaring too. All of you can fight me.*

If the rounds were to have one on one matches, Izuku might die of happiness. Combat might be something he considers himself advanced in compared to a lot of the kids here.

A pair of hands land on his shoulders, and he tilts his head up to see Toshi. He has a seat next to Izuku, and they wait for the rest of the kids to finish.

“What place did you get?” Izuku asks.

“I think tenth or eleventh. Your training really paid off.” *You’re fucking welcome, buddy!* “Good job getting first. I can sense Aizawa having an aneurysm from here.” This is the longest amount of time the two have spoken in the past weak. In person, that is. So many years of being alone, Izuku forgot what it felt like to miss someone.

“I know, It’s great.” He snickers. He looks into the booth, seeing Aizawa standing, no doubt watching where Izuku and Toshi sit. For the past weak, Toshi has basically been living with Aizawa and Mic. His parent’s don’t care. Not that they ever did in the first place. *I’ll gouge your fucking eyeballs for what you’ve done to my Toshi.* The heroes have been clear on not wanting Toshi going back to the apartment, for the fear of Hisashi coming back.

“Are your predictions right so far?”

“So far. It doesn’t matter who wins what. I have the events predicted, and the winner of the festival predicted. If wrong, my video has an explanation of the other possibilities.”

“You’re too thorough.” Toshi sighs. “You’re scary when you have a goal.”

“Thank you.” Izuku gets his shoulder smacked.

“So, what’s the next event, oh mighty prophet?” *Laugh all you want. The wheel is rigged and anyone with critical thinking skills can guess.* The last of the students finish, and the boys get up, walking to the main crowd. Midnight stands on her stage with the wheel, announcing that she’ll spin for the next event. It spins, and spins, and spins. When it stops, Izuku turns to his friend, ready to mimic Midnight’s voice.

“Up next is the Cavalry Battle!” Izuku mocks as she says it. He matches her tone and timing perfectly, even copying her sexy posing. Toshi starts cackling, and Izuku joins in.

He misses that Kacchan saw him predict the event.

Chapter End Notes

Find me on other things! Find me in a Stop and Shop bakery! In a Walmart garden section! In the light Isle of home depot!
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Calvary battle, yo!

Chapter Notes

The answer to my quirk question is 'psychic' !!

Also I know none of y'all actually expect daily updates from me, and I do plan on slowing down. So don't be shocked when I actually follow through with that sentiment lmao
(Like Hawks, this bird named person is also too fast for her own good)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Toshi and Izuku watch other people forming teams. They need mobility or fighting power. Everyone they know is taken except..

“Deku!” Uraraka calls. She’s taken to calling Izuku ‘Deku’ as a means to say ‘you can do it’. *It’s more likely to distract that Kacchan calls me that. She doesn’t know he’s talking about a dead kid.*

“Ah! Just the kind of person I wanted!” Uraraka has joined the party! *Iida should be good for our team. His speed plus Uraraka’s weightlessness would be ideal.* “Iida! We were wondering if you wanted to be on our team?”

“I’d like to work with you all, but I’ve already joined Todoroki’s team. When he made that declaration of war, I learned that I too should consider you my rival.” With that, Iida leaves. Their team doesn’t need firepower if they can outrun everything. All is, hopefully, solved when a support course girl named Mei Hatsume comes over and joins the team. *We didn’t ask, but it worked out all the same.*

If only she'd stop referring to them by their point values.

"Do you think you're really worth ten million?" Toshi asks.

"Ten million out of ten, yes." They all snort at the awful joke. "We can keep our points and just outrun them. We don't need any other headband. If we lose this, Toshi's quirk still hasn't been announced to the world. He's the ace up their sleeve.

"Alright listeners! Time's up!" The teams line up along the outer portion of the field, "G-G-G-G-GO!" Mic calls. Most teams just try to attack whoever is closest. Kacchan's and Shouto's team come straight to Izuku. They run like their lives depend on it. Toshi is the front runner, with Izuku as horse to be the center of command. They're mostly worried about Monoma.

"DEKU!" Kacchan screams, smacking Kirishima's head as if it'd give him a boost.

"Oh me oh my." Izuku yawns, riling Kacchan up even more.

"Any plan besides running?" Uraraka asks.

"Not really, no. I'll take care of combat."

"Uh, Ten?" *You shortened my nickname?* "What exactly is your quirk? I don't think anyone on this team specializes in combat."

"That's where you're wrong. Izuku is gifted in combat." Toshi chimes

in, sounding a bit too proud of his friend.

“My quirk is Analysis. I can find weak spots in attacks with it.” *As long as I don’t give in to my usual bullshit.*

“Get BACK HERE YOU SHITTY DEKU!”

“Why don’t you hOP OFF MY DICK, KACCHAN.” Izuku snaps back, almost stunning Kacchan entirely. *I forgot he doesn’t know how much I’ve changed. Maybe it’ll make him believe I’m not Mikumo.*

Time’s halfway up, and they’ve managed to keep their points. Out the corner of his eye, Izuku sees Shouto approaching.

Yaoyorozu, Iida, and Kaminari. What plan beside freezing us would they think of? Pikachu would probably shock us if he wasn’t touching his team. The only way to combat that would be to… Holy shit.

“Hatsume! Do you have any sort of metal pole?”

“No, none of my babies were designed like staffs! All my works of art are compact and perfect! Why, whatcha thinking?”

“Toshi, try and get a hold of Yaoyorozu before they get in too close.”

“Yes, sir.” Toshi deadpans. “Yaoyorozu, can you recommend some teas after this is all over? I’ll need it to sleep after this.” *Using her weakness and asking about tea. Pure evil.*

“Of course! There’s this-”

“Yaoyorozu!” Shouto yells in a scolding tone. It’s too late.

"**Make us a metal rod and hand it over.**” She does as told almost immediately, looking horrified when he releases her. Izuku grabs it, ready to be stupid as all hell. “What’s your plan?”

“Can’t say it out loud. Their team is close enough to hear.”

“Well well! Looks like Team Midoriya and Team Todoroki are going to face off!” Present Mic announces. They’ve managed to avoid Monoma. Time’s almost up.

“Yaoyoruzu, now!” Just as predicted, she makes an isolation sheet, ready to let Kaminari shock those around them.

“Let go of my legs!” Izuku commands, already jumping towards the other team. The moment Kaminari starts, he strikes the pole down. He takes most of the voltage on for himself.

“Deku!” Uraraka screams.

“Well, Folks! Looks like Midoriya took one for the team!” He hears Aizawa sigh into the microphone. His muscles tense, and his body starts to lock up and seize . When he starts falling, Hatsume uses a small grappling hook and pulls him back. Kacchan left his team earlier, so he knows it’s allowed.

“Are you crazy?!” Hatsume yells with a wild smile.

“Probably.” His muscles still tremor, but he’s secure.

“You and your stupid poles.” Toshi hisses.

“Well, if I don’t make it as a Pro Hero my backup plan was to be a stripper.”

“Izuku!”

“I’d make millions from pole dancing and you know it.” *The world ought to know it! Okay, we still have our points. The only person they haven’t use to their fullest extent is Iida-*

Shouto’s team passes Izuku before he can even think about a plan. They snatch the headband off his head, gaining distance.

“Iida what was that?!” Uraraka yells, equally shocked.

“It’s called Recipro Burst! It’s a power move! I don’t use it often because it stalls my engines a bit.” *You say that like time’s up.*

“Get them.” Izuku breathes. Uraraka uses her quirk and Hatsume activates all of her speed based gadgets. It’ll never be as fact as Iida was, but fast enough to get in for one more close fight. Shout’s eyes widen in slight panic as Izuku moves to get their band back. *Shouto’s*

not stupid, he wouldn't just leave it on top. He'd mix it. There's no way to guess which one is ours, so I should go for the one on his noggin to be safe. Izuku tries to swipe and grab Shouto's headband, but the boy does something that startles them both.

Shouto uses his left side. Fear overcomes Izuku but only for a split second. *It's only Shouto. He wouldn't hurt me…. Well, he wouldn't hurt Oni. Shit.* That moment was all it took for Shouto to look to Izuku, dropping his guard entirely. Rather than try to keep his headband, Shouto's eyes move to the crowd. *He's wondering if Oni saw it.* Swallowing down whatever emotion Izuku felt, he grabs the headband.

"TIME'S UP!" Present Mic calls.

"Feel free to break away from your teams, it's over." Aizawa contributes. Shouto still stares into the crowd. *I'm okay, Shouto. It's alright.* "In first place is Team Todoroki, second is Team Midoriya, then Team Bakugou and…" Izuku zones out, suddenly eager to leave. He hears something about the fourth place team having members hit by a sleeping quirk of some sort, and will be unable to proceed to the next round.

Toshi acts as Izuku's eyes, waiting to notify him of Aizawa's presence. The kids are going to have lunch, and then they can choose between either preparing for their rounds, or doing the extra games. The two sit and eat during lunch, until Shouto appears in front of the table.

"When you're done eating, come with me." *This is a bit forward, don'tcha think?*

"Sure, Todoroki. Did you eat yet?" Shouto blinks at him.

“What?” The way Toshi takes a bit of his food to keep from laughing is painfully obvious.

“You’re fighting in the rounds, your blood sugar might get low. Go eat and get *me* when you’re done.” Without another word, Shouto walks away. *He’s practically radiating confusion.*

“Oh my god.” Toshi’s practically inhaling his rice. Izuku elbows him in the ribs. “You said his blood sugar might get low?! Holy shit. I didn’t know you were funny!”

“ *That’s* what you think is funny? This entire joke that *is* my life and *that’s* the joke!?”

“Yeah, pretty much.” *He’s dead to me.*

Just as told, Shouto eats and gets Izuku. *What is this about? Did my reaction to his fire give me away?* They leave a cafeteria altogether, walking in silence to one of the tunnels along the outside. *Somewhere no one will find us, huh? Why?*

The stand on opposite sides of the wall. The sun shines on Izuku’s face while the darkness of the shadows consumes Shouto.

“Midoriya, you got me to do something I promised myself I wouldn’t do.” Shouto starts. *He’s calling me Midoriya? He doesn’t know yet.* “I used my flames after promising myself I wouldn’t. I have a dear friend watching from the audience. When I saw that fear in your eyes, I thought of my friend’s own fear of fire, and I was *ashamed.” Oh, Shouto.*

“It’s alright.”

“Do you know why I never use my flames?” *If I start calling his dad a bag of giraffe shit, he’ll put two and two together.* Izuku shakes his head, realizing where this conversation is going. “I thought I’d have to beat Bakugou without my flames to prove to my father that I can be the best without his quirk. No. It’s you. It’s always you that’s the enemy, Midoriya.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Have you ever heard of quirk marriages?” Shouto recounts his childhood to Izuku, and Izuku feels all the rage and sadness he did the first time he was told about it. “We both have fathers we need to surpass. I have a theory about you, Midoriya.” *He’s onto me. What did I do? How the fuck do I get out of this?* “Are you Aizawa’s secret love child or something?”

“Huh?” Izuku’s shocked. All of his snark is gone.

“You intern under him, have a lot of his same mannerisms. You two have a deeper relationship than with any other students. As with Shinsou. I have a theory that you two are half brothers, both fathered by Aizawa-”

“I’m going to stop you right there.” *Just wait until I tell them this!* “I’m just interning under him. Toshi is my best friend. That’s it. Roll credits.”

“Then why does Aizawa treat you like his children?” Shouto narrows his eyes at Izuku.

“Ask Oni about that.” At the mention, Shouto stiffens. “I’m a part of the investigation. I know you two are good friends, and I know he’s here.” At this point, Shouto is walking towards Izuku. *Does he think I’m threatening him? No! Shouto chill!* Izuku tends to hum as a nervous habit without realizing it. When he starts, Shouto freezes before grabbing his face aggressively.

He doesn’t grab Izuku’s face in a romantic ‘let me look into your beautiful eyes’ kind of way. No, he grabs Izuku’s face like a dog who’s eating something that it should absolutely *not* be eating, but does it anyways. Izuku half expects Shouto to say ‘drop it’ with that look in his eyes.

“Todoroki….?” Izuku gets his face back as Shouto drops his arm, but doesn’t take a step away.

“I’m sorry. You reminded me of someone I know. Then I thought your mouth looked familiar and I uh…” *Based on what?! His face is so red, he’s actually embarrassed.*

“Ahem.” Someone clears their throat, and Izuku meets the eyes of a *very* done Shouta Aizawa. “Midoriya, a word?”

Shouto gives Izuku a look of ‘I told you so’ and backs away. He leaves without any other words.

“Coming.” Izuku sighs, following Aizawa to a private room to speak in.

“You little shit! You were in the prep room, weren’t you?!”

“Fitting in a locker is no issue if you break a few bones, sir.” Izuku makes sure to flash a shit eating grin. *Believe or not, I think I kinda missed you.*

“You know I can’t keep you from competing without exposing you, well played.” They’re halfway down the hall, still having to go upstairs and around the corner.

“I missed you too, dad.” Izuku gets slapped with a scarf. “What happens after this? I was too tired to think it through.”

“I continue to try to get evidence against you, you probably keep being a royal pain in the country’s ass.”

“So business as usual?” Aizawa sighs and gives a tired nod. *That’s too easy. You’re also planning something, you freak.*

“Where are you staying tonight?”

“My apartment?” Aizawa glares as if he knew that was the answer.

“Why the hell are you still staying in that burnt down dump if I am *offering* a place for you and Shinsou to stay?!” *Dump?*

“Because then I can’t do my vigilante work? D-D-D-D-Duh?”

“You’re staying with me or I’ll expose you as Oni and ruin the school’s rep.” *I want to say he’s joking, but Aizawa doesn’t have a sense of humor.* If Izuku gets exposed as Oni right now, people would look into his

identity and learn his real motives. He'd have more heroes after him than just the police and Eraserhead. *Limited freedom or a country wide manhunt? Stupid Aizawa!*

"Fine." He mumbles.

"What was that?" Aizawa flashes a manic grin, knowing he wins this round.

"I SAID-" Izuku freezes at the rise in temperature, watching on as Endeavor turns the corner.

"Midoriya. Just the one I wanted to speak to." Endeavor approaches the boy, not noticing how he's terrified of the fire. He doesn't want to be this close. His breath starts to catch and speed, his heart beats out of his chest. *Please just get the fuck away from me.* "Why won't you greet your elder? Speak up!" *Help me. Just get him away from me. Helpmehelpmehelp-*

Aizawa steps between them.

"You shouldn't be back here." Aizawa says venomously.

"Excuse me? My Shouto is in this, I have every right to see him!"

"You said you were looking for Midoriya. By the looks of it, he doesn't want to be anywhere near you." Izuku so badly wants to speak up, to defend himself. He can't find the words. He looks at Endeavor and sees Hisashi. *Will I be able to kill Hisashi if I can't even face Endeavor?*

“Who exactly are you? Just some low-budget teacher? Move-” Aizawa’s hair floats, blocking more of Endeavor from Izuku’s view. The temperature in the air drops. *He’s erasing his quirk.*

“My name is Eraserhead. I am a pro hero, and I can’t stand you. Get out of this area.”

“I’ll have you know-” Endeavor tries moving towards them. In a flash, Eraserhead is already behind the man, grabbing his arms and shoving his face against the wall.

“You either get the *fuck* out of my sight and away from my kid, or I take you into custody for trespassing, harassment of a minor, and I think I could make a pretty good child abuse case against you.” He moves away from the shitstain on Heroic’s history, and pushes him forward with a hard shove. Very reluctantly does he give the quirk back.

Endeavor leaves, mumbling under his breath.

“You okay?” Aizawa asks, letting his hair fall. Izuku didn’t even notice he fell to the ground.

“I think so….. Thanks.” Despite how awkward the situation gets, they keep walking. Now they have no time to speak privately, as they both have to report to their respective areas.

“So, why did I find Todoroki about to kiss you, despite not knowing you’re Oni? He’s cheating?”

“He was *NOT.* He grabbed my face like a lunatic because he almost

recognized me! And! It's! Not cheating if he's not with Oni!" Izuku feels his face getting red.

"Consider this embarrassment a mere fraction of punishment you'll get for your crimes."

"I hate you."

"Bitch, I hate you too." Aizawa yawns, walking away looking completely unbothered.

Chapter End Notes

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-hot pockets
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

For the battles, I switched when izuku and Hitoshi had their match with when Ashido and Aoyama had it, leading to different match ups!

Chapter Notes

Fun fact: I love spoilers. I even googled the "i don't feel so good" scene of Infinity War a week before seeing it in theatres.

So in my other fic, 'Psyched Out', I'm loving all the concerned comments over the words 'and a shock collar' and I PROMISE it's not what you think. (or is it??) and I keep forgetting that I can't just say what happens next because not everyone loves spoilers

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku walks back to where his classmates are, ready to watch the rounds. He's supposed to go against Toshi as his first fight, he doesn't know how to feel about it.

"Did you predict one on one battles too?" Toshi asks softly.

"Yeah. Everything's right so far."

"Scary." Despite having to fight each other in a few rounds, they're calm. "Can you at least let me look cool when you kick my ass?" *Ah, so he knows that I have to beat him into the ground.*

"No. You don't get to go out in style." Toshi looks betrayed.

"Truly, I'm hurt. All I have to do is brainwash you and I win." *There's this theory I want to test if that happens. A way for me to break out of it.*

“I’m not going to speak to you, dumbass.”

“I have plenty of things to say memorized to get you to speak, Izuku.” *Color me stoked, but I think I’ll manage without my witty comebacks.*

“ALRIGHT FOLKS! The first round of the *final* round of the Sports Festival is Mina Ashido against Yuga Aoyama!” They come out to the center of a concrete field, ready to fight the moment Midnight waves her tassel.

“Oh, I’m staying with you guys tonight. Aizawa threatened me into it.” Izuku notices the glare Kacchan gives out the corner of his eye. *Fine, you nosy fucker, I’ll switch to Sign.*

“Cool. I heard the class wants to go out for dinner after the festival, you in?” Toshi signs back.

“Maybe. I don’t know if I’d be able to make a clean getaway from the stunt I’m pulling later.” *Probably, If I leave the moment it starts. Though that’d make me look suspicious.* They watch the two fight, even though it ends fairly quick.

The next round is Shouto and Sero. Izuku wonders why Shouto’s shoulder have a slight tremor in them as he walks to the center. His fists are balled up, showing white knuckles. *He didn’t see his father before this, did he?* Present Mic calls start, and Izuku moves in time to cover Toshi from the large pillar of ice that protrudes out the stadium less than a few seconds after they start.

“You predicted that too?!” Toshi wheezes.

“No. I saw the start of the ice and guessed which way it’d move. Ice is easy to predict if you’re quick enough to see it move in the first place.”

“So yes, you predicted it.” He deadpans, pushing Izuku off of him. “Thanks for being a human shield.” As Shouto unfreezes Sero, Izuku can’t help but notice the sad, almost tortured expression on Shouto’s face. *Does using his fire hurt him that bad? I’ll get him to use it. I’ll save you, Shouto.*

Izuku joins in when the audience yells ‘don’t mind’, absolutely losing his shit over it.

The two watch the rounds until Iida’s comedically frustrating match against Hatsume. They’re up next, so they walk down together.

“You won’t go easy on me, right?” Toshi wants to reaffirm.

“Yes! I will, because true friends kick in each other’s teeth.” For that stupid remark, Izuku gets slapped in the back of the head. “Hey, getting a *head* start is unfair!”

“No,” Toshi kicks his knee in, tripping Izuku. “What’s not fair is having a regeneration quirk in these matches. How are you going to get around that?!”

“The cameras don’t pick up what the fighters are saying at all. If the fighter notices that I’m healing, no one would hear it. I can try my best to slow down my healing but I can’t completely stop it. The biggest problem might be Recovery Girl, actually.”

“Why’s that?”

“She expects every single student to at least get looked over by her. At least a bump, bruise, or scrape to heal. It’d be suspicious if I fought so many people and didn’t need her at all.” Toshi hums.

“You’re fucked.” *Very straightforward sentiment but oh so true.*

“Very much so, yes.” They have to part ways now to come out of their entrances. It only takes a minute for them to meet back up.

“Up next is Hitoshi Shinsou against Izuku Midoriya! Shouta, one of these students is your intern. Both of them are your students, what do you think of this match up?” *I want to hear this!* Aizawa sighs, ready to speak.

“These two are actually best friends. They know the ins and outs of each other’s quirks. I’ll say it now. Shinsou’s quirk is Brainwashing. Verbally respond to him and your under his spell. Midoriya’s is called Analysis.” *He’s going with it.* “Just as it sounds, it gives him a major boost in intelligence. Knowledge wise, he’s probably smarter than 95% of everyone here.”

“Knowledge wise?” Present Mic asks.

“Yes. In terms of general common sense, he lacks it. This boy has too much stupidity for his own good at times, too.” *Um, is this allowed? This SO isn’t allowed!*

“Interesting match-up indeed. Start!!” It seems Present Mic got too excited, seeing as Midnight is the one who actually calls start.

“Start!” She calls, sticking her tongue out at the booth.

“Lovely weather we’re having. Wouldn’t you agree?” Toshi tries, getting Izuku to bite his tongue to keep from laughing. Izuku charges, aiming to make this quick. Toshi dodges and attempts to kick his leg out from under him.

“You’re such a-” Izuku dodges. “Dumbass.” He signs, finding openings. He might just want to tire Toshi out, but he also wants to have fun. *I taught him how to fight like this, I can end this.* Toshi moves to give a right hook, and Izuku drops down and hits Toshi with an explosive kick to the midsection.

Toshi flies back, smacking the ground. It’s clear the wind is knocked out of him. *I’ll just drag his scrawny ass out of bounds.* When he moves to grab his foot, Toshi speaks up.

“Making sure you look good for your boyfriend?”

“He’s *not-” Fuck.* There’s a sliver of a second in between when Izuku realizes he fucked up, and when Toshi activates his quirk. In that split second, Izuku sticks his tongue out, in between his teeth, while still keeping his lips closed.

“ **Turn around and walk out of bounds.** ” Sure enough, Izuku’s teeth snap shut under Toshi’s control. His teeth cut through his tongue, severing it. Izuku jolts out of it, surprised it actually worked. *My plan was to choke to death on my own blood, but this works too.* He turns and grabs Toshi’s foot, dragging him to the line. Toshi tries to fight, unable to break out of Izuku’s grip. “How’d you break out of it?! *Even if I*

could answer, I'd have to explain the fact that there are now two tongues in my mouth. It's not a pleasant feeling. *It's like the french kiss of death.*

"Midoriya somehow managed to break out of Shinsou's brainwashing!" Mic yells.

"That also means he was also stupid enough to fall for a quirk he already knew about." *Eraserhead, what the fuck? Whose side are you on!* Izuku gives Toshi a nice condescending pat on the head before picking the boy up and swinging him out of bounds like the lanky ragdoll he is.

"Shinsou is out of bounds! Midoriya wins!" Izuku helps Toshi up. It's clear neither of them have hard feelings about it.

"Why aren't you speaking yet?" Toshi narrows his eyes in suspicion.

"Cat got my tongue." He signs back. They leave together, walking down the hallway. Izuku pulls Toshi into the bathroom, stopping at the sink and opening his mouth. Out falls a tongue, and a lot more blood than he thought his mouth could even hold.

"Hey Izuku? Can I ask….. What the fuck?" Turning the faucet on, he rinses his mouth out with his hands acting as a cup.

"That's how I got out of your brainwashing. I bit my own tongue off."

"Jesus, where is your self control!"

“In a morgue somewhere.”

“Ah, another dead joke. *Lovely.”* They laugh it off and swing by Recovery Girl for the mandated look-over. Aside from Toshi having heavy bruising where Izuku kicked, they’re fine. By time they make it back to their seats, Tokoyami is pushing Yaoyorozu out of bounds. The match is over far quicker than they anticipated. *She panicked.* He knows that look of self-doubt beginning to fester in her mind. He’ll tell Aizawa about it, if he hasn’t already noticed it himself.

Up next is Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu against Kirishima.

“Alright, mighty prophet, how will this one end?”

“A tie.” Toshi glares at them. Sero and Ashido turn to him.

“Why do you think it’ll be a tie?” Sero asks.

“Their quirks are practically the same.”

“Yeah, but how do you know it won’t just be a close call?” Ashido chimes in.

“I have something on my side called Dramatic Irony.”

“When the audience knows something that’s going to happen but the characters don’t?” Sero says, trying to remember the meaning from class. “Midoriya, buddy, we aren’t characters.”

“We’re not?” *Tell that to the readers!* The fight begins and Izuku wishes he could’ve placed bets over it. They match each other's punches perfectly. “Told you so? I believe I certainly did.”

“Alright, alright. They get it. You’re some all-knowing god among mortals.” Toshi yawns, rolling his eyes. “You know what comes next, right?” His tone gets apologetic, aluding to one of his next matches.

“If I beat Tokoyami, I have to go against Kacchan.” *I know.*

“How’ll that go?”

“I think…..” He switches over to sign. “I think no matter what happens, Kacchan’s going to win.” Toshi’s eyes widen in protest. “Hear me out. Whether it's my own fear, possible blackmail, or being disqualified over people seeing burns healing themselves, I know I can’t win.”

“You’re saying you’ve already accounted for this?” The disbelief in his tone is evident.

“I didn’t know I’d fight him, but yes, some of this is already accounted for.” The fight they watch ends in a tie, and people mentally brace for Kacchan against Uraraka. *I don’t get what the big deal is. A fight’s a fight. She’s up there because she’s strong.*

As Izuku guessed, they go all out. The audience boos Kacchan, not noticing Uraraka’s brilliant plan. When she goes through with it, Kacchan creates a giant blast that renders her attack useless. Upon seeing the attack, Izuku flinches back. A hand on his shoulder moves his attention.

“You’re okay.” Toshi reminds. *I have to get over my fear to fight him. To fight Hisashi. Think of this as a first step.*

“Thanks.” The mere thought of Kacchan using his quirk makes him nervous. “Can you put me to sleep?” *He doesn’t look too surprised.*

“How long?”

“I-”

“ **Go to sleep and relax, Izuku.** ”

“Izuku, you have to fight Tokoyami.” He’s woken up by Toshi. All he does is blink and nod, getting up and leaving. Honestly, he’s eager to get this fight over with so he can go back to sleep.

Tokoyami is a good rival, he sees no way to win against Dark Shadow without lights. It’s a good thing Dark Shadow isn’t what Izuku’s after.

Midnight calls the start and Izuku jumps straight up. Dark Shadow is already where he once was. *Faster than I thought.* Izuku runs along Dark Shadow towards Tokoyami. *If I can knock him out, I should be able to win.*

“Dark Shadow, retreat!” By reeling him in, it causes Izuku to lose his

footing. Izuku hits the ground and moves in as Dark Shadow tries to grab him. He latches onto Dark Shadow's arm and swings around.

This cycle of jumping and rolling continues until he feels he can shake it up. Instead of jumping, he rolls and moves on foot. Dark Shadow has already fallen into the repetition and Izuku tackles Tokoyami. His head hits the concrete as Izuku flips him so Dark Shadow can't easily get out. *Now how do I get him out of bounds.*

"I yield." *What?!*

"Tokoyami has forfeit!" Midnight calls.

"Why?!" Izuku whines, the fight just getting started.

"You've bested me. I know fate can only be avoided for so long. Also, I think I may be concussed and it is foolish of one to keep going knowing there's chance of permanent injury." *How is he so wise?*

"Oh, neat."

Back in his seat, his head leans against Toshi's shoulder.

"Want me to put you back to sleep?"

"Yes, please."

“Izuku, it’s time.” Izuku’s nudged awake by Toshi. Surprisingly, he *does* feel more relaxed. He slowly gets up, Toshi grabs his arm. “If not for you, kick his ass for me.” It startles a laugh out of Izuku.

“Once I get over the whole fire thing, I’m sure as hell going to spike his greasy ass into the ground.” *I know myself. At some point you get so angry you just stop processing the fear.*

“I’ll get my camera.”

Izuku tries to steel his nerves on the walk down. Remembering that Kacchan is only one person. One incredibly shitty person. *I’ve been avoiding him so much I don’t remember his weak spots! Fine, I’ll collect data the moment my eyes see him.* The hairs on the back of his neck stand up the second his feet meet the concrete of the court.

“Sure to be an interesting one, Katsuki Bakugou against Izuku Midoriya!” Izuku flashes a toothy grin as he holds a hand out to Kacchan, offering to shake it.

“Fuck off. I’m not shaking your hand.”

“Why not? I don’t bite, *Kacchan* .” At that, Kacchan stomps forward and grabs Izuku’s hand, pulling him harshly. Izuku is close enough to hear Kacchan whisper.

“I don’t know *what* you think you are, but I’m going to find out, Mikumo.” He pushes Izuku back as Midnight declares the start. Not that it matters, their fight began the moment their eyes met.

“Mikumo’s dead, Kacchan. Stop reminding me.” *I know he never believed it. He knows.*

“Don’t think I didn’t see you predict the events. Do you have them rigged?” Kacchan charges with an explosion. Izuku dodges and snickers at the angry look on Kacchan’s face when the explosion isn’t as big as he planned.

“I have an analysis quirk, Asswipe. It’s how I knew to make you shake my hand.” For emphasis, he waves his hand a bit, flicking off some of Kacchan’s sweat. *It wasn’t for shits and giggles, it was to dull your initial attack and throw you off.*

“Why are you worried about making a fucking getaway after the festival? The fuck’re you planning?!” Kacchan lands a hit on his gut. *It’s only pain.* Izuku gets the chance to punch him on the left side of his jaw, then lands a kick on his right side. *Wait one fucking millisecond.*

“Kacchan, how do you know that?” For a moment, Kacchan stops his attack and glares at him.

“What, you think I can have an explosion based quirk and *not* learn sign language?! How fucking stupid do you think I am?!” Kacchan launches an attack, an explosion big enough to make Izuku flinch. *It’s fine. You can beat him. A little fire never hurt anyone… Wait.. Shit!*

“I think you’re incredibly stupid.” He dodges and punches Kacchan in the same spot on his jaw. He knees Kacchan in the ribs and all but screams when he gets burned by him.

“You still fold like a soggy napkin, you fake piece of shit.”

“Well *sorry* no one like getting burns!” Izuku feels his own anger bubbling up. With that rage, the fear starts to simmer down.

“Get your ass over here, Deku. Let’s relive some childhood memories.”

“I’m not-”

“Shut the fuck up, Mikumo.” *He’s not calling me Deku.* Kacchan lands punch after punch backed with firepower. *I think he’s beating the actual fear out of me.* Izuku freezes up here and there at the sight of fire, until he completely stops responding to it. Kacchan grabs Izuku by the collar of his shirt and starts beating him. Not quite like how students are supposed to fight, but the way he did when they were kids. There’s smoke surrounded them, trapping them in that moment of time completely alone. They can barely even see each other.

Kacchan punches Izuku in the eye, putting too much fire behind it. Izuku bites down on his tongue in order to keep the scream of pain in. *It’ll go away. Just wait.* Izuku’s blind in one eye, feeling suddenly nauseous from the black trying to merge with the rest of the image. *It’s like sunglasses but worse.* When Izuku tries to block, he realizes he’s become a cyclops of sorts.

That’s right. My vision is only coming from the right side but my body still thinks it’s the center of my forehead. He starts shifting all his movements over a bit to compensate. *It’s starting to heal.*

“The fuck…?” Kacchan stops an oncoming strike, taking in the sight of Izuku healing. “What *are* you?” His voice is soft, genuinely curious.

“Aren’t you happy? After all those years of using me as a punching bag I’m finally unbreakable! Isn't this what you wanted, *Kacchan?* All it took was me watching my fucking mother die and then burn to

death myself!” His laugh is bitter as his voice cracks. Izuku is so, so *angry* at Kacchan. For this, for everything that’s ever happened. “You know what the worst part is? I could’ve actually lived to thank you for kicking my ass that day!”

“Deku, what happened to you.” His grip on Izuku’s shirt tightens, and it seems that Kacchan wants to ask questions before he shoots for once. “It was your dad, wasn’t it.” There’s no question about it.

“...Yeah.” *He's dropped his guard.* "I bet you were so happy that quirkless little Mikumo was finally out of your life, weren't you." *I want to hurt you. I want to make them stop the fight, Kacchan.* "When we burned to death, I remember thinking it wasn't so bad. Not as bad as it looked. Know why? Because being your punching bag gave me a high pain tolerance. You're the reason I didn't suffer like my poor mother."

“Aunty Inko didn’t deserve that, you-” *Enough.* Izuku swings, hitting the spot in Kacchan's jaw with a sickening crack. *Good. It’s finally broken. Now you can shut up for once.* Kacchan reels back, stunned a bit. He’s quick on his feet, trying to get back up and win. Izuku kicks him in the ribs feeling another satisfying crack. He keeps kicking, aiming for the hands and ribs.

“I want to break you just like you broke me.” He looks at Kacchan’s crumpled body and sees Hisashi. A foot hanging above his head, Izuku moves to make the final blow, but Kacchan’s too smart for it.

He turns his palm to the sky and makes a large blast. Izuku shoots back, pain surging through him as he skids across the pavement,

And out of bounds.

“Just like always, you win, Kacchan. Aren't you happy?”

Chapter End Notes

I know what you guys may think of the new match up order! But Todoroki said something to Deku in cannon that should apply here as well
EDIT: Another 10 chapters! Look at you go!! If you get bored of words I have some.... NOT words on my youtube!: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ
!!!!!! Love and affection to all of you!!!!
Insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

final round + the start of.... s o m e t h I n g

Chapter Notes

you guys: Jello give us the fluff. Give us the good stuff (tm)
Me: hhhhhhh how about disaster??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the smoke clears, the audience sees two things:

Izuku is out of bounds,

And Kacchan is unconscious on the ground.

Techincally speaking, it's a draw. Both fighter's met the terms to lose, and no one knows who actually went down first.

"We have a draw!" Midnight says, finally breaking the silence. "It seems that this match will be settled by Recovery Girl. Whoever is in the better shape to fight in the final may proceed." A stretcher takes Kacchan away, and Izuku sits numbly at the ground before being ushered away.

Toshi meets him halfway.

Looking at Izuku, Hitoshi can very clearly see the crazed look in his eyes. He doesn't miss the way his hands shake or how his chest heaves. Hell, Hitoshi can even hear the grinding of his teeth. There are robots ushering him to Recovery Girl.

"I can take him from here." He calls to the bots.

"You request is denied. We must escort Izuku Midoriya to the nurse." One says in a monotone voice. *I wish they were people so I could brainwash them.*

"What happens if someone needs her more?" For a moment, it seems the robots are looking to each other in question.

"We go to the person of top priority." *Channel your inner Izuku.* Without another word, Hitoshi drops the ground, pretending to writhe and scream in pain. The robots move to attend to Hitoshi instead, but Hitoshi makes a break for it. *He's so out of it.* Rather then yelling at Izuku to run, he moves and throws the boy over his shoulder and runs. Once in one of the waiting rooms, Hitoshi sets Izuku down and shuts the door. By time he turns back around, Izuku's in fetal position, tears flowing but not yet sobbing.

"I wanted to hurt him." Izuku admits almost too softly to hear. *He's not just talking about the fight. He's talking grave injuries.* Hitoshi recalls what he could see from the audience. The cameras weren't getting their fight because of all the smoke, but from the upward angle, Hitoshi could see just fine.

He was going to kill Bakugou.

Now, anyone else might have just thought he was fighting dirty, but to Hitoshi it was clear that was lethal intent. What's worse is that

Aizawa probably saw that too. By time all the smoke cleared, the camera was on Bakugou's crumpled up body. Hitoshi held his breath when he realized Bakugou wasn't breathing.

As it turns out, it was incredibly shallow. He may hate Bakugou, but he won't deny how his blood ran cold.

"I wanted to hurt him *so* badly that they'd have to stop the match. I thought that if I was going to lose, I could get something fun from it." Hitoshi realizes it's more Oni than Izuku speaking right now. "I wanted to make him pay."

"Izuku, it's okay." Izuku's eyes focus for the first time since being in the room, settling on Hitoshi's.

"Not only did I want to hurt him, but I wanted to literally beat the understanding into him. I wanted him to feel how I felt."

"How you felt when…?" Not the fire, right? That'd be awful.

"Every fucking day of my life!" Izuku suddenly shoots up. "I want him to feel like I did before that useless little *Deku* died!" At this point, he's shouting. Izuku's voice breaks as he starts angrily pacing. *He's riled himself back up into his state from the match.* "Hell, I'd probably take the shot if a gun was put in my hands!" *I've never heard that laugh from him.*

"I think you need to settle down."

"You know what's funny?!" *He's not actually responding to me. I can't use my quirk.* "I got so fucking furious that I stopped being scared! I

thought ‘what’s he gonna do, set me on fire? Been there done that!’. I could- I could…. I could probably kill Hisashi right fuckin’ now without a doubt. I could kill Endeavor if I wanted!” Izuku continues pacing, on his angry rant. By now, he’s already sent a text to Aizawa about his breakdown.

“Izuku, I’m telling you to stop before this gets out of hand.” Hitoshi’s scared for his friend.

Aizawa comes in shortly after, freezing when his eyes settle on Izuku. He’s listening to what he says.

“-Can you fucking imagine how I got here? Because the world thought I was quirkless due to some stupid ass mutation?! There was *no* way they could’ve guessed I had this quirk! But no! I just had to fucking die and end up in this anger filled hell-hole!” Aizawa clears his throat, getting his attention. “Dad, when did you get here?” Something about his tone is different, lacking the usual bite behind it. In all honesty, it seems his appearance has startled Izuku out of his fit.

For good measure, Aizawa uses his capture weapon and restrains Izuku. The boy plops onto the ground in response, officially crying.

“Midoriya, you almost killed him.” Aizawa says sternly, ignoring the ‘dad’ comment.

“Yeah,” He breathes, shoulders dropping. “I guess I did.”

“Get your act together. You’ll have to participate in the final.” The boys look to Aizawa in shock.

“I’ll have to what now?” He wipes his tears, gone as quick as they started. *Izuku doesn’t actually seem shocked about this. Did he predict this too?!*

“Kid, you broke his jaw and several of his ribs. Not to mention caused some fractures in his hands and wrists. Midnight said whoever is the less injured of you will go. The cameras didn’t pick up the actions you should be disqualified for.” His voice is softer, understanding that Izuku at least feels some regret for his actions.

“I saw Hisashi.” The words make both Aizawa and Hitoshi freeze. He’s devastated by his admission. “I looked at Kacchan and all I saw was Hisashi.”

“Are you able to fight Todoroki if he wins? He has a fire quirk.” Aizawa points out.

“Shouto’s different. I don’t even know if I could harm a multi-colored hair on his pretty little head.” He sighs.

“Jesus, you’re whipped.” Hitoshi snickers, getting a glare. *It’s good to see you back to normal.*

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He huffs. Slowly, he gets up and waddles over to Hitoshi, arms still in the capture weapon. Hitoshi takes it as a sign to hug him. Izuku leans into the touch, head on his shoulders. “I’m sorry for losing my McMarbles, Toshi.”

“Nex time you decide to lose ‘em, at least respond so I can brainwash you.” Izuku nods, having the decency to look guilty.

“I’ll go to Recovery Girl for the check up, then back down for my match.” Izuku yawns, walking out. Aizawa walks after him and closes the door. He and Hitoshi sit down.

“Why does he hate Bakugou so much? He almost killed him like it was nothing.” Aizawa asks.

“Bakugou bullied Izuku’s cousin when they were kids. Told him to commit suicide and things like that. Beat him up- You name it.”

“Why is Midoriya so upset then? More than he would be?”

“Imagine someone with a fire quirk killing your family, and then having to deal with another person with a fire quirk hurting family. I’d be pissed off too.” *More so if I was actually the person who was hurt. I still have to protect his identity.* “All Bakugou does is remind him of everything he *doesn’t* want to be reminded of. It’s the first time I’ve seen him outwardly express his anger, though.”

“So he had a breakdown of sorts.” Aizawa pinches the bridge of his nose. “He’s such a problem for me. I can’t even stop his vigilante work.”

“You don’t have the evidence for it.” Hitoshi points out. There’s more to it.

“He’s made it clear that he’ll destroy all of Japan if he doesn’t get what he wants. I need time to talk him out of it or get evidence.” *They’re still after his arrest but…*

“Would you actually arrest him?” There’s silence between them,

unsettling Hitoshi.

“We’d give him a choice. Be in prison, or give up.” It sounds simple enough, but it’s Izuku they’re talking about.

“He’d never give up.”

“We’d place him with a loving family that’d be able to keep him under control.” Hitoshi gets up and walks to the door.

“A place like that doesn’t exist for people like us.”

Izuku walks down the halls a bit aimlessly. He’s calmed down quite a bit. Now he just has to see Recovery Girl and get the OK from her. Outside the door, he stops. Flexing his hands and checking the length of his nails, he scratches himself up and forces his quirk to slow down the healing process. It’s been working so far.

“Hey Recovery Girl. Sorry it took so long!” Izuku says opening the door.

“Dear, come in and sit down. Look at you!” She hobbles over and plants a kiss on the scar on the side of his face. He’s ushered to the beds for time to rest in between matches. Izuku tenses a little when he draws back the curtain and sees Kacchan on the other bed. With a deep breath, he lies down. *He’s awake. Someone who’s actually asleep wouldn’t have that kind of breathing.* Kacchan’s eyes also move rapidly under his eyelids, but Izuku doesn't think he’s actually in REM sleep.

He closes the curtain and hopes he can get away from him soon enough. *I know he has questions. I don't know if I want to bother giving answers.*

"Deku-"

"Shut. The fuck. Up." He seethes. "In case you haven't noticed I beat the shit out of you because I lost my cool. Don't make it happen again."

"Why are you even in here?" *Right, he saw my quirk.*

"Appearances." Izuku turns to his side, facing away from him. Kacchan takes it as a sign to be quiet for once. Recovery Girl comes over to see how they're doing. Izuku is obviously completely healed, so all he has to do is act a bit tired. Kacchan's hands are wrapped up, along with his ribs. It seems like the jaw was the first to heal, because he didn't hesitate to say some dumb shit.

"Midoriya, sweetie, your shirt is in shambles! Here, put a new one on before you leave to go back out!" She tosses a shirt to him and closes the curtain back. Kacchan is straining to sit up. When Izuku takes off his shirt, he sees Kacchan tense out the corner of his eye.

"Are those fuckin-"

"Autopsy scars, yes. You're not as stupid as you look. And believe me, you look *so* fucking stupid, Kacchan." He puts on the shirt.

"You owe me answers." He says after a while, startling a full laugh from Izuku.

“Owe you what? Answers? That’s not how this works.” Kacchan rolls his eyes, probably wanting to use his quirk but completely unable to. “After all the shit I’ve gone through because of you, you ought to be lucky I don’t add you to my list.”

“Your list…?” *I want to at least scare him. Make him act a bit out of character.*

“In case you haven’t noticed, I have plans.” Izuku leaves the room after thanking Recovery Girl. His match is up soon. He’s facing off against Shouto, but he already knew that.

Shouto walks down the halls, waiting to complete his final match. He’ll win without using his father’s quirk. There’s only one more obstacle left to face.

Midoriya.

Something about the boy has been off the past few hours. His eyes calculating, probably using his quirk to find ways to win. If he didn’t know any better, he’d say that he was planning something bigger than everyone here. Shouto saw from the audience how he had beaten Bakugou into the concrete, driven by something other than a desire to win. It was hatred. Something he wish he could do to his father but never having the gall or strength to.

Shouto pretended not to notice Aizawa’s disappearance after Midoriya left the stage. *I wonder how Izu felt seeing Bakugou using his quirk. I*

wonder how he felt to watch Midoriya snuff out that flame. He's walking onto the concrete, ready to shake hands with Midoriya and get this over with. Midoriya does something he didn't expect.

Shouto met his eyes, and Midoriya smiled. It wasn't a polite one, or a fake one that's been plastered on. It was real and *oh so familiar.* He can't quite place where he's seen that smile before.

"The final round of the Sports Festival will be Shouto Todoroki against Izuku Midoriya." Present Mic starts. "Midoriya and Bakugou tied, so it was merely a matter of who was injured the least!"

"Please stay after for the final ceremony, as well as snacks and drinks provided by UA." *So Aizawa is back.* Shouto sees Midoriya look to the booth, another cold look in his eyes.

"Are you ready, Midoriya?" He calls, getting the other's attention. Midoriya gives him another one of those smiles before nodding. *What's he planning?* Looking at Shouto, he sees the cold stare drop. For the life of him, Shouto can't tell if he's putting on a mask or taking it off.

"START!" Midnight calls, waving a tassel. Shouto wastes no time in stomping a foot and sending out a massive ice attack where Midoriya was. Only...

Midoriya's gone.

Where did he go? Is he out of bounds that easy? He looks, some ice blocking his field of vision. He moves forward, only to stop his train of thought. The hair on the back of his neck rises, feeling like he's being watched.

“You’ve started every attack the exact same way. Why is that?” Midoriya asks from behind Shouto. Before he can attack, Midoriya wraps two arms around his waist and flips him back, slamming Shouto on the ground. His thoughts scramble. *How did he get there?!* Shouto sends out another wave of ice, this time watching Midoriya dodge entirely.

This isn’t possible.

“You know what I *couldn’t* dodge so easily? Your flames.”

“I told you. I’m never using his power. What, did my father buy you off?” Midoriya has the nerve to laugh!

“The only thing your father could probably pay me to do is kick his ass. Nice try, bud.” Midoriya charges, intentionally aiming for his left side. “I promise Oni wants you to use your flames.” *Don’t speak about him.*

“Don’t talk about things you don’t understand!” Shouto lands a solid hit to Midoriya’s midsection. Something Shouto notices is the lack of hostility Midoriya had when fighting Bakugou. Must have just been personal. Suddenly, the ring feels smaller. He can’t get Midoriya far enough away no matter how ice he throws at him! *Analysis is a surprisingly good quirk.* Shouto feels regret for underestimating Midoriya. There’s a good reason he’s interning so young.

“I understand plenty.” Following the sound of the voice, he looks directly above him, seeing Midoriya falling from the air. *He kicked off my ice?!* Worse of all, it looks like he hasn’t even put a scratch on the boy. How does he win? He can’t fight what he can’t see. *What would Oni do-* “You’re probably thinking something like ‘what would Oni do’,

aren'tcha?" *What?!* Now, Shouto was getting plain angry with him.

"I will beat you without using his flames!" Midoriya drops to the ground in front of him, blinking owlishly.

"Then why haven't you yet?" Shouto doesn't realize he's faltered a step back. "You want to be a hero, but can you really be called that when you refuse to focus all of your power into saving people?"

"...What."

"Even if you *did* become number one without using your fire, you're still surpassing him. I don't think he cares *how* you do it, to be honest. What are you going to do? Stop trying to be a hero?"

"No!" Shouto slams Midoriya back with a wall of ice. There's no way he can dodge it. By whatever miracle, Midoriya climbs out of the shards unharmed. *What are you?!*

"You want to be a hero? Would you let someone die if it meant you had to use your flames?"

"No." Midoriya grabs a portion of Shouto's red hair and flips him, the wind gets knocked out of him. *He's trying to lure me into using my flames.* "Why are you doing this?"

"Because-" A punch to Shouto's ribs, "I care about you." In that moment, he sounds too much like Izu and it infuriates him. Kicking Midoriya off of him, he feels his fist covering with ice as he reels back and punches him. Midoriya, much to his dismay, doesn't even make a noise. He gets back up and charges. "Use your power, Shouto." *Don't*

call me that. Stop talking! Harder than any other time in this round, Shouto stomps. Waves of ice crackle about the concrete, surging to consume Midoriya.

"Shut up! Just stop talking!" He screams. There's a blur of ice, seeing it slam into Midoriya. Midoriya skids back, looking a bit too unpained by the ice digging into his skin. Before he hits the boundary, Midoriya seems to *let* the ice dig into him. Shouto realizes it with a degree of horror he didn't know he could feel for the boy. The ice stops, and Midoriya is quite literally *stuck* to it. His blood trickles down the ice, and Shouto feels stuck where he stands, watching Midoriya pry himself out of the ice with no expression. He clambers over the ice, allowing Shouto to get a full look at him.

Shouto's breath catches, staring at the boy. His shirt is torn and bloodied from the ice. The collar of his shirt is completely gone, letting the cloth hang off from his shoulders. Shouto's eyes settle on the necklace.

"You want to be a hero, Shouto. You're going to be a great one. Stop hurting yourself and use your fire." Midoriya- Izu starts walking towards Shouto, smiling. "After all, it's your quirk, isn't it?" His voice is soft.

Shouto doesn't register a lot of what happens next. His eyes are fixed on Izu. He vaguely feels heat, watching the reflection of his flames dance around Izu's emerald eyes. His smile is just as beautiful. What really takes Shouto's breath away is how Izu doesn't seem scared at all of the fire.

Like the first time they met, he said he wouldn't be scared of his fire. Sure enough, it's true.

"It's pretty." Izu hums, dropping into a fight stance. "But you've yet to

beat me.” It startles a laugh out of Shouto.

They charge.

Shouto doesn’t remember a lot of what happened after that. If he were being honest, he was overwhelmed. *Izu was Midoriya all along. It both makes so much sense and none at all.*

He remembers his flames coming to life. The world became small, no longer existing outside of the ring. It was just them. Izu charged as Shouto did. Then it was over, just like that. When the round ended, Izu was out of bounds, smiling at the sky like an idiot. Shouto was taken to Recovery Girl for his injuries, expecting to also find Izu there.

Some time between when the stretcher took Izu away, and when he was supposed to be in Recovery Girl’s office, Izu disappeared. *He did say there was something involving my dad happening today. He’s probably busy.* Everyone else is wondering why Izu never showed up, or if something happened to him.

At some point, Shouto sees Aizawa and Present Mic looking around for him. The only person that seems totally unbothered is Shinsou. *He knew, didn’t he?*

When the finalists are ushered outside for the final ceremony, everyone is shocked to see Izu on the field, walking up to the podium.

“Problem solved?” He hears Present Mic whisper to Aizawa.

“He probably needed to calm down from his match again. Fire and all.” *Right. He’s scared of fire. Just not mine.* Shouto pauses his thoughts, wondering when he started referring to it as ‘his’ fire quirk. At the podiums, he smiles at Izu, getting a smile in response.

It’s different. It’s not Izu’s usual lopsided grin. This is forced in unnatural.

“We shall begin the ceremony!” Midnight begins, gesturing to the podium. Her introduction is cut short by All Might appearing, ready to deliver the medals himself. Bakugou is the only one on the third place podium because Iida had to leave due to a family emergency. Bakugou doesn’t seem as angry as everyone thought. He mutters about how losing like this is still better than winning an ‘empty victory’, whatever that means.

“Young Bakugou, you did very well today. I hope we can see you grow and improve.” Very reluctantly, Bakugou lets All Might place the medal around his neck. He moves to Izu, standing on the second place podium.

“Young Midoriya, I hope you are alright with this.” He’s required to hug the boy and place the medal on his neck.

“Of course All Might! I’d love to hug one of my favorite heroes!” *Wait a second.* All Might visibly tenses. No one in class knows why, but everyone can tell that Izu isn’t exactly the fondest of All Might. In fact, most would say that Eraserhead’s actually his favorite hero. “You guys did well too! It was fun fighting against you, Todoroki, Bakugou!”

“….I’m Shouto.” Shouto quietly corrects, unsure of what’s going on. All Might backs up in time to see Bakugou jump onto Izu’s podium

and headbutt him off, still unable to fight with his hands.

“And *I’m* Kacchan. This fuckwad ain’t Deku.” The cameras pick up the assault, the audience watches on in confusion. Aizawa and Mic are already sprinting to Izu as his face distorts.

His appearances changes into a man with tanner skin than Izu, hair pulled back tightly into a messy ponytail. He’s in his twenties, and is definitely not Izuku Midoriya.

“Alright you got me. I’m not the kid.” Aizawa restrains the man with the capture weapon. As they’re trying to figure out what exactly happened to Izu, the TVs plastered across the stadium flicker into another image.

“As many of you may know, my name is Oni. I’m here to talk to you about two things. One: The reason why you should trust my second reason. And two: Why Endeavor is such a bag of dicks. This video was made four days ago.” For good measure, the video shows Izu showing the camera his phone. The date and time as he says. “So If I’m right in all I’m about to say, then congrats Shouto! You’re doing great!” Izu makes a heart with his hands towards the camera.

“Now, let’s talk about his father, Endeavor.”

Chapter End Notes

> Find me lurking behind a Bob's furniture store at 3am! Find me slurping soba in your local laundromat! Find me beating Endeavor up myself!
> insta: jellofello22
> Tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

wow there's so many fans for shit to hit?

Chapter Notes

a lot of you ask how I can manage to type all of this and post multiple times a week. My answer is that it's easiest to play god when you've already bested them

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki looks up at the screen, seeing that stupid fuck of a vigilante jabbering off everyone's ear. For whatever reason, Deku's place has been stolen by some slobby imposter. That connects Deku to whatever is going on with Oni. Something scratches in the back of Katsuki's mind, like he knows the answer. It's just not coming to him yet. Fuck, why can't he figure this shit out?

"You're all probably wondering why you should trust anything I say about Endeavor? Right? So this video was made four days ago so I'd have time to run around and pull this stunt off today. Make sense? Good! I'm going to talk about the Sport Festival and my predictions for how it'll go." *The fuck is going on? Why won't anyone shut him up?* "First, the kids will have to do some sort of obstacle course." Now that has the audience's attention. *No fucking way.* "There's no possible way you guys can have, let me guess, *mines* set up on the spot? No. There's no enough room in that arena for every possible outcome. Besides, those robots have been there all week. No one could round them up that quick and have them all activated."

The crowd murmurs, listening but unsure of where this is going. The guy on the ground grins.

"This is going be a wild ride!" Before he can say anything else, Aizawa knocks him out. *Why aren't they stopping him? Why are they just watching?!*

“Next up is a calvary battle. I know that because the headbands for the points have been printed out the past week.” Oni adds a giggle to the end, boiling Katsuki’s blood. “Last! We! Havetheoneononebattles-” He’s excited, breathing the words into one. “My prediction was that Shouto would come in first. Now, for the other people, I had issues. I knew Tenya Iida will come in third. The issue lies between Katsuki Bakugou and Izuku Midoriya. Without a doubt, Bakugou won the round, but it’ll probably be an issue of him being too injured to continue!”

“Oh my god.” Present Mic whispers.

“I bet, to my dissapointment, that Izuku Midoriya’s imposter has been realized!” The crowd gets loud a moment, looking onto the field. “I bet Eraserhead’s not happy about his prize intern being taken away from him!” *His what?* Aizawa goes rigid at the reveal, glaring at the screen. “Well, it was for insurance, mostly. Here, I’ll have my real-time editor cut to the video feed of Midoriya!” The footage changes to grey walls, low lighting. Deku’s on the ground, hands and wrists bound up, screaming through a bandana in his mouth furiously. *Why the fuck did they take him?* Something’s screaming at Katsuki in his mind. Some pieces he has to put together but just *can’t.*

What Katsuki does notice is fairly interesting. Half and Half is looking at the screen like a dumb lovesick fuck. Katsuki recalls him behind referred to strictly as Shouto by Oni. That, and the fact that this is going to be an attack on his father. *If they seem gross as hell and all lovey dovey, then that means whatever bullshit Oni’s about to spew about Endeavor could very well be true.*

It’s not just that.

Katsuki *knows* it’s true. He had been there, hiding behind the corner spying on them. He heard the shit his dad put his family through. It seems like Oni is just going to bring everything to light. Now that he thinks about it, he *does* recall Half and Half talking about Deku being

an intern, and that Half and Half is friends with Oni.

Did… Did his match against Deku throw him off that badly?

Fuck! That's where Deku is! Katsuki recognizes the walls being part of the tunnels they were in.

"I took him not just 'cause he's Eraserhead intern, but for two reasons! One: He's the only finalist with nonphysical quirk, and two: Because I'm after his uncle, Hisashi Midoriya." The crowd freezes. Katsuki swears he sees Present Mic's and Aizawa's faces pale a bit. *That doesn't make any fucking sense. Deku admitted to being Mikumo. He's not Deku's uncle. Why would Oni be after….. Oh my fucking god.* Without noticing at first, Katsuki takes off in a dead sprint, not bothering to listen to what those yell to him.

Izuku Midoriya is Mikumo Midoriya, who is *Oni.* How much more obvious could it have been? Jesus, Katsuki felt dense. He sprints despite his pain, before slowing down in the tunnels. He searches for any sort of life when he hears something. Upon sneaking closer he hears…..

Is that moaning?

Sure enough, it is! Katsuki feels both pissed off and disgusted by the sounds, promptly turning on his heel to search the other tunnels.

What would that stupid fucking conniving Deku do? He's seen some of Oni's more elaborate plans, and now he's only more cautious of his surroundings. *Wait one fucking second.* The moaning stopped. Why? Katsuki was sure he didn't make any sound. Without a second thought, he turns back around and rushes back to where he heard it. When he turns the corner, he's facing down the barrel of a gun.

“ Kacchan, didn’t I tell you not to make my list?” Some freak in a purple mask is on the ground with a laptop in lap, probably being the ‘real time editor’ that was mentioned before. That’s Catspiracy, which means everything on the screens are probably being broadcasted globally. *He’s starting something bigger than all of us.* There’s a look in Deku’s eyes. He’s tired.

“The fuck are you pointing a gun at me for?!” *Better yet, where the hell did he even get one?*

“You should’ve stayed your nosey ass back on the podium, and you wouldn’t be asking me some dumb shit right now.”

Looking at Deku, Katsuki has a vision. No, it’s more of a memory being triggered. He looks up and instead of a gun and unwavering determination, he sees something else entirely. He sees Deku at a young age, clothing wet and hair messy. No scars whatsoever on the boy. ‘ *Are you okay, Kacchan? Did you hit your head?’* Deku asks, extending a hand to Katsuki. He wants to reach out for the first time in his life and just *grab* that kid’s stupid fucking hand. Except, Katsuki can’t. He can’t do *anything.* He’s pulled back into reality by the reminder that his hands are bandaged up thoroughly. His eyes focus, and he sees it’s not a helping hand that was extended to him. It’s just a gun. Nothing more.

“I said are you okay, Kacchan? Did you hit your head or some shit? Eat a brain tumor for breakfast?” Deku waves the gun at him a bit for emphasis. “Go away. Let me get my things done.” Deku dismisses him, going back to work. How hilarious is that? Deku dismisses him! No one shoos Katsuki fucking Bakugou away like that.

“I have no clue who the fuck you are anymore, but I can’t let you run around and terrorize a whole country for your sick needs.” Katsuki takes a step forward before being deafened. A bullet is deliberately aimed into his thigh. It doesn’t hurt as badly as he’s heard getting shot does. *He shot me without a second thought. Am I really that bad?*

“In case you haven’t noticed yet, it wasn’t an actual bullet I shot you with. Trust me, being shot hurts a lot more than that.” *He was shot?* “That was actually a tranq.” Katsuki was feeling pretty dizzy, even without it being mentioned. He drops to his knees, careful not to fuck up his arms any more. Deku gives him the gift of pushing Katsuki back so he lands on his ass rather than his arms.

“What the fuck happened to you? The Deku I knew never swore, didn’t go swinging around fuckin’ guns. He didn’t run the fuck around causing country-wide upset!” Deku laughs. Katsuki wishes he could say he’s heard a genuine laugh from Deku before. *Did I cause this?* He remembers during the fight, Deku said Katsuki broke him.

“I *did* say that Mikumo’s dead, Kacchan.” *One thing isn’t adding up.*

“Aizawa knows…” He’s really starting to feel foggy.

“Obviously. He hasn’t done anything because he technically only has his word.” Deku waltz up to Katsuki, raises the butt of the gun, and brings it down hard.

Izuku and Toshi are leaving Kacchan’s body. He’ll wake up and probably murder everything in his path. That’s fine and dandy so long as they’re not around for it.

“Those moans were almost too convincing, Toshi. You have too much power.” Izuku teases, nodding to the voice changer in Toshi’s pocket.

“I know and I hated every second of that. You could have had me make literally any other noise.”

“No! No! You had to be believable and weird enough for Kacchan to say nope and fuck off.” *He did alarmingly well.*

“It’s a good thing you accounted for your double being an idiot.” Toshi chuckles, changing the subject entirely. *Yeah, it is. I specifically told the guy to remain silent. Be pretty, smile and nod, blow kisses. Whatever!*

“Yeah.” At this point, they’re running to their next location for the live portion of the video. Toshi has it playing on his laptop to keep track of it.

“Now that you all know I’m smart enough to predict the festival and have a precious student of yours kidnapped-” Oni leans into the camera, eyes squinting gleefully. “The real fun begins! So as many of you know, I fucking hate Endeavor! Lots of ya do, right? But now I can give everyone valid reasons to take him out.” He makes a dramatic cutting motion across his throat. “I’m guessing by now a lot of you are looking to Shouto right now with questions. How could this crazed individual do this? His father! Ah! Oh no! Well, have you fucks ever considered he hates his father? That all of Endeavor’s family hates him? No? Well now you have.”

“Who knew you were one for dramatics.” Izuku can tell that Toshi’s rolling his eyes behind the mask. Hopefully, Toshi’s double hasn’t given anything away yet. “Where the hell did you get that gun, anyways?”

“I had a week of prep time. I could probably take over the world in two. Don’t ask.” He teases, getting slapped in the back of the head. They have it set up so that Izuku’s walking with his hands tied. Toshi is carrying the laptop in one hand, with a gun pointed at Izuku in the other. *Hopefully you have awful aim and can’t account for recoil.*

“-I want to state it now that I am not going to kill Endeavor, as much as I’d love to. Nope! You know what they say, if you can’t beat your enemies, tie him to a flagpole in his underwear!.... Wait, that’s not the

phrase? Oh dear.” Toshi cuts the video to the live feed of Endeavor screaming, tied up with everything except underwear gone.

“Did you shoot Endeavor to get this?” Toshi deadpans.

“It was so satisfying. You should try it some time.” Knocking him out was surprisingly easy. His focus was on Shouto the entire time.

“Endeavor is on display because I want to out him as a child abusing fuck. Don’t worry, I’ve been given permission by dear Shouto to do whatever I think is needed. Hooooo BOY is this needed! Endeavor doesn’t care for his family. Just a successor.” Oni’s voice gets very quiet, suddenly serious. The way he phrased things before was solely to get people to distinguish between his jokes and facts. “He doesn’t know how to love anyone other than himself. He abuses Shouto in order to ‘train’ him. How sick is that? What’s worse is that Shouto wasn’t the first. Shouto has an older brother named Touya Todoroki. Endeavor pushed him too hard and he snapped.” There’s a long period of silence. *I already told Shouto this, but it still hurt me to say it out loud.* “Touya Todoroki became a villain. I have met him first hand. He wants Endeavor to be punished just as badly as we do. A hero, a vigilante, and a villain want to bring one man to justice. I’m just being the middleman here, folks.”

Toshi and Izuku are coming up to the area where Endeavor’s being held. Now, it becomes more life threatening for them.

“Toshi, you know what happens from here?” He kept Toshi in the dark for most of this, in case he was questioned by Tsuki.

“You somehow managed to get a truck shipment of quirk suppressants, and have been pumping them through every vent, duct, and fan near Endeavor?”

“Ding ding ding! Anyone within a mile radius of Endeavor is quirkless. Including us.” Toshi snorts a bit.

“I think we have more practice surviving without quirks.”

“You’re so smart.” He jumps up to pat the boy on his head, pleased when Toshi leans down a bit to help with the height difference. “That means you’re going to be extra careful. If someone so much as touches a hair on your head, I will murder the planet.”

“Got it, got it.” He whines like Izuku’s an overbearing parent. “My job is just to keep the camera on you. Now get changed.” He nods to a bag in the alley, turning around to offer Izuku some privacy. He changes into his suit and gets his bo staff out just in case. That week was enough to give himself all sorts of upgrades. Once ready, he leads Toshi up to the roof where the flagpole is. If any hero wants to stop him, they have to be better than Izuku at fighting quirkless.

“Camera cutting to you in three… two….one!”

“Well, well! Now it’s live! We have both the fixed camera you previously saw Endeavor on, and now my editor is a cameraman for me! Say hi!” Toshi turns the camera on himself, giving a small wave. “Catspiracy better get a paycheck for this footage.” Izuku jokes.

“In about two minutes, I’ll drop the location. First hero to take me down gets to decide what my punishment is.” He talks through the two minutes, filling the silence entirely. He sees some lower rank hero with a glass quirk. He can turn his body into any glass form he wants. The hero tries to use his quirk, only to make a small face of horror at Izuku. “Oh, did I forget to mention?”

“Mention what.” Well, it looks like Endeavor's speaking again. He’s squirming against the flagpole, trying to get free.

“Everyone within a mile radius of you is quirkless. You, being the epicenter, of where the quirk suppressants are.” *I really did want to deal with your fire. This was a good compromise.*

“Not to mention the heroes have to put up with the side effects of quirk suppressants.” Toshi calls from out of frame.

“Right!”

“That means you too.” Endeavor sneers. Oni flips him off.

“Wow, aren’t you the smartest? No shit it means me.” He spits back. In a few punches, he knocks out the glass hero. “Endeavor, you are the antithesis to my BDE.”

“BDE?”

“Big dick energy, you dumbass.” Izuku laughs, fighting off more heroes that show up. Mt. Lady was unfortunately easy to take down as well. Every hero that shows up is taken out. Death arms put up a good fight, but bringing his bo staff down on his head was a piece of cake. Endeavor screams at the heroes to be less pathetic, somehow unaware that this is a video against him. He doesn’t make it better for himself at all. At some point, a hero decides that going for Toshi was a good idea.

Izuku is there before he can even bring a foot up to kick Toshi. He snaps the hero’s arm and pins him face down.

“This is a warning. Touch my cameraman and you’re dead where you stand.” This is the first time Oni has ever actually threatened to kill someone. He sees people freeze a bit, sure that he’s serious. “It won’t be a peaceful one.”

Kamui woods did very well, being skilled in combat must have been a high priority for him. It’s only a matter of time until-

Scarves fly forward, izuku barely has time to dodge. On the rooftop next to them is a very angry Eraserhead.

“Oni, go home.” He says softly.

“Boo.” He giggles, dodging Eraserhead's movements. He’s almost too caught up in the fight to notice a hero making another swipe at Toshi. Without taking his eyes off Eraserhead, he reaches and draws his gun, firing it off without hesitation. The heroes go quiet as their comrade drops to the ground. “That was your second warning. There will be no third. That was a tranq.” He puts the gun away, seeing red seeping through the hero’s shoulder. If Eraser hadn’t knocked him off balance, it would have been his head. *Okay, so it wasn’t exactly a warning. I can’t let them know I misaimed.*

“You won’t have the chance to pull that dumb shit again.” Eraserhead yells, probably furious that he’s underground and being broadcasted globally. He’s outlasted all the other’s here, because he practically fights quirkless.

“Let me ask.” Izuku yells, getting their attention. “Why did you all come up here to support and fight for a child abuser?” Everyone freezes, like they don’t know. Even Eraserhead falters.

“He’s a hero.” The Glass Hero eventually says.

“Would you look his family in the eyes and say that to them?” Izuku asks, slipping more into Oni. The heroes shake their heads. “Then he’s no hero of mine.” A scarf grabs his ankle and flips him, slamming him on the ground. *My nose is broken.*

“I don’t give a fuck about Endeavor.” Eraserhead pins his arm behind his back. “I only care about getting you into custody.” *He's going to break it.*

“Eraser, would you really snap the arm of a child?” Oni knows this will make Eraserhead hesitate. He does, for a split second.

“A child?” Mt. Lady asks softly.

“That’s not possible. You can’t be a child-”

“Why? Because I kicked your collective ass?”

“C’mon, Oni.” Eraserhead hauls him to his feet. *I’m getting too drowsy from the quirk suppressants. He’s been here the shortest amount of time. He’s the best fighter right now.* He allows himself to be led away. *It’s fine. I’ve made my point. A few, actually.*

“Catsipiracy, follow. Cut the feed. Goodnight, world. Hopefully you’ll do something about that flaming piece of shit over there. Who knows, maybe I’ll calm down if you do.” The camera turns off. Someone takes a step to stop Toshi, but stops upon looking at Oni.

Once out of the area, Eraserhead turns to them.

“Shinsou, go home.” He sounds exhausted.

“He faces no charges, got it?” Izuku warns. He can tell that Eraserhead is rolling his eyes underneath his goggles.

“Yes. We’re aware that you have him untouchable.” Toshi nods once before taking off.

“Make sure no one tails you!” Izuku calls after him, getting a thumbs up in response. “So, what are you going to do to me, Eraser?” He tries. So far the only injuries he’s sustaining are a broken nose and sprained ankle. That, and some pretty extensive bruising.

“I’m taking you down to the station.” *Like hell you are. Not in costume.* “They need to speak with you anyways.”

“Speak with Oni?”

“No, Midoriya.” *Well, seeing as I’m a victim in this situation, it’s only natural they want my side of the story.*

“What happens if I get brought in like this?” Eraserhead takes off his goggles, giving Izuku an unreadable look. He sighs.

“We were thinking of giving you choices regarding what comes next. You’re a kid. We could still have you face jail time for causing this level of upset in the country. Or, you give up vigilantism entirely and

we place you with a nice family who'll take care of you." Izuku pauses in his steps, unsure of how to process those words. *I can't stop. I'd get them all killed. I can't let another family be destroyed because of me.* Izuku, whether he knows it or not, blames himself for not realizing he had a quirk sooner. After all, it was quirklessness that led him here. "...Midoriya?" Aizawa stops, kneeling down to level with Izuku a bit better. He rests a hand on his shoulder.

"What." If he talks any more, he might cry.

"Don't you want a family?" There's uncertainty in his voice, like he already knows the answer.

"I already had one." Without thinking, Izuku uses his elbow and slams it into Aizawa's chest. He was going to aim for the face, but he doesn't know if the injuries from USJ are still affecting him. Aizawa hits the ground, and by time he gets up, Izuku's gone.

Naomasa reviews all the footage from Oni's latest stunt. Trying to find any evidence that him and Midoriya are the same person. None. Taking himself captive and showing it makes the public think he's not Oni. After all, why would he kidnap himself? Not to mention he made his goals public. He outright said Midoriya was only taken because he's after the kid's uncle. *His* uncle. This is going to be a long headache.

Well, Naomasa still has to question Midoriya about the incident. Maybe he can get one slip up that'll be enough evidence to place suspicion on him. *Is the Endeavor stunt to take pressure off his motive of getting Hisashi? To take pressure off of finding his identity?* It may as well be, considering that Endeavor is under fire by every news source one can name. Not that Naomasa minds, if Endeavor truly is a child abuser. The question is, how did Oni come to find all that out?

Regarding the Endeavor case, they'll have to speak with Shouto. Hopefully he'll be willing to talk about any involvement he has with Oni. There's a ruckus coming from outside Naomasa's office. He gets up to investigate, but his door swings open.

"Hey, Tsuki." Midoriya strolls in, wearing the same clothes it showed he was kidnapped in. By now, the entire stunt is over. Everyone is going about the rest of their day with Endeavor and Oni in the back of their minds.

He's planted a seed. It's the start of something big.

"Midoriya." He greets tiredly, gesturing to the chair across his desk. Technically, he can't interrogate Midoriya, so there's no need to haul him into the room. He can question from his office. *That's right, cameras being in the office isn't public knowledge.* He can win! Midoriya all but throws himself into the chair, clearly exhausted. *The quirk suppressants took a toll on him.* "You seem tired, why is that?"

"Kidnappings take a lot of energy." **True.** He's making it sound like his kidnapping is the topic, but he really means Endeavor's kidnapping.

"I'm going to keep asking questions, is that alright with you?" He nods. "Who kidnapped you."

"Catspiracy." **True.**

"Who else was there?"

"It was just us two." **True.** At this rate, he won't get any evidence.

He's technically not lying.

"Do you know why you and Endeavor were targeted?"

"I was targeted because I'm related to Hisashi. Endeavor was targeted because he's abusive." **True.** *So Endeavor actually is an abuser. It wasn't just a story to keep the heat off of him.*

"Why would Oni out Endeavor? Why was it so personal?"

"Oni has an abusive fire user in the family. He probably felt like he needed to protect them, because no one was there to protect him." *That's true. He just admitted that Oni is related to them! This is great! This might fall in line with one theory I've had. That Mikumo isn't actually dead. That Mikumo is Izuku's real name. It makes the reason why he's after Hisashi a lot more plausible.*

"Is your name Izuku Midoriya?" Midoriya blinks at him a moment.

"Yes." **False.** Midoriya is grinding his teeth. Finally getting a question he has to lie about.

"Are you Mikumo Midoriya?" At the question, he tenses. Soon enough, a sadness washes over his eyes. He forces the tension from his shoulders.

"Mikumo's dead."

True.

Chapter End Notes

Find me where you can get 2 for $10 whopper meals! Find me at a local hotdog stand! Dairy queen!!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Dadzawa? Dadzawa

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter today!
In the comments tell me about your favorite OCs if you have any.
I want to learn more about the people that read this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naomasa felt ready to have All Might himself punch him in the face. Midoriya not being Mikumo just caused him to age fifty years in the span of two seconds.

“Midoriya, we need a real name for you. I know Izuku isn’t it.” Midoriya cocks his head to the side, sporting a mad grin.

“Tsuki, c’mon. You calling me fake?”

“Yes, actually.” *Technically, I’m only supposed to ask for the information regarding today’s incident.* Naomasa takes a deep breath. “Another matter, not really relevant.” He hates the satisfied smirk it gives Midoriya.

“Right, we have to talk about today.”

“How are you feeling, generally speaking?” *Routine, routine.*

“You’ve already asked this. Tired. Really shaken up.” **True.** *Wait, why is he shaken up if he was the one to orchestrate it?*

“Why’s that?”

“I was kidnapped, then had to experience something that was aimed to take down the number 2 hero. Not to mention the Sports Festival itself.” **True.** *He’s getting too good at finding ways around my quirk. We're just restating what we already know at this point. Sometimes repeating questions can help catch a slip up in a person's story. Midoriya was quick to call me out on it, though.*

“I see.”

They finish up the questions, leaving Naomasa more frustrated than he thought he could be. Midoriya just keeps dancing around his quirk, and technically it’s allowed. When Midoriya gets up to leave, he pauses with a hand hovering over the doorknob.

“I just want you to know that all footage from this meeting’s already corrupted.”

“How did you know there’s cameras in here?”

“Come on, Tsuki! How could there not be?! Anyways, I want to shower. I feel pretty fucking gross.” **True.**

With that, he’s gone.

Shouta stands at the sight of Oni's stunt, watching as teams deactivate machines that pump out quirk suppressants and cart them off as evidence. *This kid planned all this shit in a week? He's dangerous when given the right amount of prep time.* For a while, Shouta was almost content in just keeping the kid in check, making sure he's not breaking any laws that he can't help with. They know that his vigilantism doesn't actually use a quirk to fight or subdue criminals. Midoriya walks a very fine line with the law.

Today, he almost killed someone twice. Bakugou and Midoriya have always had a weird relationship, which now he'll have to fully look into. Other than that, he shot at one of the heroes without a moment of hesitation. Shouta saw his eyes. He was aiming to kill. He wonders if Midoriya will take him up on the instruction to stay with them tonight anyways.

He sends a quick text to Hizashi, asking him to make some extra food just in case.

Oni:

I'm sorry for punching you. I panicked.

Eraserhead:

Yeah, I figured. What am I going to do with you? You have to let us help you.

Oni:

Is it really help, though? All I see are limitations to my freedom.

Eraserhead:

Don't start getting edgy. You need to cut this out and focus on

your studies. What's the big deal if you're going to be a hero in a few years?

Oni:

...I have a feeling that after today, I don't have a few years.

Shouta freezes, staring at Midoriya's message. What did he mean by that? Hoping it's just his weird, absurdly niche sense of humor, he puts his phone away.

His phone rings the moment he goes back into his pocket.

"Hello?" He answers.

"Eraserhead, I had a theory." *He sounds annoyed.* "It was that Mikumo is Midoriya's real name. It makes sense, when you consider the motives and all."

"Not to mention his healing." Shouta adds, liking the sound of this theory. "Wait, you said you *had* a theory? What happened?"

"I asked if he was Mikumo. Bluntly. He said no and my quirk registered it as true."

"What exactly did he give as an answer?"

"'Mikumo's dead.'" *Well, the theory could still be true. Midoriya could still have identity problems.*

“Okay.” At this point, Shouta is slinking away from the scene, avoiding the reporters slowly showing up. He’s heading back to his house. “Are you going to launch an investigation against Endeavor?”

“We have to, at this point. Whether it’s to put the public at ease, or because Oni brought up legitimate evidence, there’s no reason we shouldn’t.” There’s a pause. “Who knows, maybe Oni’ll calm down a bit if Endeavor was taken out.” *That’d change the country’s balance. All it’d take was a villain who could account for this and act accordingly.*

“Hopefully.”

"Eraserhead, is the kid staying with you?”

“I told him to come back to my house tonight. I don’t know where his apartment is, so I wouldn’t be able to get him.”

“It’s Mikumo’s old place. I’ll send you an address.” *Might as well check the place out first.*

“Alright, heading there now. Don’t give back up unless I give the word.” Tsukauchi laughs on the other line.

“Stay safe.” He hangs up.

Eraserhead:

Is Midoriya there?

Hizashi:

No. Shinsou is, though.

Eraserhead:

Alright. I'm going to find Midoriya and make him stay the night. Keep Shinsou occupied please.

Hizashi:

Of course, Shouta. Stay safe.

Eraserhead:

You too.

The apartment is in a fairly residential area. Nothing looks out of the ordinary. Knowing Oni, he probably has some sort of trap on the front door. *Window it is.* Shouta quietly slides the glass up, surprised that the window's unlocked. Even more surprising, is that there's no gun pointed at him. Once inside, he finds himself in a bedroom. It's badly damaged, with almost no signs of life. *Must have been the parent's room.* Something catches his eye on the way to the door.

A small pot of flowers in a certain spot on the carpet. Shouta's stomach sinks as he slowly comes to the realization of it being a gravesite for someone. *Inko died there.* The door opens, and Shouta winces and freezes as the door squeaks with his every move. Sound filters through the crack in the door.

Water running?

He moves out into the hallway, taking in all of the damage around the apartment. Everything smells burnt, after the years that's passed. It saddens him, in a weird way. The light's on down the hall, the source of the water. *Why is the door open?* He can't hear any signs of life. No change in the sound of the water, indicating that nothing's moving beneath it. He pulls his goggles back up over his eyes, feeling like he's walking into a trap.

Silently, Shouta moves down towards the bathroom, peeking in. With a small sigh of relief, he walks in. Midoriya sits in the bathtub with no shirt on, but pants. He's soundly asleep.

Shouta reaches out to feel the water coming from the shower, wincing at how it's ice cold. He kneels next to the tub to get a good look at Midoriya's face. His eyes and nose are red. From the cold or possibly crying, he can't tell. *Must be the suppressants. Otherwise, he probably would've woken up.* With the life he appears to have led, there's no way he's not a light sleeper.

Shouta turns the shower off and lifts Midoriya out of the tub. There's another bedroom, labeled 'Mikumo' on an All Might plaque. Inside the room almost breaks Shouta's heart. He places Midoriya down on the bed. It's all hero merch, mostly All Might. There's scattered notebooks about the room labeled 'Hero analysis'. Curious, Shouta goes around the room and collects the books. It seems like the fire didn't spread far enough to ruin this room. Opening one, he sees quite a bit of information logged on various heroes.

Midoriya startles Shouta when he stirs, still asleep. The kid has a hand up holding his necklace like a lifeline. *It looks like a wedding ring.* Looking at the ring brings his eyes to another concern. The large y-shaped scar on Midoriya. Where had he gotten it from? It looks like it's from an autopsy. That also goes in line with the Mikumo theory.

But why is there a scar? The fact that Midoriya has scars at all confuses Shouta. He's seen Midoriya get injured countless times and he heals without even a scab. Hell, the kid lost the ability to use his quirk and still doesn't have scarring from the gunshots or loss of his hand.

Maybe it's tied to something traumatic.

Izuku Midoriya remains a mystery to all. That doesn't mean he'll remain that way forever. Shouta knows figuring this out is key to putting an end to his vigilantism.

He grabs an old All Might backpack from the ground and puts the books into it, as well as spare clothes for Midoriya. Most of the clothes are old and falling apart, or too small in general. He must have been wearing these out for years with no intention of buying new ones. *Am I going to have to get him new clothes? Put a dent in my wallet for this dumbass?* Shouta sighs. Of course he is. He has to.

He managed to even get a shirt and jacket on Midoriya without waking him up. Today definitely took a toll on him.

Shouta carries Midoriya to the train station, with his backpack on Shouta's back. It might have been difficult to carry Midoriya all that way, but he's severely underweight. *How could he fight so well but weigh so little?* Shouta's always been aware that he's short, but he thought it was just genetics. Now he's starting to think his growth was severely stunted. *Great, stunted both physically and emotionally. God damned problem child.*

On the train, people recognize Midoriya from the Sports Festival, especially since he plastered his own face all over the world as a kidnapping victim. A woman next to him smiles at the sight of him sitting with Midoriya in his arms.

“You should be very proud of your son, he did well today.” She pats Shouta on the shoulder, giving Midoriya a gentle smile as he sleeps.

“He’s not act-”

“Oh look at him!” Another person speaks up. “He must be so tired from everything that happened today. My son would never let me carry him like that. It’s nice to see a strong father and son bond.” The man tips his hat at Shouta.

“This kid isn’t-”

“Make sure you raise him to be a great hero, ya hear?” An old woman all but demands. Shouta sighs, having to accept his fate. The strangers won’t even let him say that Midoriya isn’t his son.

“I will.” He mumbles, satisfying everyone there. He spends the rest of the train ride ignoring their comments and declarations of ‘aw, how cute’. *Me? Being a parent? That’s not practical. Illogical.* Even Hizashi shares the sentiment. They can’t raise a child together knowing they’d be at constant risk. It’d just be a weakness to them, and unfair to their child. They’d love a kid, sure, but how do you explain to a child that they're a hindrance? You can’t, so they won’t.

It disturbs Shouta that his arms aren’t tired from carrying Midoriya by time he walks home. Hizashi opens the door, a small grin on his face as he brings up his camera and snaps a picture of them. *Without permission!* Inside, he sets him down on the couch and goes to shower and change out of his hero gear. In the shower, he thinks about if the new locks on the windows will prove more effective.

Shouta wanders back into the living room, lazily putting his hair up in a bun. He's met by a cold glare.

"Who the fuck told you where I live? Midoriya seethes at him, looking the direct opposite of the way he peacefully slept.

"Tsukauchi looked up where Mikumo lived."

"...How did you enter?" *Why does that matter?* Shouta sees Shinsou tense a bit behind Midoriya, most likely knowing the reason behind the question.

"The window to Inko's room-" Midoriya's up and leaping over the couch towards Shouta. *He's limping.* He grabs Shouta's capture weapon and tackles him, tightening the scarf to choke him. Shouta doesn't move.

"Step foot in that room again and you die." *He's serious. When the hell did he start giving out death threats?*

"Noted." Shouta says, waiting for Midoriya to get off of him.

"You're hurt." Shinsou calls, walking over and lifting Midoriya off of Shouta.

"...My quirk isn't back yet. Tired." He mumbles, letting himself be led back to the couch. *Looks like his ankle is sprained.* Shinsou sits him down and comes back to Shouta. He nods to the stairs, meaning he probably wants to talk privately. Shouta nods, wondering why Midoriya blew up like that.

In Shinsou's room, they're free to talk. Hizashi is downstairs to make sure Midoriya doesn't vanish.

"Did you actually go inside his aunt's room?" Shinsou asks, tense.

"Yeah, why?"

"No one's allowed in there. Even I'm not allowed. Izuku only goes in there to water the shrine. Nothing else." *I broke a rule I wasn't aware of.*

"So she did die there?"

"Yeah. The flowers are in place of where she was." He looks to the floor with a sad expression.

"What's the story behind his necklace?" *Might as well ask now, get whatever information I can.*

"It's her wedding ring." *Despite hating Hisashi? That doesn't make sense.* "He was there when they died. The ring was how he identified her body." *So he keeps it with him at all time?*

"He was there when they died? What happened?" Shinsou looks to Shouta, unsure if he should share the story or not.

"Izuku came over after Mikumo got out of school, and I guess when he

opened the door everything was on fire. Mikumo was looking around for his mom, when they found her, she was already dead. They decided to get out while they could. Mikumo went down. Izuku paused just long enough for the ceiling to collapse on him."

"Paramedics got him out, right? He survived with his quirk?" Shouta notices Shinsou looks a bit nauseous recalling his friend's story.

"No. That scar over his eye is from the ceiling. It pinned him down but somehow didn't kill him." He trails off a bit, not wanting to be the one to say what comes next.

"He burned to death." Shinsou nods. "His quirk kicked in, though, right? He didn't actually die?"

"He-" The door swings open, startling them. Midoriya wanders in and sits, laying his head against Shinsou's shoulder.

"I heard everything." He hums, clearly out of it. "I did die. My autopsy report said so." *That's where that scar is from.* "That's how I found out I wasn't quirkless." Shouta goes still, realizing with horror that Midoriya had to burn to death in order to feel useful in life. "You know," His voice suddenly lifts, as if thinking of a funny joke. "That was also the day All Might told me I couldn't be a hero!" He laughs. *Back to back tragedies led him here, huh?*

"Midoriya…" His heart hurts.

"I don't want your pity. If you want to help me, you'll stand down. I only let Shinsou tell you that stuff about me so you can understand why Hisashi needs to pay. So you can understand why I'm broken."

“You’re not broken.” Shouta practically snaps with a firm tone, trying to get it through his thick skull. “You just needed guidance. Why didn’t you go home to your parents after all this?” An expression clouds over Midoriya’s eyes.

“If Hisashi knew I was alive, no one would be safe. I hid and laid low.” *Until today.* Something clicks in Shouta’s mind. *That’s why he said he doesn’t have many years left. His face was all over the world today.*

“Will you go back to your parents if they contact you?” Shouta asks, careful to watch his reaction. Midoriya signs something to Shinsou, who leaves the room shortly after, letting Shouta and Midoriya speak alone.

“No. No one besides Hisashi will look for me. I promise you that.”

“That’s a lie.”

“Really? Who’s been looking for me? Huh?!” His eyes go wild a moment, before he takes a deep breath. He looks to Shouta with a mournful smile. “No one’s ever looked for me, Eraserhead.”

“That’s not true. I’ve been looking for you this whole time.” Midoriya’s smile drops, eyes clearly watering. He gets up and moves to the door. “Vigilante or not, I’ll keep searching for you if you leave.”

“Thanks, Dad. it makes me feel a bit bad about lying to you.” *What?*

“About what?” Midoriya turns to meet Shouta’s eyes with a tired expression. He swings the door open.

“Almost everything.” Without waiting for a response, Midoriya leaves.

Shouta gets the distinct feeling that more than one door has just shut in his face.

Chapter End Notes

Find me in the bottom of a tub of cool whip! Find me in finland engaged in a fistfight! Find me under the bed!
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

> I have read all of your comments at one point or another and I love every single one of them. If you comment and I don't reply, still know that I saw it and appreciate you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku sits down in ‘his’ room, as they call it. He curls in on himself, laying under the blanket. His phone is getting blown up from classmates. Among them is Shouto. *What do I say to him?* Izuku wonders if Shouto would rather be friends with Oni, not Izuku. Not that it really matters. His friendship with Shouto might come to an end soon, if he decides it’s too dangerous for Shouto to know his identity. His phone buzzes again, and he retrieves it and looks while still under the blanket.

Dabi:

Look at you being a big boy and outing that fuck.

Oni:

Not in the mood. That was exhausting.

Dabi:

I bet. Let me know when I can testify against him. This oughta be fun.

Oni:

I’ll find you when the public decides they want me to be involved officially. All I did was spill the tea. Now I just wait for people to drink it up.

Dabi:

So, the great Oni goes to UA, huh? Placing second in the Sports Festival with a fake quirk. You've got balls, kiddo.

Oni:

Kiddo? The fuck? I'm not twelve.

Dabi:

You look like it. Speaking of looks, it seems like you were giving my dear Shouto puppy eyes. You boning?

Izuku chokes on his spit, sitting up and kicking the blankets off of him. His face is on fire.

Oni:

No! What the fuck is wrong with you?! You said it yourself, I'm like twelve!

Dabi:

I did all sorts of things with all sorts of people at your age, sport.

Suddenly the urge to vomit is present. I think I'm traumatized.

Oni:

I'm done. I can only handle so much Todoroki bullshit in one day.

[Oni is offline]

I was going to call Shouto, but now I don't think I have the heart to. Jesus, his family is insane. Izuku thinks about their match and how his flames made Shouto looks like a phoenix. It was breathtaking. He's glad he could help his friend overcome an obstacle.

A soft knock on his door spooks him.

"Come on." He calls, knowing who it is. Toshi has a habit of knocking three times, hardest on the second. Toshi opens the door and takes a seat beside him.

"Why's your face all red?" He asks, brows scrunched in concern. Without verbally explaining, he hands his phone over to let Toshi read. He sputters, absolutely losing his shit. "This is his brother?"

"Yeah."

"To be fair, you guys do seem totally smitten with each other." Izuku rolls his eyes. "You really don't see it, do you?"

"He's just a friend."

"Just a friend you refer to as 'pretty boy' and made hearts at on international television?" Izuku shrugs. "What are you so scared of?" The question catches him off guard.

“I’m not scared of anything.” He mumbles, throwing the blanket back over himself. “He’s just my friend.”

“I’m just your friend too but you don’t look at me like Present Mic looks at Aizawa.” *Hold up,*

“I don’t like that you’re drawing parallels between me and Eraser.”

“It’s just an example! You and I are best friends. What you have with Todoroki is different.” *He’s right. I hate that. Stupid Toshi and your stupid logic.*

“I don’t know.” Izuku mumbles, getting a tired groan from Toshi. “I’m a self-aware character.”

“Okay, what the fuck does that mean?” At this point, Izuku feels Toshi lay in bed next to him, on top of the blankets.

“It *means* that I know myself well enough to see that I’m an emotional starved mess. Shouto is just as emotionally stunted as I am!”

“Your point being…?” Toshi trails, sounding genuinely confused.

“What if I we don’t like each other how everyone else seems to think. We’re some of the first friends we’ve ever had. Shouto could very well just be mixing up his gratitude for friendship with something else.” Toshi hums in understanding.

“What about you, Izuku. What do you want?” *God when did he become*

my therapist?

“I want the people I care about to be safe. It’s hard enough operating with you involved. I can’t risk anything anymore.” His friend has the audacity to laugh!

“You’re stuck with your conspiracy theorist sidekick, what can I say? It’s not a bad thing that you’re being more careful. You’re human.” *Barely. If I were human I would have been treated like it throughout my life thus far, thank you very much.*

“Toshi.” Izuku lifts the blanket off his face and turns to meet his friend’s gaze. “I don’t know how to be human anymore.”

“Considering the fact that you run around calling yourself Oni, it’s very on-brand of you.” They laugh, staring at the ceiling. “Don’t worry, we’ll show you how.” *I don’t want to know who ‘we’ is, but fine. I’m fucking hungry.*

There’s tapping on the door, followed by a soft click.

“Hey, little listeners! You both did well today. Come downstairs and get dinner, will ya?” Present Mic closes the door back without another word. They’re so nice to Izuku. Even Eraserhead has his own weird way of being kind. Izuku doesn’t want them involved. He’s so grateful for his support, sure, but what if that holds him back?

What if someone dies because of him.

A hand finds Izuku’s head, messing up his hair.

“I know that ‘my big boy brain is on fire from big boy problems’ kind of look, Izuku. Chill out and let’s go eat.” They wash their hands and go downstairs, sitting at the table. When Izuku sits down he leans over to Eraser.

“I see you’ve upgraded the locks on the windows?”

“Don’t you fucking think about it.” Aizawa hisses at him. “You broke my god damned window and you’re not doing that again.” Izuku hums.

“Am I on house arrest?” Aizawa sets his fork down, narrowing his eyes a little.

“Why are you asking? I’m not your parent.”

“Shouto found out I’m Oni and I owe him some sort of explanation.”

“ *And?” Wow, you’re not my parent but you certainly sound like a nagging mother!*

“And I might have to talk to Kacchan.” Present Mic and Aizawa look at each other, pleased with that answer.

“I want you in your room come morning time.” *So I have a curfew? I can’t tell.*

“Okay.” Toshi and Present Mic laugh.

“You really are parent and child.” Toshi teases.

“Are *not!* ” They hiss at the same time, before turning to each other and rolling their eyes. After dinner, Izuku sends a text to Shouto saying he’ll come over after running some earrands. *Does Aizawa really think I’ll just give up my vigilantism tonight?* His door opens and Aizawa stands with his suit in his hands. *Ah, so he’s accounted for it.*

“You’re not going to be Oni. Your weapons and suit are staying with me.” *My, I’m shaking in my boots.*

“Fine.” He pretends to huff.

“The school has tomorrow off, but don’t use that as an excuse to stay out all night. We have things to do tomorrow.” *What?*

“Like what?” Aizawa shakes his head. Izuku can’t know? That’s bullshit. “Fine, keep your secrets, you grimy homeless man.”

“Midoriya, you’re literally in my house.”

“...Fair point.” He slings his backpack over his shoulder and walks downstairs, aware that Aizawa’s following. A sudden shift in the air makes him turn around. He catches what Aizawa throws at him. “Key?”

“What, you think I’ll wake up to let you in the house? Or that I’ll let

you keep fucking up my windows?"

"Right."

Izuku leaves.

Izuku is a dumbass. At this point, it's not exactly an opinion. It's fact. He might as well stomp down the street chanting 'chaos! Chaos!' as he mentally prepares to break into the police station out of costume. Sure, he has a disguise on, but he misses his Oni suit.

Izuku's in drag, wearing a long purple wig and blue contacts. His scar is covered with concealer and he has a black mask over his mouth. He managed to steal a pink tracksuit that says 'villainous' across the butt. Hopefully, it doesn't give off an Oni vibe. *It's good that this disguise is so far off from my normal look, but holy shit is this thing riding up my ass.*

He strolls towards the police station mentally repeating a mantra of 'Don't pick the wedgie'.

He takes a turn into an alley a few buildings from the station, so he can climb up the fire escape and get onto the roofs. Izuku hops over to the station, using a screwdriver to take off one of the vent covers.

Once inside, he shimmies in the vents Tsukauchi's office. Camera footage revealed that he already gone for the night. Now Izuku just has to get passed all of the less intelligent officers. *Piece of cake.* Izuku's imposter is still in the interrogation room, he has about five minutes to manage to get him out of there. *See, this is what happens when I have morals. I end up breaking into a police station wearing skin-*

tight sweats. Izuku drops down from the vent into the middle of a dark office.

It's suspiciously easy to break into the room and get to the imposter. His head perks up when Izuku enters.

"Well, well. Officers sent in a bribe?" Tashiro whistles at Izuku, making him sick. In a hurried motion, Izuku pulls the mask off his mouth so the voice changer doesn't kick in.

"Shut the hell up, it's Oni. I'm holding up my end of the deal." *The deal was if he got caught, that I'd bust him out.* Tashiro's eyes go wide.

"Woah. I didn't even recognize ya, kid!" He laughs as Izuku picks his handcuffs. The hit the table with a clatter, and he hoists Tashiro to his feet. They have to be quick, seeing as they can't tell if anyone passes the one-way glass. Izuku opens the door a bit, seeing that the cost is clear.

"If anyone stops us, let me do the talking." Tashiro nods at the instruction. Izuku puts the mask back on. They walk out of the interrogation room. *Okay, I can do this. I'll put a little swing in the hips and some pep in my perky-assed step.* If Tashiro notices the way Izuku walks, he doesn't say anything.

"Excuse me, may you two state your business?" An officer stops them. *Wow, I'm here minding my own damn business and I feel so attacked?*

"Oh! I um…" Izuku trails with a high-pitched feminine voice. The mask changes his voice entirely. He twirls some blue hair around his fingers. "I came in to bail my friend out after getting a call from a Mister…." He crosses his arms with a fake huff. "What was his name? Tsuchauchi?"

“Detective Tsukauchi?” The officer offers.

“Totally!” *He’s buying it. Hurry up and let me leave to I can get these pants off. My ass has like no circulation right now.* “Yeah, that was his name.”

“I see. Well you two go on, now. Don’t loiter.” Izuku giggles and salutes the officer.

“Sir, yes, sir!” *I’m going to sever my own tongue again.* They leave the station with no other interruptions.

“That was surprisingly good acting. You’ve done this before?” Tashiro asks, genuinely curious.

“No. I don’t plan on doing it again.” *It’s a good thing Toshi’s double wasn’t outed, or else I’d have to do that twice.* Izuku and Tashiro go their separate ways.

Oni:

I’m on my way over, but be warned. I’m in disguise.

Shouto:

I’m sure it can’t be that bad.

Oni:

Fine, fine.

Izuku takes the time to walk to Shouto's while also patrolling. Any cameras on the street would only get footage of some random woman beating up villains. Still satisfying. He only stops a purse snatcher. *I wonder what it would feel like to kick someone wearing heels.*

Shouto sits on his bed, listening to the playlist of Izu's songs while he waits. Today was eventful in every meaning of the word. *I can't believe Izu stood for Izuku.* Yes, Shouto had considered that the names were similar, but he thought if was just coincidence. Due to the events of today, his father won't be home tonight. Endeavor's taken it upon himself to find Oni. *If only he knew.*

Some part of Shouto desperately wants to tell his father that Oni has been staying in his home on and off for the last week, just to see his reaction. A tap on the window makes his heart skip a beat, but for the life of him, Shouto can't figure out why. *Maybe he startled me.*

He opens the curtains and is actually quite disturbed by the sight he sees.

".....Izu?" The person nods.

"I told you I was in disguise." The voice is highly feminine and not Izu's at all. How does he get this technology?! "Please let me in, it's cold and I want to get out these pants." Shouto does as asks, watching Izu flop into his bedroom wearing an all pink tracksuit that is definitely not his size.

"Hi." Shouto breathes. *I have so many questions, but I know it'd be rude to ask them all right away.* When Izu gets off the floor, Shouto can see just how detailed the disguise is. From the perfectly matched makeup on his face and eyes to the blue contacts he wears. Shouto once

considered getting contacts to match the color of his eyes, or at least hide the blue one that reminds him of his father. Admittedly, things near Shouto's eyes give him anxiety, which is completely understandable given his history.

"Hey, Shouto. Can I borrow some clothes?" Izu asks after taking his mask off, revealing his normal voice.

"They're going to be big on you but sure." Shouto turns away from his friend to fetch clothes from his dresser. *I should give him the smallest ones I can find, those might fit him better than what I currently wear.* It's a shame Shouto donated what was too small for him a few weeks ago. Not only was it from the kindness of his heart, but because he knows charitable donations would piss off his father. *He thinks donations are handouts, that people have to work for human decency. The pig.*

When Shouto turns back around, he freezes.

Izu's already changing out of his clothes, wig and shirt off. When he's about to pull his pants down, Shouto clears his throat to get his attention. To stop Izu.

"Yeah?" Izu turns to face him, tilting his head a bit before his eyes grow concerned. "Shouto are you alright?"

"Huh? What makes you ask?" *I don't feel alright but I don't know why.*

"You're on fire." For a moment, Shouto has no idea what he's talking about until he remembers his quirk. Right. His left side activates slightly.

“Oh, sorry.” He tosses the clothes to Izu and starts heading towards the door. “I’m going to make some tea, I’ll be in the kitchen when you’re done.” He leaves without another word.

Shouto paces around the kitchen. What did he say he was going to do? Right, tea. He’s going to calm down and make drinks for them. *What just happened? Is this angina?* Shouto even considers the sudden tightness in his chest some form of overexertion from the festival. *That would explain why my quirk just went haywire.*

“Is your sister home?” Izu asks, coming out of Shouto’s room. The way the clothes fit on Izu make Shouto chuckle a bit. Even more so when Izu trips on a pant leg and gets a mouthful of floor. “Oh, sure. Laugh it up.” He groans, pushing himself back up. Izu waddles over and takes a seat at the counter by the kitchen, watching Shouto make the tea. The blue contacts are gone, but the rest of the eyeshadow and makeup are still on.

“You know I have questions.” Izu hums thoughtfully in response, “Let me know when I can start asking them.” When the drinks are made, Shouto also grabs some snacks and joins Izu at the counter.

“You can ask. That’s why I’m here. Well, that and to say congrats on winning. Congrats!” He laughs sweetly.

“Thank you, Izu.” *Where do I start?* Shouto mentally sorts through all the new facts he’s learned with the realization that Izuku is Izu. “That’s why you don’t like All Might?” *I remember him telling me that’s why he’s a vigilante, or at least one reason for it.* At this point, everyone has noticed Izu’s uneasiness when it comes to All Might. Most of the class dismisses it as nervous fanboying.

“….Yeah,” He takes a sip of his tea. “He stresses me out. Makes me remember things I don’t want to.” There’s a strange tone in his voice.

It sounds like All Might makes him remember the worst day of his life. He very well could be.

“I’m sorry. Why didn’t….” *Do I even have the right to ask.* “Why didn’t you tell me? You were right there all along and I had no idea.”

“You know why I didn’t.” Izu almost snaps at him. Almost. Shouto notices the tight grip Izu has on his mug, knuckles going white.

“You were within an arms' reach of me, Izu.” *I’m being selfish, aren’t I?*

“ I don’t want anyone I care about getting hurt. If keeping my secret from you meant that you’re safe, then so be it. If it meant that it prevents more loose ends for me to constantly run around and tie up, then I don’t see the problem.” He takes a deep breath, head down a bit. “If anything happened to you guys, I don’t think I’d ever forgive myself.” *Right, he did it because he cares about me.* The sentiment makes his heart feel heavy.

“Is Shinsou Catspiracy?” Izu nods, chewing on a cookie. *He didn’t hesitate to shoot at one of the heroes when they got too close to him.* “So you told him who you were?” At that, Izu’s eyes snap to Shouto’s.

“I didn’t mean to!” He groans, “He was following me one day and ended up getting mugged so I had to save him. He accidentally found out.”

“Oh, that makes more sense.” *It really does, considering he’d never tell anyone. Wait,* “Izu? You’re working with Aizawa to catch yourself?” That gets a laugh from him and a slightly crazed look in his eyes.

“He knows I’m Oni, Shouto. He thought adding Izuku Midoriya to the investigation would make Oni slip up and get caught. We went a while outwitting each other.” *So Izu was a suspect from the start.* Shouto takes a sip of his lukewarm tea before using his quirk to heat it up a bit.

“What are you guys doing now?” A fond expression settles on Izu’s face, as if Aizawa isn’t an enemy at all.

“All the facts are on the table, but he can’t do anything about it. I won’t let him get evidence. That’s all I have to do.” *That’s impressive. It’s incredibly like you to do something that risky, though.*

“You’re having fun with it, I see.” Shouto chuckles at Izu’s mad grin. After a moment of comfortable silence, Izu’s expression grows softer, more serious.

“Shouto, I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I was just… I wanted-”

“You wanted to keep me safe, I know. I forgive you. No more secrets.” *That’s fair, right?*

“No more secrets.” Izu turns to Shouto, “Want another secret?”

“Sure.” Izu beckons Shouto to lean over. Why they have to whisper when alone in the house, he doesn’t know. “I have a wedgie.” He whispers, catching Shouto off guard. It startles an actual laugh from him!

“Izu!” He laughs, pushing the boy away from him. “Not those kinds of secrets!” Izu’s on the floor howling, curling in on himself. It’s a fun

sight, if the background of it wasn't known.

"I couldn't resist." Izu wheezes in between breaths. After they calm down, and Izu climbs back up onto the chair, he holds a cookie out to Shouto. "Cannibalism? A snack for a snacc?" *This joke again?*

"You still haven't told me what that means, Izu." Shouto feigns an annoyed tone of voice, accepting the cookie. He hears Izu mutter something along the lines of 'the readers will get it because it's written', whatever that means.

"You know, without your buttface of a father here the house almost feels like a home." Shouto chuckles at that. In a weird way, he's almost right. Maybe Izu's presence makes it feel like home.

Izu gets up and wanders around the kitchen and living room, just looking around at things. He disappears from Shouto's field of vision, quickly popping up with a box in his hands.

"You guys have board games?" He sounds genuinely shocked. *Rightfully so.*

"My father keeps things like that around the house in case people come over. He wants it to look like we live a nice family life." *At least to social workers and people interviewing him for his career.* "Do you want to play it?" Izu nods, setting up a game of Scrabble. Shouto has to read the rules over, never playing the game before now. They set up, playing as normal. Well, normal until Izu snorts behind a hand before laying down his pieces.

"F-U-C-K! FUCK!" He cackles.

“I um. I don’t think that’s allowed? Are swears allowed?”

“Doesn’t matter, they are now!” *Well, he looks so happy playing the word, I don’t see the harm in it.* Shouto decides not to rain on Izu’s profanity-filled parade.

Apparently, Shouto made an awful mistake. Now Izu only plays swears and slang. Shouto doesn’t even know if half of these are real words. *What does ‘yeet’ mean?*

Their time gets interrupted by Izu’s phone buzzing. His brows scrunch up as he huffs in annoyance at his phone.

“Kacchan wants to see me.” *Kacchan is Bakugou, right? Why?* “He also found out I’m Oni.” *Ah, more questions.*

“Oh. Are you coming back tonight?” They pack up the game and start back to Shouto’s room.

“Probably not. Eraser wants me back by morning time.” *He says that like it’s unreasonable.* “I’ll be sure to call-” Izu takes a step and falls over his pant leg again. In the process, he’s managed to pants himself, lying belly-down on the floor.

This time Shouto doesn’t burst into flames.

No, he’s too baffled to do anything but tilt his head at his now pantless friend.

“Izu, why are you wearing ladies’ underwear?”

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact about me: Once in my science class we were mixing chemicals for reactions (I don't remember what it was, just that it had iodine and the solution changed color) and I looked my teacher in the eye and did a shot of the solution. I couldn't feel my tongue after
ANOTHER fun fact: A year later in my forensics class I looked my other teacher in the eyes, cut off some of my hair, and lit it on fire for the name of science
insta: jellofello22
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Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Feelings? ladies underwear? Gwen Stefani? MORE FEELINGS!

Chapter Notes

Today I left my phone in my uber and I sprinted after the car on foot, lost sight of it, and then hijacked someone else's phone to hunt it down. Then I couldn't get dinner because my local grocery store is on strike. busy day! But here's a chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Toshinori walks along the beach, trying to clear his head. So much had happened today. So much the Symbol of Peace had no control over. He has to admit, this vigilante makes him feel helpless. Useless. *I suppose it's best to trust Young Aizawa with this.* Vigilantes are Aizawa's thing, anyways. Underground problems require underground solutions. Well, it seems that Oni is no longer an underground problem. He's jumped headfirst into the spotlight, declaring war against the number two hero. He considered turning down Naomasa's request to help out, but Oni went too far this time. After USJ, anything that comes near his students at all is to be considered a threat that needs to be taken care of. Until he tells his friend he'll do it, they've given him little to no information about the vigilante.

Apparently, Oni has almost as much information as they do. As if he's working among them!

He's furious that a student was taken away so easily, but even more upset that it was Midoriya. He was going to use the medals as an excuse to talk to him. His only chance for him to say 'we need to talk' without Aizawa screeching in the distance. Toshinori so desperately wants to sort things out with the boy. Tell him how sorry he is for what he's done.

He'd been considering giving Midoriya One for All for a while now.

Someone who rose above it all and proved him wrong deserves the power to save the world. His guilt says Midoriya deserves the quirk more than he currently does.

An analytical quirk would also make a fine addition to the array of power it offers, as well. *Not to mention young Mirio turned down my offering.* Toshinori can't say he's shocked Mirio declined. His heart goes out to Nighteye, though. He's worked so hard to find a good successor.

Toshinori feels he's found one. That he let the right one slip through his fingers years ago and had no idea. It's like in another universe, Midoriya *did* get One for All as a result of that day. If Midoriya goes on to be the world's greatest hero in countless other worlds…

What will he become in this one?

He'll be a hero. A beacon of justice with or without my guidance. The kid wouldn't harm a fly!

Movement in the distance catches his eye. *Is that…?* Toshinori knows few people with green hair. Midoriya's walking across the beach, towards him. Well, not towards Toshinori specifically. His eyes lock with Midoriya's and the boy looks like he shudders.

"My boy, do you know how late it is? Your parents must be worried sick." Toshinori calls, wondering why he's out this time of night. *After all he's gone through today, his parents let him out this late?* A panicked look is quickly wiped off Midoriya's face as he snorts. *That's a self-deprecating laugh. I know it.*

"Trust me, it's fine." Midoriya stops in front of him, clearly having the decency to at least talk. *Right, to him I'm a stranger. He's not scared of a*

stranger.

“I saw you in the festival today, you did excellent.”

“Thanks.” Toshinori realizes Midoriya’s clothes are far too big for him, like his own. He’s wearing fancy eye makeup and his scar is covered up. What is he up to in the middle of the night? “You look like you have more that you want to say.” Being called out so bluntly startles Toshinori.

“Uh, yes, actually. I work with All Might. He’s been meaning to talk to you about some things.” Midoriya raises a fairly unimpressed eyebrow at the admission.

“Oh yeah? ‘Bout what?” *Ouch.*

“Firstly, he wants to apologize for saying something awful to you. Also, he knows you’re interning and helping out with the Oni investigation. All Might’s being offered a spot in the investigation, and wanted your permission to joi-”

“No.” Midoriya snaps, standing rigid. “He’s not going to join the investigation.” He starts walking past Toshinori, away from the conversation.

“I know you two have problems, my boy. Are you really willing to prevent Oni’s capture for personal reasons?” Midoriya laughs loudly after Toshinori speaks, as if there’s some horribly funny joke that Toshinori’s not a part of.

“I don’t want All Might on the team for several reasons. One of them

being my own well being. There's more to everything than you think."

"If you would just stay and hear me out-"

"I don't want to listen! I have shit to do right now!" He whines, still storming away. *Maybe he'll hear me out if I tell him who I am.*

"Midoriya-"

"All Might, leave me the fuck alone." Midoriya turns and glares at him, before spinning on his heel and walking away, visibly wiping tears. Toshinori hadn't even transformed yet.

That's right, Midoriya knew some time before USJ. I never found out how he knew. I never got to thank him for saving me. He knew it was me this whole time and still spoke to me. I'd consider that progress.

Katsuki waits outside his house in the cold. Deku said he'd take him somewhere to talk about all this shit. Lucky for him, his hands are still bandaged up. Honestly, it's a miracle Katsuki's still up and kicking after getting hit with that tranquilizer. His leg's a bit sore from it, though.

The fucker's been shot before.

Something about that realizing makes Katsuki feel uneasy. He needs answers more than he wants them. A mop of some dumbass curly hair comes into view.

“Hey, Kacchan.” His voice is broken, likes he’s been crying. Deku catches up and they walk away in silence a moment. Katsuki turns to get a good look at the nerd’s face, becoming confused.

“Why the fuck are you wearing makeup at three am?” Katsuki snorts.

“It’s a long story. I uh, needed a disguise to break into the police station. Eraserhead took my suit. This was the next best thing.” He observes the entirety of Deku’s outfit. “I *was* wearing an all pink track suit and a wig.”

“….So whose clothes are those? You mugged some poor fucker?”

“No!” Deku whines, “These are Shouto’s. I borrowed them but they’re way too big and I endedupflashinghim-”

“I’m sorry, the fuck was that last part?” Deku takes a deep breath.

“I tripped. They fell. I’m wearing ladies’ underwear as part of the disguise.” *It sounds like a motherfucking poem.*

“Why? Did you intend on dropping your fucking pants for the cops?” The glare Katsuki gets makes him feel… odd. The Deku he knew before wasn’t capable of looks like that. Then again, he wasn’t capable of breaking into places in drag, either.

“I was wearing really small pants, okay? The panty outline was a key detail of my disguise!” *No, I don’t think it was, Deku.* Deku’s talking about his vigilantism openly now, Katsuki sees. So once the cat’s out

the bag, it's *really* out of that fucking bag.

"Where are we going?" Katsuku recognizes this path. The route they'd take from his house to Deku's.

"Where else, Kacchan? Home." Not that he'd ever admit it, but a small lump forms in his throat. He didn't sign up to see where Aunty Inko died. "I've been living there this whole time."

"The hell-"

"Save it, fuckface. We'll talk when we get there."

Deku brings him up to the front door, muttering something about never using it. He opens the door and Katsuki is hit by a burnt smell that radiates inside. It's not entirely unpleasant. Once he closes the door, Deku grabs him.

"Kacchan. If you yell enough to get anyone's attention, I'll kill you where you stand, got it?" Katsuki swallows and rips his arm away from the nerd. *You don't scare me, you dumb fuck.*

"Fuck you, I have an inside voice." He mutters, looking around the house. *This fucking nerd really has been living here the whole time.* Katsuki's surprised by some of the technology and weapons lying around. In the corner of the living room is a crate and a few duffle bags labled 'Endeavor's agency'. *He stole it.*

"Before you resort to beating answers out of me, or whatever your small monkey brain instructs you to do, I'm sorry." Saying he has a monkey brain was a sure way to rile Katsuki up, just as apologizing

was a way to mellow him out. He stares at Deku, confused.

"Sorry?"

"For trying to kill you. For shooting you, I guess." *You fucking guess? The hell's wrong with you?!* Deku said he tried to kill Katsuki. Now that he thinks about it, something was mentally off with Deku during their fight.

"Whatever." He huffs, moseying back over and having a seat at the table. Deku takes a deep breath, and explains everything. *Almost everything. The fucker's still hiding things.* "So what are you going to do with your deadbeat dad when you get 'em?"

"Kill him." Deku says it like it's the obvious answer. Like that's the *only* answer.

"Crazy motherfucker…." He mumbles under his breath, "So, your quirk is Regeneration? Why the fuck do you have a scar?" Deku sighs, before lifting up his shirt. Along with the sight of pink panties peaking up from his pant's waistband, Katsuki sees a large scar that trails all the way up his abdoman. Deku drops the shirt back.

"It's from my own autopsy." *That sounds so fucking badass, but I'd never tell the freak that.* "I died under that pillar over there. When I woke up in the morgue, my quirk was officially active." *He was never really quirkless.* Katsuki remembers their fight, how he said his brutal bullying made the pain of his death more bearable. He can't imagine what it feels like to be pinned down, unable to escape the most painful death you can imagine. Katsuki can't imagine how Aunty must have felt. "Oi, stop your waterworks. They're not going to put out that fire." A rag gets thrown at Katsuki, who catches it without a thought.

“The fuck you mean crying?”

“Fine, fine. *Sweating from your eyes.* ” Deku snorts, “However the fuck you want to say it.” Katsuki reaches up, feeling wetness on his face. He decides not to comment on it. “So, Kacchan…” He trails.

“What.”

“What happens now? Do you get your answers and go back to hating each other? Pretending we never knew each other?” Deku sounds nervous. Katsuki knows it’s ingrained in the nerd’s brain after all these years. For once, Katsuki doesn’t know how he feels about it. A new feeling he hasn’t had enough experience with washes over him. Guilt? Shame? Regret? Whatever it is, it’s another problem for another time.

“And what if I want to tell the world that Mikumo fucking Midoriya is Oni.” *His eye twitched.*

“I’d tell the world that he’s dead.” *He’s standing in front of me, yet I feel compelled to believe he’s telling the truth. In a way, he is. The Deku I know is dead. This is a new, oddly more tolerable Deku.* “And I’d come after you, Kacchan.” He chuckles.

“Well, then I guess we just do whatever the fuck we want, huh?” They stare at each other for a while, before they realize the silence between them isn’t as tense as it was before.

“So um…. What happened after I died? What have you been up to the past few years?”

Shouta's downstairs in the living room, ready to read over what he got from that brat's apartment. He'd prefer to sit in bed and read, but Hizashi's long asleep. He'd rather sit on the couch alone than wake him up. *I should start with number one.* Shouta organizes all the notebooks in order, picking up the first. It's old and terribly worn out. The handwriting looks like a child wrote it. In the notebooks are various sticky notes, probably to add information from another point in time.

He opens the first notebook, offended by the handwriting even more. His disgust turns into some form of respect when he reads a sticky note saying it was written at the age of three. *Mikumo was three and already writing at this level?* There are some words in here that he's sure some of his students wouldn't even know *now.* The first entry is, of course, All Might. After him appears to be random entries. Out of order. Every hero has their strengths listed with their quirks, the basics of their fighting styles, and their weaknesses.

On All Might's entry is a hastily written down link. Shouta types it in on his phone, bringing up a very old video of All Might, saving countless lives all at once. There's another note.

"Mikumo likes to watch this every day. He'll rock back in forth in his chair until me or Hisashi put it on for him. It's the sweetest." *That's his mother's writing.*

"Mikumo better be a nice big hero and write us a nice big check." *That's Hisashi's.* His father's note makes Shouta angry. Mikumo was three, and he was already talking about money. Shouta feels sick. He can understand Midoriya's hatred for his uncle even more. The rest of the notebook is also filled with scribbles of hero costumes that look like they infringe on All Might's branding.

Notebook number two is basically the same. Mikumo finished this one off right before he turned four. The kid wrote little surveys in the last few pages.

“What do you think my quirk is going to be?!?!

-Fire manipulation -Mommy

- Lasso made of flames - Dad

- Doesn’t matter what your stinkin quirk is, Deku! I’ll win! - Kacchan.

Bakugou even signed it as Kacchan. If he recalls correctly, Bakugou calls Midoriya Deku because of his resemblance to Mikumo. While Midoriya calls Bakugou Kacchan because that’s what Mikumo introduced him to Midoriya as. *Too complicated.*

The third notebook is when he turns four. At some point, there’s a mass of notes written in the papers. They all say he’ll just be a late bloomer. That his parents are sorry. There’s a gap in the writing at some point. Showing he put the notebook down for some period of time before resuming it. *He must have lost his confidence.* There’s a small note written by Mikumo on the last page.

“For future Mikumo: If you ever feel all sad like I do now, think of All Might! He’s not just a hero for beating the bad guys. He’s a hero for saving people from the fear they feel. One day you’ll smile just like your favorite hero!!!” *I wonder how Midoriya would feel reading these.* Shouta bets Midoriya has already read what his cousin said. He wonders if Midoriya used any of this analysis for his work.

Shouta goes through every inch of every notebook. Later on, his father’s notes disappear altogether. In place of them are taunts from Bakugou and his friends, calling Mikumo a quirkless piece of shit. Shouta pinches his nose, frustrated that some poor child had to suffer a life like this, only to meet a premature death.

Eraserhead has his first entry in notebook number twelve. It's surprisingly accurate. The entry Mikumo wrote says there's little to no information on Eraserhead. Barely any footage of his fights. "I admire Eraserhead because he doesn't use a quirk to fight. He just makes every fight a quirkless one. An equal one. I kind of wish I knew how to find him so I could ask for advice."

Well, Mikumo, it seems your cousin is going above and beyond in finding out about me. Is this how Midoriya knew of him when they first met? Many vigilantes don't know about Eraserhead until Shouta already has them in custody.

The thirteenth notebook isn't written by Mikumo at all. It's written by Midoriya. On the inside cover is a note saying he's taking over Mikumo's analysis for him. The first entry is on All Might himself, as if keeping up with a tradition set by Mikumo. Only this time, the entry rips into every weakness All Might could possibly have. From taking him down physically, to destroying his actual will to go on as a hero. Shouta can guess this entry was written after All Might and Midoriya met. Soon after is an entry on Endeavor and how he can be ruined much easier than All Might. It seems his hatred of Endeavor also has a long history. The notes are elaborate and borderline cryptic at times. Several notes on quirk theory are jotted here and there. *He must've had questions, considering he's a special case of a severely late bloomer.* There are notes about Hisashi Midoriya as well, listing anyone who mentions the name or anything involving his uncle.

The last entry on his uncle says he heard Hisashi fled to Canada. It seems Midoriya heavily considered flying all the way out to hunt him down. *He does very well in English class, I can understand why he already knew so much.*

There's a few pages that detail the birth of Oni as a vigilante. Down to the origin of his name. *I thought it was just he could use that cheesy 'strike you down' line he likes so much.* Midoriya has different reasons for the name written, from how Oni tend to prefer to stay hidden, to another meaning that an Oni is the soul of the dead. Both surprisingly fit him. Other notes say some believed Oni punished sinners. *Sinners*

would mean villains in this context. He put a lot of thought into this name and it seems no one else knows this. Original designs of his costume include his bo staff being a literal iron club, but he decided no one would be threatened by it.

A few more pages on heroes, and he gets to Eraserhead. It's much more in depth than the others. *He knew I was after him from the start.* "Even if he erases my quirk, I'd still proceed as normal." A chill goes down Shouta's spine. *He's saying that he'd still continue to break himself. Even if it kills him.* "He's faster than he is strong. Flexible too. Go for his eyes and joints."

Shouta feels the phantom pains of USJ. His eyes and elbow. He forces the memories out of his head quickly.

Towards the end of the last notebook are notes about Midoriya's own quirk. It looks like he's done some experiments.

"I'm calling my quirk Regeneration. I'll never get it properly registered, so this will have to do. Growing up, I always healed from wounds quickly, but not fast enough to consider it a quirk. Compared to my parents, this quirk is a mutation. I have a quirk just far enough from their's to have me considered quirkless, ruining my life as a result. If hurt, my body essentially sews itself back up. It's incredibly painful, but it's only pain. I can grow back just about anything, including majority of my body." *What were his parent's quirks?*

"I once had my body cut off from the waist down, and it grew back. I think it doesn't matter which half of my body has more mass, but whether or not my brain is still functioning. I have survived brain injury, but I've never tried decapitation." *It'd kill him. There's no way he could survive from that, right?* "My theory is that my mom's quirk is mostly responsible for this. She can attract small object to her, so maybe my body can pull itself together because of that." *It's… possible.* Shouta skims through more notes until his heart stops.

“USJ was attacked. Hitoshi and I went after the main villains to keep them from killing Eraserhead. After that, Shigaraki used his quirk on me. I thought it’d be fine. I was regenerating faster than he could disintegrate me. Until the pain starting getting unbearable. It was a burning itch that never went away. I started going into shock, and my quirk started slowing down.” *Shinsou’s mentioned this before.* “I think I went into shock earlier after I stepped between the Nomu and Eraserhead.”

He what? Why the fuck wasn’t I told about this?!

“When the Nomu tried to kill him with that statue, I caught it. I think I’ll call that move Hysterical Strength…. I’m only writing this shit down because I want it to help. I’m sick of nightmares where I’m a fucking teddy bear watching Shigaraki rip my stuffing out and cut open my seams.” *He needs therapy.* " Well, that and in case someone finds my body and decides they want Oni's origin story." Feeling nauseous, Shouta decides to put the notebooks away.

He’ll go to bed now, considering he has a busy day tomorrow.

“Shouta, wake up.” Hizashi wakes Shouta up with a soft kiss to his forehead.

“What time is it?” He groans, sure that he’s up too early.

“Nine. You wanted me to wake you earlier but I didn’t have the heart to.” Hizashi ruffles his hair before leaving the room, presumably to make coffee for them. Shouta stretches, getting up and shuffling straight to Midoriya’s room. When he opens the door, the kid’s curled

up on the bed. His arms are over his face, looking like he's shielding himself from something.

"Stop…. Please no more. Just kill me already…" Midoriya mumbles in his sleep, prompting Shouta to immediately wake him up.

"Get up, kid. We have to get ready!" Shouta smacks him upside the head with a pillow, startling Midoriya awake.

"The fuck was that for?" He whines, trying to kick Shouta away. "It's like four AM."

"No, it's nine. If I'm awake, you are." He's tempted to pull Midoriya out the bed by a leg and onto the floor, but doesn't when he sees him move on his own. He stretches and Shouta can get a good look at him when he stands. His clothes are far too big and definately not his. He has black and blue makeup smudged all over his eyes and face and it looks like he tried covering his scar. "Midoriya. What did you do last night?"

"I'm,….." He tries to think of an excuse, before a shit-eating grin works its wya onto his tired face. "You've got me. I'm a stripper."

"Okay, I'm going to walk away and pretend I didn't hear that. You're going to get ready and come eat breakfast."

"Eraser, where are we going?" Wihtout answering Midoriya's question, Shouta goes downstairs.

"Mornin'." Shinsou yawns from the table, sipping on some coffee and talking to Hizashi.

“Morning.” Shouta moves to make his coffee, but Hizashi beat him to it. He sits down, gratefully accepting the cup from his husband. “Thanks.” Betrayal washes over him when he takes a sip and finds there’s no cinnamon in it. Shouta glares.

“I can’t do all the work.” Hizashi shrugs, hiding his grin behind his mug. Rolling his eyes, Shouta fixes his drink and waits for Midoriya.

“-ew times I been around that track, so it ain’t gon’ happen like that!” Midoriya sings and marches down the stairs, waltzing up to Shinsou. “Cuz I ain’t no hollaback girl!” He takes Shinsou’s coffee and starts drinking it, pointing to his friend. Shinsou sighs deeply.

“You ain't no hollaback girl.” He deadpans.

“Ding ding ding!” Midoriya gives his coffee back and sits down to eat breakfast.

“Is this a common thing?” Hizashi laughs, watching the kids interact.

“More often than anyone wants, yes.” Shinsou yawns, glaring at his friend with no actual anger behind it. “It means he’s in a good mood. Which is somehow just as scary as when he’s in a bad mood.” *Both do sound terrifying. A good mood causes him to harrass me and the entire police force, and a bad mood creates this unholy demon child that wrecks anything in his way.* Now that he thinks about it, Midoriya would probably be a nightmare for parents. *I’ll deal with this later on today.*

Shouta and Hizashi make it through breakfast, content with listening to Midoriya and Shinsou playfully bicker. They really have become inseparable since the start of the year. As much as he hates to admit,

Midoriya has this ability to make people who were once closed off open up to him. He gives them the ability to open up to others. Shinsou needed someone like him, he thinks.

After breakfast, Shouta tells Shinsou they're running errands for the internship, not missing the weird look Midoriya shoots him. Hizashi's job today is to keep Shinsou busy until they get back. Walking down the street, Midoriya finally speaks up.

"You've been refusing to tell me what's going on today. What are we doing?" Shouta rolls his eyes.

"What, you don't think we're actually doing work for your internship?"

"No!" He whines, aggressively gesturing to a briefcase Shouta carries. "You never carry anything with you when we do stuff. Jesus, Eraser, you look like you're an entirely different person!" While it's true Shouta has his hair brushed back behind his ears, and some of his stubble is shaven off, he doesn't think it's that drastic.

"You caught me, we're not doing the internship. I didn't tell you anything because you have a loud mouth, and would have told Shinsou." Midoriya's mouth snaps closed, eyes searching Shouta's face for more answers.

"Eraser, what are we doing…?" Shouta sighs, deciding it's best to say everything now.

"You're going to come with me and convince his parents to let me and Hizashi have custody of him."

Chapter End Notes

More science class stories!
In chem class we were working with a VERY diluted hydrochloric acid, to see what materials would be affected. I asked my teacher what would happen if I used the mixture as an eyedrop. He said hey no you'll fuckin hurt yourself so I did it anyways. Yep, it hurt!
Another time I also purposely mixed sodium and water and watched the 'explosions' for fun
in my AP physics class last year we were using a Van De Graaff generator and I tried touching it while standing on the counter, and then purposely touched the lights on the ceiling. Buzz buzz!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

many feelings, that's all

Chapter Notes

if I can't find any Eraserhead merch then I GUESS I have to do it myself

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“As fucking amazing as this sounds, why me? Why can’t you bring Mic. He seems like a much more...logical choice.” Midoriya asks, giving Shouta an excited look anyways.

“Someone needs to keep Shinsou distracted, and I don’t trust you alone in my home. Besides, I need you to come with me so they can see I already *have* one kid under control.” For a second, Midoriya stops beaming, confusion settling into his features. Shouta plans on explaining, but the look he gets says Midoriya already figured it out.

“Holy shit. You told them I was your kid, didn’t you?!” He laughs, then promptly trips and hits the sidewalk. “You’re a teacher and pro hero, isn’t that enough?!” He wheezes, scrambling to his feet.

“It’s just in case, relax. So, what has he told you about his parents?” *Might as well get information now.*

“Uh, not much. I’d say they barely know each other. They just make sure he’s alive…” He trails, “Oh! He said that when they found out he made a friend, they wanted to make sure I knew what his quirk was.” *He looks furious.*

“That’s disgusting.” Shouta mutters, seeing Midoriya nodding his head

in full agreement. The brat looks like he wants to ask something. “What’s up?”

“This is going to be a surprise?” He asks.

“Yeah. He has no idea.” *He still looks like he has questions.*

“Eraser, you know what he’s going to ask, right?” Shouta sighs, looking at the ground rather than at his student.

“I do.” *He’ll ask if Midoriya’s getting adopted too. We both know the answer.* “Admittedly, I was scared.” He knows Midoriya’s eyes snap up to him.

“Why are you telling me this.” *Why am I telling my enemy this, you mean?*

“I was terrified. Hizashi and I always wanted a kid, but we couldn’t. Not with our careers. We gave up our chance to have a kid, to ensure the protection of people and *their* kids. Every time I thought of how great it’d be to be a parent, I thought about the irrationality of it.”

“They’d be targeted and killed for being your family.” *A sentiment you seem to know well.* Shouta nods.

“I was so focused on my child not being able to defend themselves, I hadn’t even considered *teaching* them to. I thought by time they learned, it’d be too late.”

“Toshi’s in a situation where his family life isn’t good, and he’s capable of protecting himself.”

“Exactly. He’s been practically living with us with no issues. Hizashi and I talked it over and decided to make it official.”

“I’m glad.” Midoriya’s tone is happy, but tired. “What are you going to say to him when he asks about me?”

“…I don’t know yet, kid. You’re being difficult in revealing who you are. We can’t take custody of you if you *do* have parents out there you’re hiding away from.” *Should I mention the notebooks?* “I read the notebooks from your room.”

“You can tell I got my knack for analysis from Mikumo’s pathetic desperation to be a hero.” He laughs.

“I don’t think your cousin was pathetic for wanting to be a hero. He just needed the right circumstances. If he had lived a little longer or met the right people, he could’ve done anything.” *The notebooks mentioned his mother’s quirk. It was similar to Mikumo’s mother’s quirk. They were sisters, so it’s not uncommon.* Had it been a more unique sounding quirk, he could track them down that way. Midoriya’s notebook gave no information on his father and what his quirk might be. What if-

A sniffle snaps him out of his thoughts. He turns and sees Midoriya wiping at his face. *He’s crying.*

“Did I say something?” Shouta asks, stopping their walk entirely. Midoriya stifles a sob, turning away.

“You were… As far as I know, no one’s ever told Mikumo that he could have been a hero.” Midoriya sniffles again, drawing in a large breath. “Did you know you were one of his favorite heroes?” *That hurts. I’m painfully reminded of Midoriya’s age every time I see him like this. He’s a vigilante with too big of a heart.*

“I read that, too.” He nods, unsure of what to do from here. “Midoriya, why are you crying?”

“Before UA, I’ve never been told that either.” He manages a laugh, but it’s wet and strained. “I settled for a vigilante. To be a hero, you have to fight against literally all odds. To be a vigilante, you could swing a bat around and already be halfway there!” *We’re getting off track.*

“Are you going to tell me how to find your parents? You can’t just keep finding loopholes in the legal system.”

“I can and I will.” He huffs, crossing his arms angrily. “For the same reasons you decided you can’t have a kid, I decided I can’t have a family.” Shouta rolls his eyes at Midoriya

“You realize you’re not keeping up your whole ‘lone wolf’ thing so well anymore?” Midoriya glares at him before dropping the hostility. He looks to the ground, anywhere but at Shouta.

“I know.” *Why do you sound like you’re going to run away?*

“ I need to talk to you about something else from your notebooks.” Midoriya tenses. *You’re not going to be in trouble if you don’t do it again, brat.* “I read over the notes from USJ.”

"...What about them?" He seems genuinely confused. "I thought we went over everything?"

"I wasn't told that you stepped between the Nomu and I. That you did that planning on taking the attack for yourself."

"They didn't tell you?" He looks even more confused. "I wonder why. But, yeah! I did. Made you look like a bitch and everything."

"Midoriya, I was beaten to a pulp by a genetically engineered villain." Shouta sighs, "Why did you do that? You know the adults don't approve of that kind of behavior. *I* don't." The greenette snorts a bit, giving Shouta a look of 'did you really just say that'.

"Dad, I'm a vigilante. I don't exactly live my life based off of other's approval." *He's changing the subject.*

"Why did you do it?" The kid's grin drops.

"I couldn't let you die." *Even if it meant you'd be caught?* "As much as I hate to admit it, I do like you, Eraser. Not to mention I couldn't let one of Mikumo's favorite heroes die." Shouta hums, not sure how to feel about Midoriya admitting he's fond of Shouta.

"You won't be too fond when I finally get evidence against you." Shouta threatens, only getting a small laugh from Midoriya.

"Not gonna happen, Dickstick." *What did you just call me?* "Did you know All Might wants in on the investigation?"

“Unfortunately.” That gets a full glare from Midoriya. “What, did you think we’d tell the person we’re after? That’d be dumb.” *But I guess even telling All Might about it was a big mistake. Can’t keep his mouth shut. Wait a second…* “Did he talk to you about it?!”

“I ran into him last night on my way to Kacchan’s. He was in his skinny form and he said he *worked* for All Might. I guess he forgot that I know about him.” Midoriya looks at the man with a curious stare, like he’s realized something important. “You never told him how I know?”

“No. Telling him that would be telling him you’re Oni. He’s not a part of the investigation, so he doesn’t need to know.” The kid beams at him.

“You’re the only person I’ve seen call out the Symbol of Peace like that. I dig it.” *Dig? What are you?*

The two walk to Shinsou’s home, stopping for coffees along the way. Reluctantly, they get some for his parents as well. Shouta intructs Midoriya to act more like Iida or Uraraka while he’s there. While he agreed with the sentiment, Midoriya seemed annoyed to be told so directly. Shouta just needs him to act like a good kid of his. *I don’t even know if I can act parental towards this brat.* Even so, Shouta has no idea if Midoriya remembers how to talk to parental figures in general. The kid has no respect for authority and he really hopes it doesn’t show.

However, Shouta has a feeling Midoriya will try to behave for Shinsou’s sake. One the front steps of the Shinsou’s home, Shouta decides to warn Midoriya one last time.

“Try to be Izuku, not Oni. Got it?” Midoriya blinks at him a bit.

“So, you’re going to call me Izuku Aizawa for this?” *No. I can’t.*

“I already called you Izuku Midoriya during the festival. We’ll just say you kept the last name.” *It goes unsaid that he's to call me Dad. I just hope it’s not in his usual tone.*

“Alright, Alright. Let’s get this over with.” It feels like Midoriya wanted to get one last eye roll out before knocking. Shouta knocks on the door and takes a step back. A woman with black hair and red eyes opens the door. *Her hands are made of metal. That might just be the full extent of her quirk.*

“You must be Hitoshi’s homeroom teacher.” She greets, sounding a bit strained. “Come in!” Midoriya walks in first, hands balled up by his sides. To normal parents, he might just come off as being nervous. To Shouta, he can tell Midoriya is eager to say whatever’s on his mind and do whatever he wants. *At least he’s trying.* Shouta walks in, taking a look around the house. Shouta sees a man with lavender skin sitting at the kitchen table, sipping something. *Alcoholic?* Shouta knows it’s probably bourbon by the look of it. *Great.* He can use this against them. They knew he’d be meeting with them today.

“Howdy.” Shinsou’s father greets, not taking his hand off the glass. Shouta nods in greeting.

“I brought some coffee, for our discussion.” Mrs. Shinsou accepts them, and brings the other to her husband.

The house is full of pictures of a happy family. Only, if the family here consisted of only husband and wife. There’s absolutely no trace that Shinsou lives here. *Maybe this is where he got his liking for videos and photography? From never being in any family pictures?* The Shinsou’s

lead Shouta and Midoriya into the dining room, having a seat so they can all speak.

"So, what did he do?" His father asks, watching Shouta with suspicious eyes.

"Pardon?" Shouta asks. *Yes, I didn't tell them the reason for the visit, but it's awful to assume he's gotten in trouble.* "What do you mean?"

"Well, he obviously turned against you all if you're coming to speak with us. Why else would you come here if not for his villain showing through?" Shouta sees Midoriya tense quite a bit. Instead of being himself, Midoriya takes a sip of his coffee. *He's trying very hard. That's good, at least.*

"Actually, Shinsou is one of my best students." His parents both look like they're having a hard time believing it. *I knew they were neglectful, but I had no idea they'd be so…. Forward about their dislike for Shinsou.*

"Then why are you here?" Mrs. Shinsou asks in a gentler voice than her husband. In front of him on the table, Shouta places down the briefcase he has, retrieving the papers.

"My husband and I would like to take custody of Hitoshi Shinsou." He states firmly, "Your son has been staying with us for quite some time now, and I feel like we're more of a family than you are." *I'll include the time he and Midoriya were alone. It'd look bad for them to seem unsupervised at any point.* The couple looks to each other, before briefly excusing themselves to talk it over.

"I'm going to explode." Midoriya seethes, glaring at the door they closed. "I'm going to bash their heads in with every picture here that Toshi's not a part of. Shouta sighs.

“Kid, that’s every picture here.”

“I. Know.”

“I want to thank you for trying to behave so far. It’s-”

“Not for you. It’s for Toshi.” The sound of the parents opening the door makes Midoriya stop speaking. Shouta’s impressed with how Midoriya seems to switch from his usual way of acting to this quiet kid. *It’s scary.* Then again, Midoriya was probably a quiet kid before his life ended up like this. Otherwise, being alone for all these years would’ve been much harder on him.

“We want to know what makes you think you can take our son?” Mr. Shinsou asks. He’s no longer touching his glass of bourbon, as if Shouta would forget. “Who’s this?” He nods a head to Midoriya.

“My husband is spending the day with Shinsou, so I thought bringing by our son would help you see that we are fit parents.” Shouta expects the kid to keep sitting there like a creepy doll, but instead he extends a hand.

“Izuku Midoriya.” He greets, voice sounding nothing like it usually does. “It’s um… It’s n-nice to meet you.” They shake his hand.

“So, you say you’re a good parent but you’re letting a growing child drink coffee? He seems like his growth is already stunted as is.” *I see what’s going on. They think if I gain custody of Shinsou, I can get them in trouble for neglect. They want to fight me so they look like good parents. It’s usually their word against their kids. It’s disgusting.* As for the coffee thing, Shouta completely forgot Midoriya shouldn’t be drinking it.

What's a good excuse?

"S-Sorry for butting in! But uh, it's not…. It's not coffee. It's apple cider." *He's stuttering on purpose. It actually sounds good and believable. Midoriya spoke like this when they first met. When he was really trying to keep up the act.* Shouta thinks Midoriya dropped this forced way of talking fairly soon into the school year. Maybe he can't keep it up long enough? He'll ask later.

"And did your son here acquire that *thing* on his face while in your care?" Mr. Shinsou asks, infuriating Shouta. No sane adult should be able to talk about a child like this. So, the child just so happens to be Japan's most wanted vigilante, but that's besides the point. Doing his best not to glare, he turns to Midoriya. On his lap, his hands are balled into fists. His knuckles are entirely white. Shouta opens his mouth to defend, but Midoriya's already speaking.

"M-my scar is um… It's from a villain attack. Before my dad adopted me." His voice breaks ever so slightly. *It's making it convincing, but I know it's because he's furious with them.*

"A villain attack?" Shinsou's mother asks. *So, out of these two, it's the father that's the real issue. Maybe it was him planting the ideas about Shinsou's quirk being villainous all along.* Midoriya nods and hums.

"He saved me." *I what now? You better keep track of all your lies…. Then again, you've been lying about who you are this whole time so I have faith in your dishonesty.* Shouta's learning that it's only frustrating when *he's* the one Midoriya's lying to. A look of happiness flashes across the father's face, as if he just won something from this.

"So you're not fond of villains, kid? Do you know Hitoshi's quirk? I doubt you'd be able to live under the same roof as him." On Midoriya's pant leg, Shouta can see blood. *He's digging his nails into his*

palms. Not to mention that his ears are bright red. *God people, you're making him look like a Christmas tree.* Midoriya doesn't answer. To Shouta, it feels like Midoriya quite literally has to bite his tongue to keep from screaming at them.

"Izuku is Shinsou's best friend. They're practically brothers already, we just need to make it official." When Shouta begins speaking for him, Midoriya visibly relaxes. He takes a deep breath. "That's how we met him, and came across your neglect." Outright calling it neglect doesn't sit well with his parents. His father glares, while his mother looks sad more than anything.

"How do we know you're not under the influence of Hitoshi's quirk, eh?" *You say that like you found a trump card.* This time, Shouta doesn't even bother thinking of an answer. Anyone within a mile of the brat can see the gears turning in his head.

"My quirk is called Analysis. I came second in UA's Sports Festival this year." *His stutter dropped. He's trying to keep the anger from his voice.* "My father's quirk is called Erasure. It erases quirks." *You're lucky they aren't secretly villains, since you're stating my business.* "He can erase Toshi's quirk, and stop it. Up to this point, he's never had to take any form of action against his son." *He's already calling Shinsou my son. It's probably just to piss off the parents.* "Besides that, I fought Toshi in the one on one battles. I outsmarted him and got out of his quirk. If you don't believe me, look it up." *He's starting to snarl.*

"Izuku." Shouta calls. *It feels weird to call this brat by his first name. I think I'd use Oni before Izuku.* It gets the kid's attention. He snaps his teeth shut and mutters a quick 'sorry'. "What he's trying to say is, you've nothing to be worried about. All you have to do is sign and you'll be free to continue about your life."

"You… You won't take action against us?" *I don't like lying to people.*

“Not if you sign, no.” *But they deserve this.* The father curses under his breath and snatches a pen from Shouta, signing. After, he all but throws the pen at his wife.

“Well, you can get his belongings out his room.” His mother murmurs, nodding to a room in the hall. Shouta can put them in the briefcase. His mother gets him a trash bag to carry some of the things in too.

Once in the room, Shouta closes the door and watches Midoriya punch the wall. There’s a loud cracking noise, and it’s not the wall. The brat takes a few deep breaths before sitting on the ground.

“I hate them.” He breathes. Shouta feels bad for him, seeing his first friend had those monsters for parents. “I hate them so much.” Shouta sits besides him, laying a hand on his shoulder.

“I do too.” That at least gets a laugh from him. “You did very well keeping it together.” He only gets a small hum in response. They sit in quiet a little while. *Now’s a good time to start another conversation.* “The class is going to be told to pick hero names for some internships coming up.” Midoriya’s head perks up, staring at Shouta.

“Why are you telling me?” The change in topic is also to help with his anger, which seems to be working. Midoriya’s shoulders drop as he relaxes a bit.

“I know that if I let you go off to someone’s internship, you’ll probably cause more trouble than anyone wants. Whether it’s from being Oni, or just yourself.” He trails, “I’m saying that you should intern with me. I can at least keep an eye on you, instead of just leaving it to some poor, unsuspecting hero.” Midoriya narrows his eyes at Shouta, frowning. *Good. This isn’t supposed to help* you. *It’s for me and Tsukauchi’s benefit.*

“You’re literally just saying you want to babysit me.” He huffs, standing a looking around the room. Shouta does as well, seeing how little his family has given him. There’s camera equipment everywhere. Shouta recalls his previous thought regarding the familiy photos. *He must have gotten into cameras and stuff because he was never in any pictures. He just took it upon himself.* Midoriya starts packing up the equipment, being more gentle than Shouta thought he could be. There’s also a green screen and a few ring lights. *I should have brought my car.* Shouta could leave to grab it, but he can’t risk being seen by Shinsou. Even then, he fears for the safety of this household if he just left Midoriya.

“...Do you know how to drive?” Not that he’d actually let him, he’s just curious.

“What kind of question is that? Of course I do.” Shouta had genuine hope when he started that answer. *Of course you do.*

Once the two get Shinsou’s things, they nod in acknowledgement at the parents. Neither of them wanted to speak. Midoriya is practically a pack mule, which Shouta doesn’t mind. He calls Hizashi and asks him to take Shinsou out for lunch, so they can place all of his stuff in his room while they’re gone.

Hizashi:

They signed?! We’re parents?!

Eraserhead:

We practically were before, but all you have to do is sign later and it’s official. So yeah, we’re parents.

Hizashi:

HOLY COW SHOUTA! I'M BRINGING HOME TAKEOUT TO CELEBRATE.

Eraserhead:

You guys are already getting takeout now.

Hizashi:

Then I'll get another kind?? I'm so excited! We're parents! Oh my god!!!

Hizashi:

Wait I gotta go. Hitoshi's asking why I'm getting giggly.

Eraserhead:

Giggly, huh? Can't wait to see that.

[Hizashi is offline]

Shouta breathes, allowing a small smile to form, hidden beneath his capture weapon. *I guess we are.*

Once home, Shouta and Midoriya lug everything up to Shinsou's room.

"I remember the set up." Midoriya mutters. He has an unreadable expression for a while, until it softens. *He's very happy for his friend,*

but there's something else going on with him.

"Are you jealous?" Shouta guesses, getting nothing but a confused look from Midoriya. The kid turns away, focusing his attention on the set-up of the ring lights.

"Of Toshi being adopted by you guys? No. I'm super happy for all of you." *Not just for him, us too, huh?* "You guys get to be a family." *No one's saying that doesn't include you.*

"Do you miss yours?" Midoriya laughs, startling Shouta.

"You're trying to guess what I'm feeling about all this? Eraser, you're a big kid. You can use your words and straight up ask me." *He won't let me see his face.* "I guess I miss my family. I *know* I do, but it's been so long that I guess… I guess the feeling of missing them feels normal. Like it cancels itself out." *That's an odd way to put it, but I get what he means.* "I know that if I asked, Mic would adopt me in a heartbeat. I'm trying not to let him down." *Wait, this is about Hizashi?*

"You're worried about him?" Midoriya shrugs, moving on to unpacking Toshi's clothes. Shouta starts hanging up what he can, to be put in the closet.

"Well, besides Toshi it seems like he's the only one who wants me adopted." *Midoriya…. You're so fucking stupid.*

"Maybe you could let Hizashi adopt you if you told us about your real family. We don't even know who you are." Now, Midoriya faces him. He cocks his head to the side, scrunching up his brows.

“Izuku Midoriya, aka Oni?” He offers, sounding just as perplexed as he looks.

“We know Izuku isn’t your real name.” At that, Midoriya tenses. *I wasn’t expecting a real reaction.* “We had a theory that you and Mikumo are the same person, but it’s not panning out.” If the kid thought any harder about this, Shouta might see steam coming out of his ears.

“Tsukauchi.” He breathes, already aware of his screw up. “Oh my god. He asked me if my name was Izuku Midoriya at USJ and I said *yes.* Then he asked again after the festival. I knew the second time was a trap, but UGH!” He runs a frustrated hand through his hand. “And of course he tells you!”

“Well, yeah.” Shouta almost chuckles, entertained by this vigilante realizing he’s fucked up.

“But you guys don’t think I’m Mikumo? It’s a good theory.” *I don’t know if you’re saying that because you are Mikumo, or because you’re not.*

“Tsukauchi ruled that one out, too.” Midoriya nods in understanding. “Is Midoriya at least your real last name?” He nods. “So you’re Mikumo’s cousin on his mother’s side, but Hisashi is a Midoriya too?”

“What, so a man can’t take his wife’s last name?” Shouta pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

“You know that’s not what I meant, you dumbass.”

“Woah! Usually I’m the one calling names!” Midoriya laughs. It looks like he’s out of whatever mood he was just in, sounding a bit cheered

up. “Anyways, I’m not going to tell you my real name, or how to find my parents.” *He said how to find them, he’s implying they’re both still alive. Maybe the Sports Festival got their attention.* “Eraserhead, I already told you. No one will look for me. No one. It’s not me being a dramatic teenager, it’s just the truth.” *He guessed my train of thought well enough.* The sound of a car door closing gets their attention. They leave the room and hide around the corner. Midoriya’s using the houses security cameras to make sure to get this on video.

“You ready?” Shouta asks. Midoriya nods excitedly, practically vibrating in place. Instead of something fancy, they wanted something that’d throw him off. The two simply placed the papers on Shinsou’s door, attached in place by tape. *Someone’s coming up the stairs.* The duo hide further behind the wall, but still able to see Shinsou. The teen walks up to his bedroom door, scrunching his noise when he sees papers taped to it.

Moving closer, Shinsou reads begins to read it, expression changing to shock. His jaw drops, and Shouta can see he’s holding his breath. Shinsou covers his mouth with his hand to stop the sound of his crying. *He’s smiling.* Still reading, Shinsou leans against the door, before his knees fail him.

Shinsou collapses, head on the floor as he begins to freely sob and cry tears of joy. Shouta and Midoriya step out to see him.

“Welcome home, Hitoshi.” Shouta greets, not fighting the soft smile he has.

Toshinori has decided. He’ll go against young Aizawa’s orders and speak to Midoriya. This time, he’ll settle for Midoriya’s mother. The school gives him access to student files, for him to choose a proper successor.

When Naomasa informed him of the Nomu's genetic makeup, he remembers fighting down vomit and rage. *All for One is back. The sick bastard that killed my master.* As sad as this revelation makes him, he has to fight through it for the world's sake. He's the Symbol of peace, after all. He can't be sad. No, the world expects him to smile. So he will.

At least, when he's in his hero form.

Now, he walks the streets ignoring the concerned and disgusted looks from civilians. To be honest, young Midoriya was the first person to see this form and not have any sort of negative reaction. A part of Toshinori wants to thank Midoriya's parents for raising such a good kid. He's very polite towards him, considering how awful he's been in return. Toshinori sighs, walking to the boy's home address. *Maybe I can talk to Midoriya if he's home, for now I'd like a chat with his parents.*

He decided on Midoriya being his successor, and every time he thinks of considering someone else, Midoriya grabs his attention again. With the life he's led, Toshinori knows fate when he sees it.

Maybe I can bring up that vigilante comment young Aizawa once made. Many great heroes have a certain tendency. In times of need, their body moves to save people before they can command it to. He knows Midoriya has this tendency.

Toshinori wonders if Midoriya doesn't want him on the Oni investigation for more than one reason. Yes, because of who he is, which is understandable. Maybe when Midoriya committed accidental vigilantism in the name or heroics, he gained some sort of respect for vigilantes? Or, instead of being hesitant to catch Oni, he wants a full underground experience? Does Midoriya wish to be an underground hero? Toshinori supposes the next holder being secretive like Aizawa could be a good thing.

He’s nearing Midoriya’s home address, only he doesn’t see very many houses near him. He triple checks the address. *This is right, but I don’t see any housing?* Toshinori ends up at a postal office, asking someone for help finding the address.

“That’s a PO box, sir.” The worker informs him. Toshinori’s very confused. Years of being the number one hero has given him a sense of intuition that he’s learned to trust without question.

So, why does Toshinori have a gut feeling that there’s much more going on than he realizes?

Chapter End Notes

More science stories, next will prob be idk, my diy surgery stories?
In my forensics class, we had to identify suspects based on chemically engineered Urine samples. Except they expired over the weekend. So my equally chaotic friend thought it'd be funny to dump some on me. Fun fact: expired fake diabetic urine smells AWFUL
In the same class, we had to do tests on Saliva. I have a phobia of saliva so when the same friend thought it'd be fun to put her test tube near me, my immediate reaction was to punch her as hard as I could. Short Legs if you're reading this I'm sorry for breaking your glasses but you deserved it
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tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

is this the start of even m o r e shit hitting the fan? I've had to replace so many fans. Home depot is getting mad at me.

Chapter Notes

GUYS! @robins.draw on insta made some art for the fic that sums it up so well??? It's so cool! Check it out!
cuz my story takes a up a lot of room, i'll leave my schtuff here!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi wakes up slowly, half-convinced today was a dream. When he opens his eyes, he sees Izuku. *Oh, I fell asleep on him.* They're on the living room couch. Izuku's asleep too. *How long was I out?*

He remembers breaking down, and the sound of Izuku's footsteps coming towards him. He tackled Izuku into a hug and they both cried until it hurt. Aizawa had a smile that he was trying to hide under his capture weapon, but Hitoshi could still see the corners of his lips and the crinkle of his eyes. Aizawa told them to at least get off the floor.

Little did he know, that led to Aizawa also getting tackled. Mic screamed to wait for him from downstairs, and it turned into a mass of people on the floor. After that, Hitoshi doesn't remember. *I happy cried myself to sleep.* It's the first time that's ever happened, and he wouldn't mind if it happened again.

Izuku doesn't look like he's waking up soon. Hitoshi lays his head back down, resting his eyes again. He stills at the sound of chatter coming towards him.

“-Aw look at them.” Mic chuckles, “They’re asleep!” Surprisingly, he’s being considerably quiet. Hitoshi pretends to still be asleep, glad his face is hidden.

“They look like freeloaders.” Aizawa breathes, sounding tired.

“They’re our kids, Shouta.”

“No, *one* of them is our kid.” ….*What? Izuku’s not being adopted? Why?* Hitoshi can name several reasons why not, from both sides of the board. That still doesn’t make it right.

“Fine, but you realize it’s not long before we get Midoriya too.” There’s a stretch of silence, followed by a heavy sigh from Aizawa.

“….I know that voice, ‘Zashi. Please don’t get your hopes up for him. We can’t figure out who he is, or if he even has family. The moment we contact family, he’s most likely going to them.” It’s quiet again, Hitoshi doesn’t like it. He wants to scream at them that Izuku’s a liar, that he has no one besides them. For the sake of what his friend wants, he’ll keep it to himself. Izuku would rather be alone than caged. He understands that.

“Why is it taking you guys so long to figure out this kiddo? Is the little listener that much smarter than you guys?” Mic sounds concerned, but not condescending.

“To be honest, he should get his IQ tested. He’s probably a genius. He’s just not using it for the right things. Or, at least not what is *legally* right.”

“A morally grey genius, huh? Didn’t you say you had a theory on his name?”

“Mikumo.” *They figured it out?* “We *thought* it was Mikumo. There’s too much evidence stacking both in favor, and against it. It cancels each other out, keeping it frustrating.” Mic hums in response, no doubt trying to think of what he can say that’s helpful.

“DNA testing?”

“Thought about it. We can’t make him give samples. Any time we manage to get evidence from Oni, it goes missing in the station. We’ve even tried moving or concealing the location. He gets it every time.”

“What if you set him up?” *What?* “Say something crazy, like ‘confess or you’ll be kicked out of UA’?”

“That’s not legal, Hizashi.” Aizawa laughs softly.

“You’ve worked with vigilantes before. Also not legal.” Aizawa makes a so-so sound in response. Hitoshi decides it’s time to stir, let them know he’s awake now. “Aw.” Mic breaths when Hitoshi gets up and stretches.

“Your eyes are puffy.” Aizawa teases.

“I feel attacked.” Hitoshi looks over to Izuku, frowning at the pained expression on his friends face. He stirs, shaking his head.

“Stop. Stop please *stop.”* He mumbles. “Kill me, kill me just don’t hurt her.” *Is he talking about his mom?* Hitoshi move to wake his friend, only to get an arm slapped across his chest. Izuku sits up straight, arm shielding Hitoshi like a pizza delivery driver would with their orders. “Lay a finger on her and you die.” Aizawa’s already on his feet, going to get the weighted blanket. *He’s holding me back, but not hurting me.* “No!” He chokes, face contorting into horror. “M-” Hitoshi slaps a hand over Izuku’s mouth before he can finish the word ‘Mom’. *They hear this, and it’s over for him.* Mic shoots him a concerned look.

“It’s not our business what he dreams about.” Hitoshi answers softly, getting an approving nod from Mic. Aizawa returns with the blanket, wrapping it around Izuku tightly, waking him up gently.

“...Did I do it again?” Izuku mutters, looking not at all shocked but still saddened by it.

“Yeah.” Hitoshi answers, getting a hum. Izuku leans onto his shoulder, letting Hitoshi support his weight. “Feeling okay?”

“I’ll get there. Eraser, can I use your shower?” Aizawa has an unreadable expression, before he gets up.

“You live here. Use whatever you want as long as you don’t break it.” *Lives here, but not adopted by them.* “Put some decent clothes on, we’re going out for dinner.” *Aizawa? In public?*

“Oh, okay.” Izuku hums.

“Midoriya.” Aizawa takes on a stern voice, “Use hot water.” Izuku blinks at him, before giving a small nod and leaving. *I told Aizawa a while ago that he takes cold showers after nightmares. He remembered that?* Hitoshi smirks a bit, recalling that lie that is ‘Midoriya isn’t my

son' that Aizawa likes to spout.

"Hitoshi, you get ready too. We'll leave in an hour." Mic calls.

"Okay. So, what do I call you guys?" Mic looks like he's thinking it over. Aizawa answers for them both.

"Whatever you feel like." *If Izuku heard this, he'd have a field day.*

"Alright." *I'll call them Dad or something once I get used to it. Once the realization fully sets in.* Hitoshi excuses himself to his room.

His room!

After he read the notes, he never actually went into his room. Once upstairs, he takes the papers from his door, setting them aside to hang them up later. Can he be blamed for wanting to frame them? In his room is all of his camera equipment, set up almost exactly it was in his old room. His clothes are both neatly in the dresser and in the closet. It looks like they went through the trouble of recreating his room. Hitoshi looks to his camera and smiles a bit.

He gets his mask out, pulling it over his face. He steels his nerves, slipping into his Catspiracy headspace. The camera's turned on, and he greets his audience.

"I know I've a lot to explain for my latest stunt. Or, my involvement in my friend's stunt, I should say. That can wait. I have something I'm genuinely excited about that I want to share with you." *Tragic backstory laced with a monotone voice? Sure.* "As you can tell, this isn't my usual place of filming. Though, it *will* be my new place of filming."

Hitoshi takes a deep breath, finally ready to be some sort of personal with his viewers. “I was adopted. The house I lived in before this was nothing but a house. It wasn’t home. I was adopted because people thought I was quirkless. Turns out, I was a late bloomer. I was almost eight years old when I used my quirk for the first time. When I *did* use it, I went years wishing I was quirkless.” Hitoshi holds a hand up, “Now, I know what you’re thinking. How bad can your quirk be, right? That’s the thing! It’s not a weird or bad quirk. It’s one that you still wouldn’t want used on you. I went my life being called a villain over something I had no control of. Neglected by my foster parents because they thought I’d hurt them. Despite never even looking at them with negativity.”

At this point, Hitoshi’s doing his signature pace around the camera.

“So, I’m very happy to say that I was adopted today. By nicer people. In fact, both of my new parents are pro heroes. Who? I’d never tell. I want to thank you guys for never asking too many questions about the man behind the mask, but I think you may get the mask to crack a bit soon enough.” With that, he ends the video and plops down onto his bed.

Just enough to keep them on the edge of their seats, but not enough to reveal who I am. He takes his mask off. Hitoshi thinks of the chain of events that’s led him here. His life is better than it’s ever been. He has a family and a best friend. A good education and he can see his future ahead of him. A realization dawns on him, he almost wants to laugh.

All of this is because Izuku was born with an anomaly of a quirk. Our lives are like this because of a mutation.

The country is like this because of a mutation.

Izuku sits on the floor of the shower, letting hot water rain down on him. He wanted cold water to wake him up, but he's trying to respect Aizawa's wishes. *Well, the wishes that aren't dumb as fuck.* Which does leave very few. The dream he had doesn't happen very often. Alternate scenarios of how his mother dies by Hisashi's hands. All of them end with Izuku unable to do a thing to prevent them.

He deep conditions his hair while he thinks over everything. Izuku's never seen Toshi so happy. He knew once he started crying, it was only a matter of time until Izuku started too. *How am I going to explain to him that I'm not being taken in by them?* Izuku looks around the products in the shower, most of which are undoubtedly owned by Mic. *Does this man have no sulfate-free shampoos? Well, I guess it makes sense. Considering the butt ton of gels and hairsprays he must use every day.*

Izuku almost feels bad. He invades their private life, uses their things, and leaves them with nothing. *I feel bad for Mic, not Eraser. Making Eraser mad is fun.*

Once out the shower, he fixes his hair and puts on clothes that actually fit. For the first time in a while, he doesn't look like the raging dumpster fire he usually is. *Me? Rising above every bar anyone's ever set for me? More likely than you think.* Izuku moves downstairs and sits on the couch, looking at his phone.

All of Oni's latest notifications are about Tensei Iida being hospitalized by the hero killer. Stain's an example of vigilante turned villain, and above all else, he's terrible for Izuku's reputation as Oni. He can smell it from a mile away:

'What's to keep Oni from becoming a villain?'

It's just what the media wants. When Izuku's the one to bring Stain to an end, what will they say then? Besides, he knows what it's like to have family hurt with nothing you can do to prevent it. Izuku knows what Iida must be feeling right now.

I can use that vulnerability to get information. Better yet, he can plant bugs in Ingenium's agency and see what his sidekicks have to say.

"Wow, you look like an actual person." Toshi teases, giving him a hand up.

"I could say the same to you." Toshi has always had a better sense in fashion than Izuku, so no one is really shocked by that. He wears a jean jacket with a painting of UA's logo on the back. Izuku wears a dark purple shirt with cuffed light washed jeans. The outfit seems to get Toshi's approval, because he's not being ordered to change immediately.

"You guys ready to go?" Aizawa and Mic come into the room. Aizawa wears a black t-shirt and black jeans, and Mic wears all black too. The only difference is the yellow bomber jacket he has on top. His hair's in his signature bun. It almost makes Mic unrecognizable.

"Yeah." Toshi and Izuku answer.

In the car ride, no one speaks. They listen to the radio comfortably.

Eraserhead:

Before you ask, I can't discuss your interrogation off the clock. That, and Hizashi would kill me if he knew I was thinking about

anything other than celebrating right now.

Oh how I want to tell on you.

Oni:

Got it. So, what is it?

Eraserhead:

What do you know about Stain?

At that, Izuku sits up. *Finally, getting to the good shit.*

Oni:

Almost nothing. I know that he used to be a vigilante named Stendhal.

Eraserhead:

I remember him.

That's right, Eraserhead did a lot of vigilante related work. No wonders he's so pissy when it comes to my vigilantism. Izuku did wonder why he wasn't just assigned a different hero when Eraserhead proved to be unable to capture him.

Eraserhead:

If you join my internship, I plan on hunting him down. It's been a while since I've been too involved with vigilantes, so I guess

having your viewpoint would help a bit.

Oni:

Eraserhead and Oni! Hero duo!

Eraserhead:

Shut up. We're not a team.

Oni:

Greasy old man has nationwide wanted vigilante for a sidekick! I can see it now!

Izuku can hear Eraserhead grinding his teeth from the passenger seat.

Eraserhead:

You're sleeping outside in a cardboard box tonight.

Oni:

Bet.

[Eraserhead is offline]

Izuku laughs, getting a confused look from Toshi. He looks at Toshi's phone, seeing him on Twitter. He's always been really good with fan interactions. Naturally, not being able to talk freely about the Oni situation was hard for him.

The restaurant was chosen by Mic, and it's the fanciest one he's ever been in. Izuku almost feels like he's being judged for being there. Yet, he wants to do the most horrendous things he can think of. Being surrounded by so many well-mannered people makes him want to jump on the table and dance. Pants the waiter, anything.

Aizawa seems to see his desire for utter chaos, and shoots him a glare.

"Best. Behavior."

The class is back together for the first time since the festival, and the amount of offers people got are up on the board. Shouto got the most. *He deserves it, dammit.* Izuku got second, and Kacchan came closely after. *Why do I get the feeling I got more because of pity votes for the kidnapping?* It does fill him with pure joy to hear Kacchan mutter things like 'Shitty Deku' under his breath.

Their relationship is definitely better than it was before the Sports Festival, but it's nowhere near functional. The two essentially agreed to throw everything out in the open, and let the other do whatever they want with that information.

There is, however, the unspoken threat that Izuku will be forced to take action if Kacchan says anything about him to anyone else. Everything else is fair game to them.

"For the upcoming internships, you'll be expected to think of Hero names. You will be able to change them in the future, before you graduate, but I expect all of you to take this seriously. Many people will wind up stuck with what they choose now." Aizawa explains,

already slipping on a sleeping bag. Midnight comes in and takes over for him, calling up any one who volunteers.

Ashido's choice of Alien Queen gets denied immediately, putting a damper on the classes' overall mood. *Well, I'm pretty sure that has* some *issues with copyright.* Tsu, like the angel she is, goes up and graces the class with the name Froppy. It's perfect and on-brand. Best of all, it eases everyone's stress regarding their names. Izuku leans back in his seat to show Toshi his whiteboard.

Toshi loses his shit, slapping a hand over his mouth to keep from laughing too loud.

Izuku wrote a simple three letter name:

Egg.

That of course was for the sake of making Toshi laugh, and he's not serious. He has an idea that he's set on. He just doesn't know if it'd be allowed. *I can bullshit my way out of it.* Toshi goes up to the front, turning his board around.

"I was always treated like an awful person for having this quirk. I want to make people feel safe, and inspire. I am the Manipulative Hero: Puppeteer." *He certainly sold it well enough.* The class yells approval. *Little do they know, his plan is for his hero name to be Catspiracy once everything's out in the open.*

Shouto goes up to the podium, and turns his board around without another word.

"...Are you sure?" Midnight asks. Shouto gives a small smile and nods. It's a smile his classmates have never seen before.

"Someone I care deeply about calls me Shouto. It makes me feel like I can do anything. It's my hero name." The class breaks into exclamations of 'Aw's and 'oh my god's. Izuku looks at his friend and his face feels like it's actually on fire. *You're picking your hero name because of me? Oh, my heart.*

"Someone calls you that because it's your fucking name." Kacchan huffs, actually getting a laugh out of Izuku.

Iida also chooses his first name, saddening Izuku. *I will find him.* Izuku looks at Iida and he's worried. He knows the face of wanting revenge. Thinking about it every waking second and letting it consume him. *I never thought Iida was capable of that.*

Kacchan gets denied, and refuses to say anything that isn't stupid.

"I know using at least one of your two brain cells could help you think of a good name." Izuku hisses to Kacchan.

"EH? THE FUCK DID YOU SAY TO ME?" Kacchan screams, getting the classes' attention

"I-I just said I could… I could help you with a name!" He fakes the voice he had as Mikumo. *The class isn't entirely used to me dropping my act. It gets real annoying but it's fine.* When talking to majority of the class, he'll just keep the guard up entirely. Kacchan notices him faking in front of the class, glaring at Izuku but not calling him out.

When Izuku goes up, he can feel the class trying to get a read on him. *I bet they think I'd chose something like 'Deku', huh? I probably would in another universe. But that's not canon here.*

He turns his board around and the class screams.

"I um. I'll be frank, Midoriya. I don't think you can do that." Midnight's voice is apologetic. "Is there a reason you chose…. This?"

"I chose Oni as my hero name for reasons…" He trails, not missing Aizawa stiring on the floor, before glaring at him in annoyance. "I was um.. Already considering it as a name before that vigilante person made it seem evil." He rubs the back of his neck, faking nervousness. "I just really like it for a name! And uh, and it's allowed because the vigilante isn't licensed under that name. It wouldn't mess with my work. I also uh…" He trails, forcing tears into his eyes. "When he kidnapped me, I felt so useless and hopeless." At the mention of being useless, Kacchan tenses. *Would you have done that if I chose Deku?* "I don't want to feel like I can't do anything again. I want- I want to use the name to fuel me to do better. Like Oni strikes down his enemies, I want to strike down mine and strike fear into the hearts of villains."

He finishes his speech, and the class resorts back to yelling about how badass his declaration is.

"Well, if it doesn't cause you problems with your career, I don't see why not." Midnight hums, still looking unsure.

When the truth comes out, you guys are going to murder me. On the way back to his seat, he meets Shouto's eyes. His expression is soft, eyes holding a look that he can't decipher.

Now they have to look over their offers. He has so many pages to go

through. It's a good thing he's already chosen to take Aizawa up on his offer.

"Izu." Shouto calls, getting his attention. "Who are you going to pick?" Some classmates give Shouto a weird look, never before hearing him go out of his way to talk to someone else. It's even more bizarre to them when he uses the cutesy nickname for Izuku. *I see your creepy smile, Toshi.* In response, Izuku manages a subtle nod to Aizawa, getting an understanding nod from Shouto.

"You?" Shouto's expression turns a bit more serious, like he doesn't know if he should tell Izuku.

"I was thinking of interning with my father…" *Oh, that's what this is about.*

"Why?" *He'll hurt you. He's a piece of shit and you're better off with literally anyone else.*

"I think I want to learn to control my fire as well as my ice." Izuku's heart feels funny, knowing Shouto's doing this because of his actions. "That, and because I think it'd help you." The look Shouto gives says 'read in between the lines', and Izuku gets it. *It'll help me collect information on his shit stain of a father, as well as keep suspicion off of where Shouto stands in all this. It's perfect.*

"Thanks, Shouto." He smiles, smacking Toshi when his friend mocks him.

Reading over the offers intrigues him more than anything. Some make him laugh. *Many of these offers are from people Oni has gone against or had to use to work.* Many heroes try to capture Oni when they see him, but only Eraserhead goes out of his way to track him down.

One specific offer causes his chest to pound straight out of his chest. Izuku bolts upright into his seat, not settling when he feels Toshi’s hands on his shoulder trying to ground him. Aizawa’s already up and coming to pull him from the class. A glance at his paper tells him everything he needs to know about the situation.

Izuku’s top offer is from All Might.

Chapter End Notes

Story: in middle school I stepped on a thumbtack and the metal broke off inside my foot. Instead of telling someone and seeing a doctor, my dumb ass took it into my own hands. I basically cut off parts of my own foot over the course of a year until the metal came out. I never learned to walk correctly anyways (tip-toe walker) so it wasn't that hard for me to walk. BUT it was on the part of my foot that did touch the floor when I walk, so I literally just said fuck it and altered how I walked for over a year (the injured foot walked entirely on the side of my foot, not the sole)

Also literally last month I stubbed my pinky toe and split it almost down the to bone, but because I don't feel much of my legs I just thought 'oh that kinda hurt' and went back to bed (it was 6am). the next day I get dragged to the doctors and they're like raven wtf we cant do stitches past 24 hours! (not to mention the terrifying trail of blood all over my floors. My room's also in the basement so I had to get a tetanus shot)

Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

two disasters beat people up: More at 7

Chapter Notes

The sheer amount of people asking if I am a god of chaos amuses me. For reasons I won't explain, I can neither deny nor confirm if I am.
But then again,...
Yes, I am. what are you gonna do about it? Smite me? Do it.
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta tells the class to remain in their seats as he pulls Midoriya out of the classroom. *What was that idiot thinking?* It's odd, Shouta was beginning to think Midoriya was getting over his anxiety when it comes to All Might.

Maybe Midoriya just needs time to mentally prepare.

Hitoshi has Midoriya on the floor, doing a breathing exercise. *Thank god I don't have to.* The boys start talking, Shouta decides to take them into the lounge.

"Midoriya." He starts, getting both pairs of eyes on him. "Remember that you already chose your internship with me. All Might doesn't matter. He doesn't have top priority." Midoriya nods, still looking shaken up by everything.

"I think we're good." Hitoshi mumbles, trying to heave the weight of his friend off of him.

“You two can stay here as long as you want. Get coffee or something. I’m going to yell at that old hag.” Shouta announces before hunting down All Might.

Around the corner, Shouta can hear All Might on the phone with someone. Feeling he deserves it, he sneaks over to listen.

“-I just feel like he’s the one to be my successor. He’s got the heart of a hero! Or, at least he did before I broke it.” A pause, “I feel terrible, sure, but I’m not going to make him my successor out of guilt. It’s out of respect for what he’s done despite being torn down like that.”

What? All Might you can’t be serious. Jesus, I don’t need this bull.

“I also have a feeling that there’s more to this kid. Something Young Aizawa doesn’t want me to know about. Even Naomasa told me I don’t have clearance! Whatever’s going on in this investigation, I want to help in any way that I can.” Shouta decides to round the corner, snatching the phone from All Might.

“I apologize in advance for ending this conversation to inflict bodily and emotional harm upon the Symbol of Peace.” Shouta hangs up, before snatching both of All Might’s tufts of hair and dragging him. In a private office, he all but throws All Might into a chair.

“...I’ve been meaning to have a chat anyways.” All Might mumbles, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I will lead this conversation. Now, I heard you extended an offer to Midoriya? A student that’s already interning under me?” All Might’s eyes widen.

“I’m so sorry! I completely forgot that being part of the investigation counts as an internship!” *He sounds genuine, but a hero can’t make these stupid mistakes.* “I extended an offer because I felt he deserved the chance to study with the number one hero.”

“While no other student in the entirety of the school has ever received an offer from you?” Shouta narrows his eyes at the man.

“It’s a personal matter for me as well.” All Might admits, sounding a bit defeated.

“I remember telling you that if you truly want to express how sorry you are, stay away from him.” All Might hums, looking to the floor.

“That is why I never asked him to join me. I only extended an offer on paper.” Shouta laughs at that, the sheer stupidity of it.

“All Might, whether you know it or not, you have *so* much power over how those act around you. Would *you* ever turn down the number one hero? Even if he doesn’t like you, he feels morally and socially obligated to accept.” *That’s why he panicked. He was scared there was some sort of top priority to take.* A sort of strangled noise comes from All Might as he puts his hands in his hands.

“I’m an idiot.” He hisses.

“Yeah, you seem to have a terminal case of it.” *Now to move onto more concerning things.* “You want him to be your successor?” At that, the Symbol of Peace snaps his head up to look at him. Like there’s some sort of terrible secret. “What exactly does it mean to be your successor?”

For a long time, All Might remains silent.

"It means to have my quirk. This power that's been passed down to me." *He's not looking at me.* A quirk that's passed down?

"You weren't born with a quirk." Shouta's always been able to see someone's quirk factor to switch it off. He can see if a person has a quirk factor at all, and Shouta has never seen All Might's. After a long while of stressing over it, he just decided it was part of his all mighty quirk. Not once did it occur to him that a quirk could be given.

"You understand that no one is to hear of this ever." *Obviously. I'm not four.* "I was born quirkless, given this quirk by my master to defeat a great evil. That is the only reason why this quirk exists. I am the 8th holder, and I'd like to make Midoriya the 9th." Shouta takes a deep breath.

"A child."

"Excuse me?"

"You wish to bring a literal child into this legacy or whatever, instead of waiting until he's old enough to fully decide whether or not he can do it. All Might, did you sacrifice your chance at a family for it?" All Might's eyes close a moment, a small smile forms.

"My master was like a mother to me. She was taken away. I haven't let anyone too close. I'd never forgive myself." *The burden of being the Symbol of Peace. I've always known he's made this sacrifice, but it seems the general masses don't realize just how much heroes give up for them. It's a sad life.*

“So you *are* aware of what you’re doing.” All Might nods.

“I was picked as a child, too. It seems there’s never enough time to train them to be ready. The next holders are getting progressively younger. We can’t beat him.” *Him. I’m starting to think this is that hold myth all underground heroes know.*

“You understand what you’re going is wrong, that’s enough for now. I advise you pick anyone but Midoriya.” *For everyone’s sake.*

“I keep trying, no matter what I do or who I scout, it comes back to him. He’s the heart I’ve been looking for. He can be the next Symbol of Peace.”

“All Might, is this great evil you speak of called All for One?” All Might stills, mouth dropping. It snaps shut as he nods slowly. “You’ve never been an underground hero, All Might. We dissect every little rumor and myth until we can find the truth of it. Find the real bad people responsible and make sure they can’t hurt anyone again. The story of a man who can steal and give quirks sounds beyond fake, yet we’ve heard so much about it that everyone believes it’s real to some extent. This is the man you said seven other people with your power have died trying to defeat?”

“….Yes. Soon, it will be eight.” The air in the room grows heavy.

“You’re not going to die. Don’t think that for a second. The moment you think it, you no longer stand a chance.” All Might knows this, so why is he so broken by it. “In any case, I’m telling you not to bring Midoriya into this. There’s a lot going on with him. Getting mixed up in some ancient evil isn’t what he needs.”

“I understand.” *You’re not saying you’ll keep him out of it.* “If I die before finding a successor, please see to it that he never finds this out. I’d hate for him to bear any guilt for my mistakes.” All Might sees himself out, leaving Shouta with racing thoughts and a splitting headache.

The rest of the school day went by fairly fast, with all the excitement from the internships buzzing.

The class is at the train station, figuring out how to get to their internships without getting lost. Toshi walks by his side, a bit closer than normal. *He’s getting protective over me because of early. I’m fine, you overgrown cabbage.* Izuku keeps an eye on Iida, sighing when he sees he’s looking for the train to take him towards Hosu.

“Izu.” Shouto calls. Izuku turns and before his sense of fight or flight can kick in, two arms wrap themselves around him. *He’s hugging me. We’ve hugged before but never when I’m out of costume.* Some classmates stare a moment at the sight, incredibly confused. *They’re wondering why Shouto’s being affectionate and reaching out to people for once.* It’s kind of funny, Izuku admits. He wraps an arm around Shouto, holding his suit’s case in his free hand. “Stay safe.” Shouto whispers.

“I always am!” Izuku snorts, “Make sure you tell me the moment your shitbag father decides to throw a fit. If he so much as *looks* at you, I’m shoving his dick into a nutribullet blender.”

“I will.” Shouto tightens his hold a moment before letting go, walking onto his train and giving Izuku a small wave.

“Yes, so friendly, because you and I have *totally* said goodbyes and hugged like we were in a soap opera.” Toshi snarks, getting a well deserved kick to the shin. “You’re an evil little gremlin, you know that?” They laugh a bit. Their banter is cut short by the sight of Iida passing them with a tense ‘excuse me’.

“Iida.” Izuku calls out. Iida turns slowly towards him, “I know it hurts, that you’d do anything for the sake of revenge. Please, don’t do it.”

“I don’t think you know what you’re talking about, Midoriya.” While Iida doesn’t seem to be capable of glaring, he’s pretty close to it.

“You and both know I do. You’re going to Hosu to make some stupid mistake that you’ll never be able to take back.”

“Midoriya, I suggest that you stop.” *Yet you’re not walking away. Your feet look pretty fucking glued to where you’re standing. Face it, you’re captivated by my fucking brilliant way with words, aren’tcha?*

“If your pro hero brother was hospitalized by him, what do you think you can do? Be smart about this. If he was paralyzed from the waist down, you’ll be killed in a matter of seconds. Don’t do it.” The suitcase is knocked out of Izuku’s hands as the collar of his blazer is grabbed. He’s thrown up against the nearby pillar, near the tracks.

“How did you know he’s been paralyzed? That’s not public information…? You know what!? Just stop! You will *not* stand in my way!” The remaining classmates watch on, Toshi stops anyone who tries to step forward. *He’s keeping them away so they can’t hear.* “You will never know what this feels like. To be eaten away by the need for revenge.” Iida seethes, tightening his grip. Izuku, stupid as usual, can’t help but laugh a bit.

“You say I don’t know about revenge? Iida, there’s a story behind this scar.” Iida’s eyes widen ever so slightly. “I’m afraid you don’t know me as well as you thought. If you did, you know that I’m nothing *but* a thirst for revenge at this point. The things I’ve done will forever haunt me. I can never have a normal life. Tell me, Class Rep, what are you going to do when you find him? Kill him? Prove it. Prove you can kill and throw me into these tracks *right now.*” Iida's expression changes into pure, primal fear. It's gone as quick as it came.

“I-”

“That’d make you a vigilante, you know. At best. Most people would treat you as a villain. Are you prepared to have your friends and family hunt you down? All because you wanted revenge?” Iida’s hands drop from Izuku’s blazer. He walks away without another word. *Good. Maybe you’ll change your mind.* Izuku’s seen how everyone’s been tip-toeing around him. Then again, no one besides Izuku would have seen how close Iida is to breaking.

“Izuku, we should go.” Toshi’s voice is soft, like he’s worried of scaring his friend off.

“Yeah, come on.” Toshi’s carrying Izuku’s suit as well. The shuffle onto their normal train, ready to go to Toshi’s new home. *We only had to pretend we were going away on internships. We’re trying to keep everything on the downlow when it comes to us living with Aizawa and Mic. Less questions.* They talk about their internships, how they’ll probably see each other enough.

Toshi is interning with Present Mic, mainly to help with his voice and ability to project. *He can also teach Toshi how to think of his quips and jokes, too.* Then again, that’s more involved with him being a radio host than a hero. *Face it Toshi, you just want to get to know Present Mic better because you’ve mostly dealt with Aizawa.*

“-Still sounds like a trap.” Toshi doesn’t seem to like the idea of Aizawa taking Izuku under his wing so easily.

“Oh, one hundred percent.” *I’m not dumb, he’s trying to get me to lower my guard. It’s already taken care of.* “You say that like I’m not a step ahead already?” Toshi laughs at that.

“What if Aizawa anticipates that and is also a step ahead?” Izuku thinks about it a moment, wondering just how prepared Aizawa’ll be for all this.

“C’mon, Aizawa can’t evolve his thinking this late in the game!”

Shouta’s made a huge mistake asking Midoriya to intern with him.

They’re on their second night of patrol and Midoriya’s in his Oni costume. *We figured if Midoriya starts acting up again, it’d be best to say the vigilante did it rather than a UA student. That, and this means Midoriya is free to provide back up.* He has to admit that Oni is efficient. He gets things done well enough to piss Shouta off.

The most surprising thing is that Oni takes orders well.

Sure, he acts of his own accord, but when Shouta is serious, he’ll listen without question. Until they get wind of a Hero Killer sighting, they’ll patrol around the usual places.

He's keeping a close eye on Oni's condition, yesterday could have gone bad.

Last night, a villain with an illusion quirk cornered them. Midoriya was in his school costume, his face showing. The criminal used his quirk and began to taunt him. Midoriya's muffled cry of 'Mom' broke Shouta's heart.

The villain made it so Midoriya saw his mother rather than a criminal. Surprisingly, Midoriya fell into the trap. The only reason it didn't work was because the villain called him "Izuku'. *He must have seen him from the Sports Festival.* After that, Midoriya immediately slipped into his vigilante mode and almost killed the villain. Shouta stepped in and had to restrain Midoriya for a good twenty minutes until he thought rationally.

Soon after the choice to have him strictly be Oni was made. *Hopefully there'll be no news of a first-year beating someone into a pulp effortlessly.*

Shouta's mildly impressed with how well Midoriya keeps up and hops from building to building. He's been this good at it since the day Shouta was assigned to him. He must have practiced a long time to get his skill that close to Shouta's.

"Mugging in the alley to my left." Oni calls, getting a affirmative nod from Shouta. Oni drops down and out of his sight. By time Shouta joins him in the alley, everyone's on the ground. The civilian thanks Oni and Shouta and runs off, seeming unbothered by being saved by a vigilante.

"You have to leave some for me, you know." Shouta complains, getting flipped off in response. *I almost forgot what a pain in the ass you can be.*

Oni's been involved in most underground cases the past few years. He's managed to stay away from the media and deal with more intricate cases. *Then again, the kid's a genius.* If he's going to be breaking the law, Shouta's glad he's solving the harder cases. Many people are underground because they don't have quirks suited for being in the light of the hero world. Very few are underground because they can solve the kind of horrific crimes that happen in the shadows.

A part of Shouta hopes Midoriya will become an underground hero for the sake of having someone else to help clean up messes. Then again, Shouta genuinely doesn't know if Midoriya will be allowed to be a hero after all he's done.

If Oni's so familiar with the inner workings of the underground, does that mean he knows the story of All for One?

Shouta gets the feeling he does.

"What do you think Mic and Toshi are doing?" Oni asks, breaking his character and appearing more like Midoriya. It's rare.

"Probably singing exercises. Hizashi's more likely to patrol while the sun is up, because he's probably going to make a lot of people angry if he wakes them up." Oni laughs a bit.

Oni's phone goes off, and he starts jumping around the alley.

"I got him! Hero Killer sighted in Hosu! Wait… why hasn't he left Hosu? That's stupid." Oni's right to be confused. Most people would move around more often if they were wanted. If Oni wasn't such a hot

topic in the country, the Hero Killer would've been forced to keep on his feet. Oni's presence has given him the chance to lay low. *Oni seems pissed off by that.*

"We have to go." Shouta confirms.

The next night, they leave for Hosu by train. Shouta makes sure Midoriya doesn't have his costume on, but carries it in his case. He can change once they're somewhere secure.

Since the internships have started, there's been a video of Endeavor picking food out his teeth with one of his pens leaked, as well as videos of him publicly checking people out and creepily staring at people with powerful-looking quirks. The trial for Endeavor isn't that far away, so Oni's working fast to make sure there's plenty of evidence against Endeavor. That, and videos that are sure to decrease the likelihood of the jury siding with him. The devil works fast, but apparently Oni works faster.

"Texting Todoroki still?" Shouta asks, not missing the obviously smitten look on Midoriya's face.

"Yeah, what about it?" He snarks without looking up from his phone.

"Are you sure wooing his son isn't part of your plan?" Midoriya smacks him, face completely red.

"I'm not wooing anyone, dipshit! We're just friends!" *I remember this*

phase between me and Hizashi. It's still funny when I look back at it. A sense of second-hand dread washes over Shouta. *Oh god, I ended up with a loud blond, imagine what Todoroki will think when he fully realizes that he's with* this *mess. Poor kid.*

"Ah yes, just friends. Sure." They bicker back and forth, until the trains speakers come to life just as the train shakes.

"Sorry, folks! It seems we're experiencing some difficulties. Please remain in your seats- AHHH" The announcer screams before the speaker cuts out. In the cars ahead of them, they can feel vibrations. Distant sounds of people screaming already has Shouta on his feet. The sight of Midoriya standing reminds him too much of USJ.

"Don't. You're out of costume, Midoriya." He hisses, pushing his student back down. His goggles are pulled up as he sneaks forwards towards the sounds.

A large crash blows the doors open, Shouta ducks before he can be hit by a piece of metal. When he turns, he can see Midoriya tackled a woman out of the way. *Good, help the people.* A creature crawls forward towards them, elbows bent the wrong way with a tongue hanging on the ground. Feeling awful about the comparison, he can't help but be reminded of Asui. A chill goes down his spine, remembering that the Nomu was confirmed to once have been a person.

"Nomu sightings near the Hero Killer? This doesn't bode well." Midoriya calls. *I agree. If they're working together, who knows what could happen.* Aizawa takes on the Nomu, surprised that it's much weaker than the one that nearly killed him. He gets tossed aside, and hears a large clanging noise.

Midoriya's using his suitcase to slam the Nomu's head against the rail

of the train car. He's putting himself in between the civilians. At first he felt grateful that the civilians are safe, but his heart aches at the sight of a child readily doing this.

The Nomu is becoming too disoriented to attack. There's a small rattling sound as Shouta restrains it. A metal disk falls from the exposed brain. *What the hell?*

"It's a tracker." Midoriya holds up his vigilante phone for Aizawa to see that he's picking up a signal. "Who knows what else they have in them." Once the train is evacuated, Shouta takes his knife out the back of his utility belt and puts the Nomu out of its misery. He hopes that it's as braindead as everyone thinks. That it wasn't trapped in its own mind, aware of the horrible things it's done.

"You're kind of like a Nomu, Midoriya." Shouta mumbles, getting a glare from his student.

"Are you calling me ugly?!" *Jesus, kid.*

"No, dumbass. I'm saying you're both monsters under the right conditions."

They're not too far from the train station, they can walk. The two do a quick check of the remainder of the train cars to check and take count of who's alive or not. Unfortunately, there were a few casualties, and Shouta's disturbed that Midoriya seems unbothered by it. Once police and paramedics give them the word, they leave the train.

Only then are they greeted by a city on fire.

Chapter End Notes

As promised (from my tumblr) this is the story of how I'm known as 'the girl with snakes in her spine':
SO two years ago I randomly started getting back pain, and it got so bad that I couldn't walk or move and I stayed out of school for a few weeks. (It messed up my perfect attendance I was pissed) and in between hospital visits, I got back into anime. That's how I found BNHA! Anyways, the pain moved in between the thoracic and lumbar spine, and it feels like there' s something alive and moving in between/around the vertebrae. The doctors thought I meant a 'crawling sensation' ON my back but no. It feels like something is wriggling around IN my spine. all my doctors have basically said 'hey wow that's terrifying good luck' and we still don't know what it is. BUT fast forward two years later, to now, I still put up with chronic pain but I've gotten into the habit of saying "there's a snake in my spine" like 'there's a snake in my boot' and immediately weeding out the memelords among the medical staff wherever I go.
Doctors in deferent places around my state have taken to calling me by the previously mentioned title, and it sounds so badass??

I just felt like sharing how something negative has brought me my love of anime and BNHA (not really to be a sob story). It's also a major inspiration for the main villain in a comic I'm making! Also the title of "the girl with snakes in her spine" was VERY worth mentioning and on brand for me. Stay tuned for more stories!

Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

S-S-S-S-STAIN

Chapter Notes

I woke up at 3pm and alternated between writing this chapter and watching 2013 amnesia videos by PewDiePie and now it's 9:40
So this entire chapter was written in about 4-5 hours

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku sees a flying Nomu go by, taking in the sight of the city up in flames. The distant sounds of people screaming almost make him take off immediately. Eraserhead grabs his arm.

"Stop. We'll go together. C'mon." Eraserhead jumps first, leaving Izuku to follow. He's led to an abandoned store, and Izuku is pretty much shoved inside. "Find the bathroom and change into your costume as fast as you can. We'll get rid of the CCTV footage later." *So I DO get to be Oni for this? Good.* Izuku nods and runs back to change, also grabbing an ice cream bar out the freezer. *To ease my nerves, of course.* There's no signs of life in here. Did they flee when everything started to go south? Izuku trips trying to pull his costume past his feet, head hitting the floor. *Wait a second.*

There's a tub of cleaning supplies that give him an idea. So he steals that as well.

When he leaves the store Eraserhead gives him a tired glare.

"I don't want to know what your dumb plan is."

“We’re trying to find the hero killer too! So what if-”

“Do you think that this chaos is orchestrated by the League for the sake of allowing the hero killer time to do what he wants?” Eraserhead asks as they run towards the madness. Izuku thinks it over, disagreeing.

“No, I think Stain would disagree with the League’s preaching of ‘destroy everything’ without a real reason. So this is all probably just for keep media attention *off* of stain on purpose. Poor Shiggy just wants the spotlight.” Eraserhead blinks before pulling his goggles up.

“Don’t ever call him Shiggy again.”

“Why? I’m just getting Shiggy with it!” A scarf reaches out and slaps him. “Oh-” They dodge a car being thrown at them, and Izuku glares at the Nomu that threw it. “You wanna fucking go?!” The heroes fighting look at Izuku.

“Should we capture Oni, or should we capture this thing? One’s a bigger threat to us and its *not* the Nomu.” A hero asks. Eraserhead steps forward.

“I am in charge of the Oni investigation, it’s a direct order not to capture Oni and to worry about the creatures actively trying to kill people, sound good?” *Huh, didn’t take Eraserhead for the kind of person to outwardly seethe at people.* The heroes say they’ll comply and worry about the bigger threat to civilians. “Oni, you look like you have a plan?” Izuku nods, grabbing a bottle of caulk out of the tub he stole.

“It’ll be like a man-made blood clot. I just have to get close enough to see the veins. After that you guys should have time to restrain or kill it if it has regeneration.” A part of Izuku suddenly feels sick. *If Shiggy*

knew I was Midoriya, he'd probably want to turn me into a Nomu. Or at least kill me for this quirk. He sighs. *Too bad.*

Izuku runs and gets in close to the Nomu, when it tries to crush him he uses his bo staff to swipe the arm away. At this point, he's basically stalking around the Nomu until he can find a suitable vessel. *Wait.* Izuku can be so fucking stupid at times, it even amazes himself. *The heart.* He slides under the Nomu's legs and plunges it into the Nomu's heart, emptying its contents completely. The Nomu grabs Izuku's arm and throws him by it, causing a small fracture.

It's already healed. I can still-

"Iida?! Iida where are you?!" Izuku faces the sound of the noise. It's Manual, the hero Iida's interning with. Eraserhead looks to Izuku before they decide to run over to him.

"You can't find him?" Eraserhead asks, "Iida is my homeroom student."

"I knew he must've come here for the hero killer, but I told him no. Not to run off and do something stupid."

"Does he have his phone on him?" Izuku gets a sour look from Manual.

"...Yes."

"Oni. I'm trusting you to find Iida and bring him back alive." *Not unharmed?* "I'll give you his phone number so you can track him." Eraserhead gives him Iida's number. "Manual, trust Oni on this. Don't

look like your kid's already dead. Oni, go. Call me for back-up the moment you find Stain." Oni nods and sprints away. *He's in one spot, no longer on the move.* Who's to say he won't just find the body? He shakes the thought off, ready to find Iida alive and ready to yell at.

"-our part of the problem. You act high and mighty like you're the solution, but then why are you being culled?" *God this is going to be annoying.*

"YooooooHooooooo Stain, wassup, man?!" Izuku skips into the alley, seeing another hero there. *Shit. I would've been able to grab Iida and go.* There's a sword hanging above Iida's neck, and it lifts as Stain moves to greet him.

"Oni."

"Staini." He gets glared at. *Maybe if I take the attention off Iida, he'll be able to sneak away. But then… why isn't he moving? Ugh, Stain probably already used his quirk on him.* "Tell me, I thought you were against killing children?"

"I was. I am. This boy is no longer a child, instead he's just another freakish hero wannabe that'll plague society when he's older." Izuku rolls his eyes under his mask. "He won't ever grow up into a right adult like you, who takes things into his own hands."

"Um, Stain? I'm literally his age." Stain's eyes widen.

"Why are you here?"

"To get Iida. I have an order from Manual."

“He sent a vigilante to get me?” Iida rasps from the ground. “Why you?! This isn’t your problem!”

“Maybe he sent a vigilante because he student’s turning into one. Iida, this is vigilantism.” Behind his back, Izuku has a cocktail of bleach, windex, bug spray, and hot sauce in a syringe. When he thinks Stain will attack, he’ll inject it into himself if he can’t get to Stain. *He needs my blood for his quirk to work. Let’s see if ingesting a DIY poison will help.*

“You know NOTHING of why I’m here, criminal!” Iida yells. Stain and Izuku look at each other, rolling their eyes.

“Iida, honey, you’re doing great but I’m going to need you to shut up a second.”

“Why would I shut up for a criminal my age who’s throwing his *life* away for stupid reasons?!”

“Because I no longer *have* a life to throw away. Besides, you’re literally doing the same thing. Stop being a fucking hypocrite.” Iida stops talking. *Good, let me buy time for his quirk to wear off.* While he’s at it, he sends out an SOS to Eraserhead, hopefully quirk erasure is what they need.

“Oni, I respect you, but you need to leave before I decide you’re scum too.” Stian warns, slinking towards him.

“Oh, I’ve always been scum. I thought this was a commonly known thing?” He asks, taking the time to inject himself. The painful burning is almost immediate. He’ll survive, though. Stain advances, throwing a knife at Izuku. He dodges. “Let me guess, you’re going to throw one

into the air because this little one was a distraction?" He looks up, and sure enough there's a katana. Izuku dodges that as well. "How much did all this cost you? Jesus."

"I stole them. Why would I pay a government that tears people like me down?" Izuku hums, actively trying to get under his skin.

"So, you're also a bad person. You talk about real and true heroes, but have you ever pulled a Robin Hood and stole for the less fortunate?" Stain tilts his head a bit, confused. He takes a moment to try and cut Izuku, this time succeeding. He makes a sour face when licking the blood off the blade, before promptly spitting it out.

"The fuck is this? What are you?!" Stain sounds absolutely disgusted.

"I've been meaning to capture you, which means I know enough about your quirk."

"You brat… You poisoned your own blood."

"Ooo you've got me!" Izuku hits the ground when the paralysis takes affect. *This is kind of like sleep paralysis. Except instead of demons, I get to see a gross, noseless, sweaty man.*

"What did you just call me?" Did Izuku say that out loud? "You're getting on my nerves. Child or not, you're no help to me in the long run." Stain moves to kill Izuku. *That's fine. Kill me as many times as you'd like.* "You know, many people say that I have an air about me. That my very presence glues people to their spot in fear? So tell me, how do I make you feel?" Stain's leaning down to hiss at Izuku. Too close for comfort.

“You make me feel like you need a breath mint, Stendhal.” While Izuku can’t fully see Stain’s face, he can clearly hear the sharp intake of breath.

“I haven’t been called that in a long time, kid. You know your stuff.” It’s almost a laugh, but it sounds a bit sad. “You know, I’ve been known to tell worthy people information I know. While you’re worthy, you’re still a pain in the ass. So tell me, why did some sleezeball named Hisashi Midoriya ask if I knew Oni?” ….*What?*

“I kidnapped his nephew not to long ago to make a point.” *The fuck?*

“I see. Did the boy come back unharmed?” *Is going on?!*

“Of course.”

“Well, I won’t be able to say the same about you.” Izuku hears the metallic noise of a blade being drawn, he also sees the shadows move accordingly. Footsteps echo throughout the alley, followed by the telltale wooshing sound of flames.

Wait.

Flames?

“Shouto?” Izuku calls.

“I would’ve been too late, try to contact me sooner.” Izuku feels heat over him, the presence of Stain is gone. “Can you move, Oni?” *He’s*

calling me by my name. Fuck, did I accidentally send my location to him rather than Eraserhead?!

"No. His quirk paralyzes you if he tastes your blood-"

"Iida?!" Shouto calls, disbelief lacing his voice. "Are you stupid?!"

"Leave, Todoroki! This doesn't involve you!" Shouto laughs at Iida's plea.

"So, you are stupid. Heroes don't just leave people to die." Izuku can hear Stain and Shouto fighting, and he wants nothing more than to get up and fight. *Okay, how can I do this.* He tries moving anything small. *My toes! Holy shit it's working!* Slowly, he manages to move his whole leg, then the other. Soon, his body starts working as it should and he make it up to his feet and then-

Stain's throwing a knife at Shouto. He dodges that and also the one thrown in the air. *But that's not the real weapon.* Stain's moving to impale his Shouto, and his feet move before his brain or mouth can. In an instant, he's between them.

"Izu!" Shouto yells, hitting the ground and slapping a hand over his mouth. Iida's on his feet now too, able to fully witness Izuku being impaled by the blade of a Katana.

Stain moves back, expecting Izuku to go down. *Right, my quirk isn't fully known to the public.*

"Get away from my Shouto before I chop you up into bite-sized nuggets, Stain." He seethes. In response, Stain moves to lick Izuku's

blood again, but suddenly freezes. *He knows he can't ingest my blood without it negatively impacting him. He doesn't actually know what's in my blood.* Izuku can feel his stomach healing around the blade, so in one swift movement, he yanks it out and throws the blade back at Stain, nicking his arm.

"My, do you two know each other?" Stain teases.

"Don't think about it, or I'll kick your missing snout in even more." Izuku threatens, not hearing what Iida's yelling in the background.

"Oni, I'm fine." Shouto calls.

"Both of you need to take Native and leave while you can. I can handle him." Izuku instructs, being stomped up to by Iida.

"You don't understand why I must do this! He tried to kill my brother. He'll never be a hero again. Never *walk* again! You don't understand what it feels like to lose family to a villain!" A knife hits Izuku in the face, tearing off part of his mask. Izuku looks to Iida, who stands with his mouth hanging in shock.

"I understand plenty." With that, Shouto launches another attack, this time putting up a wall of ice.

The three manage to fight until Stain's close to falling unconscious, but at the same time, it's like Stain's desperation it getting the best of him. Another blade is thrown towards Shouto, and Izuku's too far to protect him from it.

"Todoroki!" Iida yells, pushing his classmate out of the way. There's a

loud cracking sound.

Along with the splatter of blood on the pavement.

An arm hits the ground, and all look at in it horror. *Iida's not like me. He's not like me.*

It won't come back.

"Stain, I'm going to fucking kill you!" Izuku charges and pretends he's going for his bo staff. As Stain focuses on Izuku's attack, he misses how Shouto's quietly freezing his feet in place. Stain is planted to the ground, and Izuku kicks him in the ribs hard enough to feel a crack.

He passes out soon after.

Iida's screaming in pain.

"I have to cauterize it." Shouto starts, stopping when Izuku holds up a hand.

"Be very careful with it. I have an idea and I need the nerves to be fine. Only do the surface."

"I don't deserve it." Iida sobs. "I don't-" Without listening much more, Shouto grabs his stump of an arm, and uses his hand to cauterize it, flinching at the sound of Iida's screaming echoing. Meanwhile, Stain gets tied up with a rope they find in the dumpster. Izuku sends Eraserhead his location, also sending a text briefly explaining what

happened. Native decided he'll be responsible for helping Iida move and such. Izuku makes Native turn away so he can change his mask into the spare he started carrying with him.

Iida knows who Oni is now. Just enough of his face was showing. Now, Iida hasn't said a single word to Izuku. Only Shouto and Native.

Shouto essentially tackles Izuku into a hug.

"I don't care if you'll heal, Izu. Don't scare me like that and take injuries for me."

"But I won't die?"

"You don't always know that." He tightens his hold on Izuku before pulling away. "I ran away from my father, saying I heard a civilian in trouble." Izuku nods. "You didn't mean to call me, did you?" Izuku sighs.

"No, I didn't." Shouto gives a small chuckle.

"You looked surprised when I showed up."

"It was meant for Eraserhead." Out the corner of his eye, he sees Iida give him a wide-eyed look. "I accidentally hit your contact. But, thank you." The part where Izuku drones on about keeping Shouto out of his vigilante work goes unsaid. It's a mutually understood feeling. Even if Shouto insists he wants to help. By time they make it out the alley, Eraserhead's there with a few other pros. His eyes settle on Iida's arm.

“Iida, I have a lot to yell at you for, but it can wait. The ambulance is on its way.” His eyes then move to Shouto. “Todoroki, don’t you dare get involved in his bullshit again, got it? It’s bad enough that you actually know and *tolerate* him.” Shouto nods, but has the faintest hint of a smile.

“Oni, thank you for saving my student. Bringing down Stain is a plus.” Izuku nods, getting surprised looks from the pro heroes near them.

“Look out!” A hero calls, they look up and see a flying Nomu heading towards them. It swoops down but passes everyone. It grabs Izuku after it seems to *sniff* him. *It picked me for a reason? Does it recognize my smell? That’s creepy!* It’s lanky feet dig into his ribs. Izuku looks up at it, feeling that the wings on the Nomu look awfully familiar. He looks at the wings a bit more.

“You know, there was this kid I grew up with who had wings too. One day he tried to fly before they were strong enough to hold his full weight. He ended up with a chunk out of one…” His eyes land on the left wing, seeing that there’s a chunk missing from the bottom. Just like he remembers. “ *Tsubasa?!”* Izuku feels sick. At the name drop, the Nomu makes a pained sound and releases its hold on Izuku.

Before he can hit the ground, a ramp of ice catches him. His breath catches, and he can do nothing to stop the fireball that hits the Nomu.

“Stop…” Izuku tries, unable to stop Stain from breaking free of his restraints and killing the Nomu before Endeavor can. While Izuku starts collapsing into an anxiety attack, Stain starts going on this long winded speech that he doesn’t really care for.

“-The only one who can kill me is ALL MIGHT! Him, and Oni. He’s not a hero, but he’s more of one than anyone else here-” Izuku’s had *enough.* He holds his breath and gets his bo staff, hitting Stain upside

the head repeatedly. Stain hits the ground, yet again unconcious.

“Shut! The! Fuck! Up! You reverse Squidward-looking fucker!” Eraserhead restrains Oni, and he’s able to fall back into his anxiety attack. Before he closes his eyes, he inches closer to the lifeless body of the Nomu. He holds the Nomu’s face in his hands, recognizing it yet not.

Gently, he closes the Nomu’s eyes before he begins to cry.

Tenya has so many emotions running around inside his head, yet he feels empty. His classmate tried to warn him not to do anything, yet here he is sitting in the hospital with his classmates. He moves his hand a bit, curious.

Izuku Midoriya is Oni, but he saved my life. He’s a vigilante, yet he practically begged Tenya not to do anything stupid. Yet here he is, numbly watching Oni laying in a bed with Todoroki, soundly asleep. With one hand, Midoriya cradles the end of where he cut off his arm.

The doctors have never heard of someone donating full limbs to people before. Tenya looks down at his new arm. It’s quite a bit shorter than his own, and has less muscle mass, but it’s an arm nonetheless.

The doctors said if Oni didn’t have a regeneration quirk it probably wouldn’t have worked. The medical staff admitted they had to work fairly quickly, before Midoriya's quirk no longer existed in his severed arm. *They said once it was attached, the blood in Midoriya's arm altered itself to match mine. That his quirk was what joined the arm fully to my body.* Tenya's also now aware that Midoriya's Analysis quirk is fake,

and that he's naturally terrifyingly smart.

Tenya's heart races, trying to fight against all the painkillers currently in his body. For the first time since meeting Todoroki, he sees him smile at his friend. The smile turns softer when Midoriya wraps an arm and leg around him in his sleep. *Are they…?*

Well, Tenya supposes it's none of his business. It's been a eight hours since Tenya and Todoroki were brought in, and only five since Midoriya snuck in from the window, despite being well above the ground. The doctors and nurses were very wary when Midoriya approached them in his full vigilante costume and asked about donating an arm. *He even asked the doctors could be the one to cut it off, for the sake of making sure enough was there for the attachment.*

Is that why Midoriya wanted Todoroki to be extra careful with the cauterization? He thought of this the moment it was cut off. Midoriya also insisted one waiting as long as possible for the surgery, muttering someting about poison in his blood.

He's furious with Midoriya for being a vigilante, but so glad he was there to save him from both Stain and himself. If he hadn't been there, he would've lost his life instead of just an arm.

"Todoroki." Iida rasps, suddenly realizing everything about Endeavor must be true if his classmate is so fond of a delinquent like Oni. "Is he going to be okay?" It seems like he had some sort of mental break when the Nomu got him. Todoroki doesn't take his eyes off of Midoriya.

"He insists he is, but I don't think he'll ever really be okay."

"I'm sorry. For everything." Todoroki looks at Tenya for split second

before nodding.

“I forgive you, but you have many more people to apologize too.” There’s a knock on the door, and Tenya witnesses Todoroki’s face go from soft, subtle happiness, to looking uncomfortable and experiencing mild disgust.

The police chief, Eraserhead, and the detective from USJ walk in. Their eyes zero in on Oni sleeping, missing an arm. Eraserhead gives a barely noticeable smile at Oni latching onto Todoroki.

“He won’t get off of me.” Todoroki says, voice full of discomfort. *I understand now. Midoriya must not want them knowing about their relationship.* Tenya has mixed emotions about Midoriya now. Unsure what to do. Todoroki wakes Midoriya up, who mumbles something and turns to the adults.

“Ah, my two dads and a pretty puppy.” He greets, getting up and pointing what’s left of his arm at them. “Right, right, forgive me if I can’t shake your hands.” *In class he’s all stutters and beyond polite. Is that all an act? Is this?*

“Hello, Oni.” The chief greets. “Firstly, I need you all to understand what you did together was vigilantism. Not heroics. If word of this gets out, your hero careers are good as over.” He gives pointed looks to both Tenya and Todoroki. “Oni, you’ve heard this all before.”

“Yep.” He pops the ‘p’ on the end.

“Before we discuss things further, we’d like everyone’s sides of the story.” The detective asks.

He takes the time to privately interview all of them. Even Oni. When they come back into the room, Eraserhead whispers something to the detective.

"Oni, there's something about the Nomu?" Even with the mask on, everyone can tell he probably lost color in his face. Todoroki looks close to breaking the character he has right now for the sake of comforting his loved one. Oni takes a deep breath, sitting down beside Todoroki and leaning a head on his shoulder. It's obvious to Tenya that Todoroki is awfully close to breaking his act of 'ew gross get away from me'.

"When I was a kid, there was this boy Mikumo hung out with named Tsubasa. His quirk is having wings. That was pretty much it. I was there with them the day Tsubasa tried jumping from a tree to fly. He landed on a sharp rock and it broke the bottom of his left wing. I recognized him because he picked *me* specifically. He let go of me when I called him Tsubasa…." A look of horror dawns on the adults in the room.

"Oni, you're not implying *that*, are you?" The detective looks sick to his stomach.

"They're not as braindead as we've been led to believe. They just can't express anything we deem as human." The room grows silent and tense. "I think… I think they're just trapped in their minds, fully aware of what they're doing with no way to stop it."

No one speaks a while.

"We'll have to contact All Might about this immediately." Eraserhead finally speaks up.

“We have a few more things to settle before we leave. Firstly, the fact that two UA students teamed up with a vigilante and brought down Stain absolutely cannot stand. We considered having Eraserhead take credit, but he doesn’t want to be the one in the Media’s radar. Endeavor was considered an option to take credit, but we can’t do that considering everything surrounding him right now. In the videos the press managed to get of Stain’s final speech, Oni was the only one actively moving and being spoken to and about. As much as I hate to say it, credit for taking down Stain is going to Oni.” The detective explains.

“It’s already in headlines.” Oni breathes, scrolling through his phone. “Wish you would’ve asked first, the media’s annoying.”

“You deserve to be annoyed, you brat.” Eraserhead hisses. For some reason, Tenya can hear a lack of malice in it, some fondness that neither party acknowledge being there. *Does Eraserhead know Oni is Midoriya? Surely not, because he would've put a stop to all this!*

“Oni, I’d like to personally thank you for saving these young heroes. Not only that, but for donating your arm to this boy.” He nods in Tenya’s direction.

“Am I allowed to say ‘it’s what heroes do’?” Oni asks, sounding like he has a mad grin under his mask.

“Absolutely not.” Eraserhead hisses.

"However, this does not mean I condone your existence as a vigilante, woof. I will make no move to prevent your capture after this. For your service with saving these students, this hospital will be deemed a neutral ground for the time being." The Police Chief explains. The adults excuse themselves, leaving the boys to talk.

“Thank you, um…” Tenya isn’t sure how to refer to him.

“Oni. In costume you call me Oni.”

“Thank you, Oni. For everything. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you.”

“Good. If you didn’t regret the shit you did I’d beat your ass with your own arm.” *I don’t know if that was a joke.* “Did you speak with your brother yet?”

“Yes. He was furious with me. Disappointed more than anything.” Which frankly, hurts Tenya much more. He recalls the sad sound of his brother’s voice, along with the incessant whirring of machines. Tenya wishes they were in the same hospital so he could see him. Apologize for his foolishness in person. “He’d like to speak with you.”

“Tell him I’ll swing by when I have the chance.” Midoriya’s arm is almost healed. Tenya’s almost mesmerized by the way it sews itself back together. They’re still sitting together on Todoroki’s bed. Midoriya’s resting against Todoroki’s left side, mumbling something about being a ‘good little space heater’. They both seem so content to just be near each other, like they’ve known each other for years.

“How long have you two been dating?” At Tenya’s question, Midoriya seems to choke on air.

Todoroki, however, bursts into flames.

Chapter End Notes

My high school sweetheart used to lovingly refer to me as 'the

human embodiment of an intrusive thought' because I'd lean over and whisper things like "go pour milk in that guy's guitar" in his ear, and I'm starting to realize how accurate that is.
and I know I tell a lot of stories from my life like how I once beat someone up with my crutches (actually I don't think I've told that one yet) so I wonder how shocking It'd be to admit I got a full ride scholarship and that I'll be a police detective
That's right, this dumbass will have P O W E R
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

> SO on my tumblr and on here I asked about the speed Izu and Shouto were going, and I decided that If I start a specific arc now, it'll make another, much more important arc M U C H more painful later. So naturally, I'm going to do that

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto watches on, face completely red, as Izu jumps off the bed and pats fire off of him. Izu then grabs Shouto's arm and throws him off the bed, putting out a fire he didn't even realize was spreading.

"....I'm going to get new pillows." Izu says, walking out. *He didn't have time to mentally prepare for the fire. God, I'm an idiot.*

"Sorry," He mutters to Iida. "Strong emotions make it hard to control my quirk." Iida blinks at him a bit.

"I see. Sorry for catching you too off guard."

"It's fine. No, we're not dating. Just friends." Something about the phrase hurts Shouto to say, but he can't figure out why. They *are* just friends, so why does he feel like that's not right?

"Alright. Is he okay?" So, even to Iida he seemed off as he left. Shouto nods.

"Probably just needed a breather. He doesn't like sitting still for long periods of time." *I want to find him.* "I'm going to find him, if that's alright."

“I’m in no condition to take charge. I have to earn that back. Just be mindful of other patients and hospital policy.” Shouto nods and leaves. Before leaving the room, he sees Iida’s eyes trail down to the arm Izu donated. *He’s probably wondering how he can be so sweet, like I did when I first met him.* It takes twenty minutes for Shouto to find Izu, he was hiding in a janitor’s closet. His mask is off, and his eyes look almost vacant as he stares at the floor.

“I’m sorry-” Izu jumps when Shouto speaks, not noticing his presence earlier.

“It’s not you.”

“It was my fire, though.” Izu gives an almost breathless laugh.

“Not too long ago you’d never call it your fire. I’m glad I’ve made some impact.”

“I’m happy you did. Happy I met you.” For the first time since they started talking, Izu looks up and meets his gaze. Shouto can see the slight redness to them, and the shine of fresh tears. When Shouto sits beside him, he makes sure it’s his right side. Izu moved closer, but doesn’t lean on him like in the hospital room. *He wants space, that’s okay.*

“I’m happy I met you too.” His voice is strained.

“I’m still sorry. The question caught me off guard and I use my quirk when I’m embarrassed or emotional.” Izu hums softly. *It’s so weird to see him go from hyperactive world-destroying threat to soft little child.*

“Can I see your fire?” *Huh?* Without questioning it too much, Shouto holds out his hand and lets a small flame dance across it. He brings it closer to Izu, who doesn’t hesitate to hover something over the flame.

“…..Where did you get marshmallows?” Shouto swears they weren’t in here before. Did he hide them behind his back?

“I planned on using you to make s’mores as a way of saying sorry for freaking out. I stole them from the break room.” it gets Shouto to quietly laugh, “I like that sound.” Shouto feels his breath catch at the sight of red dancing around in Izu’s emerald eyes.

“Like gems.” He mutters, slapping a hand over his mouth as Izu laughs at him. “It’s not funny.”

“It’s *SO* funny! You sound all sappy and gross!” He wheezes, getting a marshmallow stolen by Shouto as payback. They sit in a comfortable silence. “Thanks for finding me.”

“Stop isolating yourself when you need people.” Izu shrugs at that.

“It feels like isolation is all I’ve ever had.” Izu helps Shouto too his feet, and he puts his mask back on. “This whole friend thing is pretty new to me.” When they get back to the room, Iida apologizes if he said something too assuming and scared him off. They spend the rest of the night quietly talking, trying to forget everything that happened for the time being. They wanted only a small moment of peace.

Shouta's been up all night dealing with the aftermath of Hosu. Stain being taken out by a vigilante might mean huge things in regards to the case against endeavor, big steps in favor of getting rid of Endeavor. Well, the case officially goes to court tomorrow, which means both Oni and Todoroki will be available to attend.

In regards to pro heroes, cases are vastly different than say, a murder case. The judge is only there to maintain the balance and ensure everyone gets their chance to speak. In most instances, the 'judge' is a person both sides can trust to be a neutral ground. It can be anyone, really.

Endeavor agreed to have Naomasa Tsukauchi act as the judge, as he is already up to speed with most of what happened. All Might will be present by Naomasa's side, but Endeavor refused to have him as judge for some reason. It's for the best, seeing as it allows the Symbol of Peace to leave whenever the public needs him.

In the end, Endeavor's future as a pro hero is in the hands of the nation's people. *It's about approval rating. If majority of the vote says he's out, then he's out.*

Shouta's glad that Oni has actually been called to play a role in the case, otherwise he could probably tamper with the votes if he wanted to.

After reassuring Hitoshi that Midoriya was okay, he could leave the house. While he's aware that Todoroki knows, he'll have to keep a charade of not knowing who Oni is in front of Iida. *The poor kid would probably explode if he found out.*

Shouta stands outside the hospital room, peering in a bit. The three

boys are each in their own bed, talking softly. *Has he changed out of costume at all?*

"Yo, dad!" Midoriya calls, having already noticed him. Shouta rolls his eyes and comes in, nodding at Iida's 'hello, sir!'.

"How are you two feeling?" He asks Iida and Todoroki.

"I'm fine." Todoroki looks like he wants to speak to Shouta about something important.

"Look, sir." Iida beckons him over, and Shouta's surprised. *The arm looks like it's actually his.* "The doctors said his quirk matched the appearance of my arm, but that was all the quirk could do as the cells started dying." *So it integrated into his body almost perfectly?* There's a bit of scarring where they were joined, but it's healed for the most part.

"Will you do physical therapy?"

"Yes. As well as traditional therapy. They explained that while I may not experience phantom pains or anything like that, they're worried the arm may feel *too* foreign at some point. They'd just like to prevent that." Shouta nods in understanding.

"Iida, this is your last night with these two in your room. We have to go somewhere tomorrow." For a moment, Iida looks almost sad. *Trauma bonds people.*

"That's…. Okay. I think I need time to reflect on my foolishness alone." Across the room, Midoriya laughs.

“Good! You were dumb as fuck and I hope you feel nothing but regret!”

“Izu-”

“No! I tried to warn him but he did it anyways. Iida’s lucky I’m not so mean I’d keep my ever-growing limbs to myself. Limbs don’t grow on trees, you know!”

“You’re right,” Shouta starts, “Only tall people are referred to as trees.” At that, Midoriya launches off his bed and jumps at Shouta, only to get pinned down on the floor. “Calm down.” He throws the brat back onto his bed and sits in the chair beside it. “Oni, come back to headquarters when I text you tomorrow. Todoroki, your father will pick you up.”

“He can’t!” Oni whines.

“I don’t like it either, but Aizawa’s not wrong. As a Todoroki, I’d have to sit with my father. I wouldn’t be able to pick sides. I’m not the one the case is about.”

“Oh I’ll *make* it about you.” *Great, he’s hyper.* They discuss things a bit more, until Todoroki asks Shouta to speak in private.

They move almost across the hospital. For whatever reason, Todoroki wanted to get as far away from Midoriya as possible. For good measure, they made sure to take completely unnecessary twists and turns in case Midoriya decided to follow like the evil little gremlin he is.

“Are you alright?” Shouta asks once they finally stop. *I’ve never known Todoroki to go out of his way for anything. Then again, Midoriya has this effect on people,* Todoroki nods, looking around.

“Aizawa, how do you know if you’re in love?”

Oh.

This is what’s happening. In all honesty, Shouta thought he’d have to deal with something much worse, and much more annoying than teen love. *Thank God.*

“Well, Todoroki…. If you have to ask, chances are you’re already in love. I can't tell you what it feels like or how to know, because people experience it differently.” Shouta wants to laugh at the way his student’s hair starts to catch on fire in embarrassment. “Are you going to tell Midoriya?”

“It’s not- It doesn’t- Why would you make such an assumption?” He only stammers for a moment before slipping back into his forcibly cold way of speaking.

“You’re right, forgive me.” Shouta yawns, amused by Todoroki’s constantly changing expressions.

“It’s obvious, isn’t it?” Shouta nods, “Does he know?”

“No way. Socially, he’s dumber than dirt. The kid probably only has one brain cell dedicated to processing emotion properly. You’re fine.”

"....What should I do?" *I'm not your parent. Why am I suddenly a parent to twenty kids?*

"Managing your relationships isn't part of my job description. I don't want to be responsible for any possible shortcomings."

"So, you're telling me to just figure it out on my own? I don't have to worry about him finding out?" Shouta hums in response.

"So, what spurred this sudden realization?" Todoroki's eyes drop to the floor.

"Iida asked how long we've been dating and I set the bed on fire." Shouta has to physically turn away to keep from laughing in his student's face. *I wish I could've seen that.* After a deep breath, he turns back towards his student. "Thank you, Aizawa."

"No sweat." They walk back to their room to find Midoriya sitting on the floor while Iida yells at him.

"I'm plucking out all my leg hair!" Midoriya cheers excitedly. *This is what one of my top students fell in love with? Dear lord.*

".....Why?" Shouta asks.

"Because I found tweezers and I'm going crazy just sitting around in here!" Midoriya sticks a leg into the air. "Feel m'leggy! It's smooth, but only in this one specific patch. This is a long process, Eraser."

“No one is forcing you to stay here.” He reminds, vaguely nodding towards the window.

“The hospital is a neutral ground, they said. And I want to see how my arm adapts to Iida’s body, I’d feel guilty over complications. Not to mention I’ll slit Endeavor’s throat if I see him!” *Well at least he’s straightforward about it.*

Shouta watches on as his student interacts with the other two, sometimes acting like a regular kid, but more often acting like a reckless vigilante. Shouta sighs into his scarf, hoping Hitoshi won’t be too angry at what’s going to happen at the end of Endeavor’s case.

After all, Shouta still has a job to do.

Shouta’s making Midoriya dress up for the case. If he has to, than everyone has to. The only exception is that Midoriya is being allowed his mask. Expected to keep it on, actually. While Oni plays a large part in everything, he is absolutely not allowed to be the main speaker for them.

“I’ll be watching from here.” He hears Hitoshi tell Midoriya, resting a hand on his shoulder. “Remember your manners.” *For once it’s not me who has to say it.*

“I’m not an idiot. The moment you reduce to swearing in a formal setting, your argument will no longer be taken as seriously. Swearing just comes as a part of my natural charm.”

“That’s not charm, that’s body odor, Midoriya.” Shouta side steps to avoid the pillow being thrown at him.

“You’re not a very nice father.”

“I’m not a father at all-” Hitoshi holds a hand up in defiance, vaguely gesturing to himself. “I’m not *your* father, Midoriya.” He corrects.

“Nice save.” Hitoshi snorts. Shouta and Midoriya start heading out the door, ready to go to a café for breakfast to go over notes. *How I ended up being the one leading the case against Endeavor is beyond me.*

Shouta doesn’t know if it’s because he’s the pro hero most involved, or if it’s because Oni’s a child. Most likely the former, considering his age isn’t actually known by the public. The patrons of the café gawk at Oni a bit, even though he’s not doing much. It’s known to the public that today’s the case, so no officers are allowed to try and apprehend him. For that reason alone, the customers settle. Today has been deemed a day where Oni is not a threat. It’s about Endeavor only.

Many villains may try to take advantage of this, so several heroes have given up their day off to increase patrols.

“Does All Might have to be there?” Oni asks once they sit in the back of the café, “He’s not really involved in this, so I don’t see the point.”

“Seeing as this is a case about heroes, conducted by heroes, yes. He’s needed. More by the public than by us. An underground hero no one’s heard of before you came along may not sit well with some people.”

“So, there’s no lawyers? At all?” Oni lifts his mask up to his nose in

order to eat and drink properly. Shouta takes a sip of his coffee, shrugging.

“Hero problems require hero solutions. Or so the public thinks. Some instances require lawyers, sure. Like that American hero who saved someone who didn’t want to be saved and ended up getting sued.”

“That was a few years ago.” Oni recalls. “This is going to be a long day, huh?”

“A very long day, actually.”

It’s only an hour into the hearing, but Shouta is genuinely shocked at how well behaved Midoriya is trying to be. He can tell he’s bouncing his leg under the table, but that’s about it. He can’t imagine how fast the cogs must be spinning in that kid’s head right now. Shouta, Endeavor, and Oni have all gone up and explained their roles in all this, and now Oni’s being called up to be questioned again. The back of the room is full with onlookers and the media. People just waiting for something to happen.

Shouta’s worried someone will rile Midoriya up. Just enough for him to lose his cool and curse someone out. Though he knows Midoriya’s trying this hard for Todoroki’s sake. The other teen sits by his father, leaning as far away from him as possible.

“Oni, you’re going to tell the truth?” Tsukuachi asks, reconfirming the oath he took earlier.

“Yes, Tsuki.”

“Good. So, explain to me what your first encounter with Endeavor was and why you decided to act against him.” Shouta sees the way All Might stares at Oni, like he’s debating capturing him right now. He doesn’t understand how much is at stake right now.

“Well, a while back I bumped into him in an alley and he set me on fire without a second thought. I think he remembered I was wanted and his quirk did the rest-”

“I did no such thing!” Endeavor seethes from his seat. Shouta sees the way Oni tenses as Endeavor's flames flare up. In fact, he’s starting to shake. Shouta uses his quirk on Endeavor, feeling relieved when Midoriya no longer seems as panicked. For a kid wearing a mask, he’s still pretty expressive.

“Oni, do you have any sort of proof? My quirk is registering both sides of your arguments as true.”

“Huh, I’m really so insignificant that the mighty Endeavor doesn’t remember me? Here you go.” Mdoriya opens a briefcase he brought and hands a disk to Tsukauchi, who in turn hands it off to All Might to input it into the player in the corner of the room. “This is the CCTV footage from that moment. I even got audio.” The last line sounds a bit… smug. Like he knows the audio will drive home a point. The large screen flickers to life as All Might plays the footage. The room grows silent as the scene plays out.

“You don’t get to run!” Endeavor yells, whipping out an arm and throwing a ball of flame at the kid Midoriya practically screams as he throws his hands up to shield himself, allowing his suit to catch fire. The video shows Oni waving and moving to get the fire out while screaming at the top of his lungs in pain. He manages to escape

Endeavor, who did nothing to help.

“I-I have a fear of fire now.” His voice cracks as he bows his head a bit. “It might be obvious, but this is not a memory I like to relive.”

“He’s telling the truth.” Tsukauchi confirms. All Might sends a disgusted look towards Endeavor. Endeavor glares at Midoriya.

“You didn’t even try to apprehend him normally?” All Might blurts out, truly at a loss. “Heroes don’t exhibit this kind of behavior.”

“All Might is right. We’re not to show a villain this kind of pain, and a vigilante isn’t the same. In this instance, it’s as if you used your quirk on a civilian, completely unprovoked.”

“He’s Japan’s most wanted vigilante.” Endeavor tries.

“Yes, but he has several copycats running around. This could have been a random person and you never bothered to check.” Tsukauchi gives Oni a tired but sorry look. They keep asking questions, allowing Midoriya to talk about why he began pranking Endeavor and how he’s seen Endeavor treat civilians. Every point Endeavor attempts to deny, Midoriya has physical evidence to show.

Every time Midoriya speaks, Tsukauchi can verify it’s the truth.

“So, Oni, what caused you to change your tactics when it came to Endeavor? Suddenly, it seemed you got more brutal and forward with your dislike of him.” *That’s right, to the public it seems like his increase in anti-Endeavor activity was random.*

“I met Shouto.” That gets the crowd of people talking, looking to Endeavor’s son in question.

“You what?” Endeavor asks, sounding genuinely confused.

“I’m your son’s best friend.” As Oni answers, Shouta feels a small smile at the look of utter bewilderment that settles on All Might’s face.

“Shouto Todoroki, is this correct?”

“Yes.” Todoroki agrees.

“Now, isn’t there an issue of a grown man hanging out with my child in secret?” Endeavor’s trying to flip it against Oni. Oni laughs in his seat, apologizing for his laughter.

“Father, Oni is my age.” The people all stop talking.

“True.” Tsukauchi confirms, “Oni is Todoroki’s age. We’re aware of this, and trying to handle it delicately before any one questions. Until further notice, Shouta Aizawa is acting in place of a legal guardian.” Tsukauchi nods to Shouta, who nods back in acknowledgement and ignores the glare Endeavor sends him.

“And how do we know that Oni isn’t threatening my son into his friendship in order to benefit him today?” Endeavor asks. Well, it *is* a valid worry.

“Todoroki?” All Might asks, no doubt worried for his student.

“I’m not being brainwashed. *I’m* the one who sought out Oni. *I’m* the one who wanted to be in his life.”

“True.”

“It’s ringing as true because this no-good vigilante is forcing you to believe it’s true, Shouto!” His father’s voice is booming. Every adult near them sees the way Todoroki flinches back at the raising of his voice.

“Don’t yell at him.” Oni warns, “He’s done nothing to provoke you. For once in your miserable life, just leave your son alone.”

“You’ve brainwashed him into thinking he cares about you! Why would I listen to anything that comes out of your pathetic mouth?”

“Father, he didn’t brainwash me into anything. What I feel for him is of my own choice and because of my own actions. Don’t talk about him like that. Berating a child is even more pathetic.”

“There’s no way to prove that you’re not just being threatened to speak so highly of this trashy criminal! Even with this detective’s quirk there is no real way to tell your actions are sincere!” Before All Might and Tsukauchi can interrupt this argument, Todoroki stands.

“Oh for the love of God.” Todoroki mumbles as he storms up to where Midoriya is being questioned.

“Shouto, what are you-” Endeavor’s interrupted by his son climbing some of the small steps, reaching over the bench and grabbing Midoriya’s shoulders. Midoriya makes no move to stop him as he reaches over and raises the boys mask to his nose.

No one moves.

No one speaks.

On every screen in Japan, a UA student and son of pro hero Endeavor kisses Japan’s most wanted vigilante in order to prove a point.

Chapter End Notes

> My father was a crackhead, so my family likes to joke that I adopted some 'crackheaded tendencies' as a result. For example my mother had Poison control on speed dial because I would regularly consume things N O T safe for human consumption. I once drank windex, ate full tubes of lipstick, I also ate a hole into the wall and when it was replastered, I ate it again, and a lot of other awful stuff all before the age of 6
> Also, my father would turn on dora and just leave me alone in a room with it on, my mom says my first word was 'abre' and that they couldn't get me to speak in English for a long time
> I also once got in trouble for accidentally taking a toy home from kindergarten with me, and my father was asking me about it while I was super sick, so being the natural dumbass he was, he took away my garbage can to get my attention on the toy, which resulted in me projectile vomiting all over him AND the toy
> ALSO YOU GUYS GET TO CHOSE WHAT NEXT CHAPTERS STORY IS: Will it be 'the times I've had to speak with the FBI" or "The time I worked with the Library of congress in an attempted to prove that a woman's suicide in 1938 was actually a murder in middle school"
> EDIT: A N O T H E R 10 chapters? Jeez, you're champ. A real cool kid! You know what else would make ya a cool kid?? Joining the youtube cult!: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ
> Insta: Jellofello22
> tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

End of trial? mayhaps?

Chapter Notes

Long story at the end so I'll put my shit up here!
Insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto didn't realize what he was doing until he did it. The feeling of anger made him move on autopilot and do the first thing that came to mind.

He's very happy that Izu's not pushing him away. Then again, Izu's having absolutely no reaction. He leaned in a bit, sure, but that was all he did. The moment he pulls away, Izu begins stuttering.

"On…. On-On national…. National television-" Aizawa's already out of his seat as the vigilante faints, hitting the back of the chair. The room is silent.

"Todoroki….. Would you like to explain why you did that?" Detective Tsukauchi breaks the silence, giving him a gentle but genuinely confused look.

"My father wouldn't listen to me. I did something that would get everyone's attention. It worked."

"Kiddo, you're smoking." He gestures to Shouto, who is in fact using his fire by accident. He cuts it out and saunters back to his seat, returning his father's glare. Attention returns to the vigilante, who

remains unconscious.

“He got so shocked that he tried using his quirk, even though he’s already healed. It made him overheat and pass out. Much like how Todoroki uses his quirk when emotional.” *I made him so flustered he passed out?* While Shouto knows he should feel bad about it, or that he should regret doing it on live television, he doesn’t at all. In fact, he feels happy.

“Young Todoroki, are you and Oni in a relationship?” All Might speaks up.

“No. I just really like him. I kissed him so you would all see that I do things of my own accord, I’m not brainwashed by him. I’ve never been.”

“True.” The detective confirms, smiling a bit. Aizawa picks Oni up and carries him back to their seat. “It seems you put Oni out of commission for a while, so I suppose it’s a good time to get your side.” Shouto nods and heads up to where Izu was sitting.

“Tell me, why do you support Oni.” All Might asks.

“He was the first person I’ve met outside of my family who also hated Endeavor.” The crowd murmurs. “Everyone sees him and assumes this is all a tough-guy act or something.” Shouto makes sure to look his excuse of a father in the eyes as he says this, “No one stopped to consider that he might be abusing his own family as bad as the villains.”

“…..If you’re comfortable, please explain what you mean in full detail. Do not fear for your safety.”

“Ok-”

“As my son, he’s not allowed to speak without his parent’s permission, and I have yet to give it.” Endeavor interrupts. “He’s a minor and therefore must listen to me.” Shouto can see Aizawa visibly shaking, eye twitching ever so slightly.

“Endeavor, this is not the first time you have scared a minor, may I remind you.” Aizawa seethes, looking a little less intimidating with Oni practically draped across his lap. *I wonder when he’ll wake up.*

“What do you mean, Eraserhead?” Tsukauchi asks.

“During the Sports Festival, for whatever reason, Endeavor was found in restricted areas meant for faculty and students only. He was looking for my intern, Izuku Midoriya. Upon seeing Endeavor acting threateningly towards a child, he started to spiral into a panic attack until I stepped in.” *My father did what?*

“It’s the truth,” The detective confirms, “Endeavor, why were you seeking out a child that is not your own?”

“I wanted to speak with him about ensuring he gave his all against Shouto.”

“True.”

“Very well, but that does not excuse the fact that you violated UA’s rules. The events that took place after the Sports Festival have led us

here today, and Oni brought up that Endeavor may or may not be abusing his family. For this reason, Shouto is allowed to speak and say whatever he wishes without restraint. A child's safety is above your own." All Might explains, giving Shouto a kind smile. He takes a deep breath.

"Oni brought up the fact that my father is abusive, because I'm the one who told him about it. He's been abusing me while calling it training since my quirk manifested."

"Since you were four?" Tsukauchi asks, for solid numbers.

"Three actually, my quirk was strong enough to manifest a little early. I don't remember much, but what I do is never pleasant. He'd throw his flames at me and blame me if I couldn't get ice up fast enough to block." Out the corner of his eye, he sees Izu sitting up, and Aizawa very softly speaking to him. He turns to Shouto and gently puts a hand over his mouth. "He'd beat me into throwing up, until I couldn't speak because of how my throat hurt from screaming."

Shouto'd say everyone here is holding their breath. Izu leaps up from his seat, immediately being restrained by Aizawa. Izu shakes in his seat, radiating pure fury.

"Oni, it's okay." He gets Izu's attention immediately. "It's okay." His friend settles back into his seat, giving a rigid nod. "Once I came along, he stopped training my brother, Touya. After 'training' him and breaking him, and then suddenly being thrown away…. I think something happened. He left and I haven't seen him since. Oni has told me he became a villain and that doesn't surprise me at all." The crowd starts talking again. "My mother is locked up in a hospital. She snapped too, and poured boiling water over the left side of my face after she said I looked too much like him." He touches his scar, so familiar yet it'll always feel a little foreign. He wouldn't mind the scar so much if it were from something he felt made it worth it.

“Are you alright?” All Might asks. Shouto looks down, doing something Izu taught him ahead of time. When he looks back up, he looks into the camera as he begins to cry.

“No, All Might. I’m not.” He forces himself to sob, trying to keep it realistic. He’s never been much of a crier, but after seeing what a crybaby Izu is, he’s got a handle on faking it. He’s handed tissues as he’s allowed to sit back down. The cameras stay on him, allowing the glare Endeavor shoots him to be seen clearly.

“Oni, are you okay now?” Tsukauchi asks.

“Getting there. It’s just, you know…. Having my first kiss in front of millions was something I wasn’t mentally ready for- NOT that it was a bad thing. Just spooked me a bit.” *It was his first kiss too? I guess it makes sense, with his life.*

“Are you able to come up and talk about Touya?” Izu nods and waddles up to the chair, “I understand you have some information from him?” His friend nods, handing over another disc. Once in, it plays. The man on screen has his face covered, to hide his identity. As well as a voice changer.

“Hello, *father.* It’s Touya, in case you forgot your former successor that failed.” He starts. Shouto feels the hair on his arms rising. This man is supposed to be his brother, yet he feels nothing. He doesn’t know *what* he would even feel. “Oni here told me I should state a few things so the Todoroki family can confirm it’s me. First, Mom is locked up in a hospital for pouring the kettle on Shouto.” Tsukauchi heard Shouto say it already, confirming. “Second, Enji, you tried to teach me one of your super moves and it led to me being hospitalized for four months.” The video’s paused.

"...True." His father confirms reluctantly. He's becoming more aware that lying will only get him further from winning.

"-When Shouto was being, ahem, *trained* by this dickbag, I was thrown away. Pro heroes, do you know what it feels like to suddenly have a vacation after patrolling every day for years? That's what I felt. It was the first thing this old geezer instilled in me. This feeling of being useless the moment I stopped moving started eating me alive. Until I found a way to get rid of the feeling. Apparently, it doesn't matter if I do good *or* bad for this fucked up society. As long as I keep moving, I'm okay. Something I never thought I'd be under your ever-so watchful eye. Shouto, I've seen the way you and my vigilante friend act together. You have a good friend and ally in him. *Please* trust him more than our father." The video stops.

"Oni, you know this villain yet never turned him in?" Tsukauchi asks with a tired expression, raking a hand through his hair. Shouto can tell everyone might have to take a break soon.

"He said he's a villain, and that he's done horrible things, but I have zero proof and I have no idea if he's wanted." Izu shrugs, being released from Aizawa's restraints.

"You're telling the truth. You can't get in trouble for that, at least."

The group continues on, without a break. It's nearing the end, now that all the facts are out.

"Okay, we're going to open the polls, both online and real. We'll break for two hours before releasing the results. That is all." The groups are being allowed to go to the different break rooms set up for them. The only rules in place are to keep Endeavor and Izu away from each other, and now to keep Endeavor and Shouto away from each other. Shouto feels the smallest of smiles tug at his lips. *I guess it works out.*

Naomasa waits until Oni and Todoroki are led away by Aizawa to address everyone else. Toshinori stands by his side, not yet informed of what's to happen.

"What is this about?" Endeavor seethes. The crowd of reporters and civilians agree with the question.

"Oni is a wanted vigilante. We have him in a secure location. We will take him into custody. All Might, do what you must. Endeavor, if your license is revoked, this act will be considered your last heroism. Civilians, for your own safety, I suggest you leave now and watch from home. Reporters, well, you have your camera's off now but…. I suggest you also leave for your safety. Camp outside the windows if you must. Just do not tell Oni. It will be considered an obstruction of Justice and will see you a large fine or even jail time. Do I make myself clear?"

Izuku sits on the floor next to Aizawa, mask off now that he's in a room with only him and Shouto. *I just need a breather.*

"Are you sure I'm not interrupting anything?" Aizawa asks, looking between his two students.

"No, sir. We're okay." Shouto reassures, looking to Izuku to give a nod. *I thought I'd be more freaked out, but I'm okay. I think it felt so natural that I can't think of it as something new. Maybe it's shock.*

“We’re fuckin’ dandy!” Izuku cheers, getting slapped upside his head by Aizawa. “Dad, that’s abuse.”

“My words exactly.” Shouto deadpans, getting a shocked snort from Izuku. His face feels hot when he meets Shouto’s eyes. *Okay, maybe it was shock and it’s slowly setting in.*

“I can’t believe I passed out.” He hides his face in his hands in embarrassment. “My cool guy image is *ruined.”*

“It was cute.” Shouto admits, smiling at how red Izuku gets.

“You short circuited. Literally. I could see your quirk factor was switched on but you didn’t have any injuries. You were burning up when I got to you.” *Thank you, Bill. I really need the science of me fainting on national television.* Izuku’s phone buzzes in his pocket. *Toshi’s calling me?* He gets up and walks to the other side of the room to answer it.

“Hey, Toshi, what’s going on?”

“Izuku, you know how we planted cameras in the building beforehand?” Izuku tries not to show expressions, suddenly mad he’s not wearing his mask.

“Yeah?”

“The media was ordered to turn off all cameras, but I got footage of what was said. They’re going to trap you in and try and capture you. Everyone’s being ordered to leave so you can’t take hostages.” Izuku hums, thinking this over. *I thought they might pull some dumb stunt like*

this. “Also, I immediately saved the video of you fainting. Your unconscious body is currently my phone’s background.

“Toshi!” He whines, “Oh you’re so very lucky I like you.” Toshi laughs on the other end of the phone. *Eraser keeps trying to watch me. You knew this whole time, didn’t you? You’ve been trying to get my guard down this whole time huh?* “Do you know who else is going to be there? Just our class?” He adds on something random to throw Eraserhead off.

“I get what you’re doing. They plan on having a few troops of the Quirk-focused Special Forces come in through both the front and back of the building. Media will be parked outside the window. Do you have an earpiece with you?”

“Yeah, I do. I’m exhausted. Why does it sound like you’re not with Mic right now?” *It sounds like he’s outside, and he wouldn’t say all this with Mic around.*

“I offered to go and pick up some takeout. Ask Aizawa what he wants.” *Just call him Dad already.*

“Yo, Eraser.” Aizawa’s eyes snap to him, as if he hadn’t been trying to eavesdrop. “Toshi said he’s picking up dinner, what do you want?” For a brief moment, a look of something close to sadness comes over Aizawa’s face, it’s immediately wiped away.

“The usual.”

“The usual.” He repeats.

“Great, got it. I’ll make sure to get yours too. Bring it back to the

apartment?" Izuku hums an affirmative note. "Are you upset they're doing this to you?"

"No. I knew something like this would happen. It's okay." Aizawa's eyes widen a bit. "I mean, all this press attention on me is *so* fucking annoying! I just want to go home already."

"I know you're trying to throw Aizawa off and all, but it still sounds weird." Toshi laughs. "Well, put your earpiece onto the default channel and I'll let you know when everything's going to go down."

"Sweet, don't forget the extra sauce! See you at home!" He doesn't miss the way Aizawa winces when he calls it 'home'. The sound of voices in the hall startle him into scrambling back over and putting his mask on. Aizawa and Shouto move to delay the door, and Izuku takes the time to slip an earpiece in before putting the mask on.

"What's with you two?" Tsuki asks, walking in with All Might.

"Facially, I was naked." He admits. All Might scrunches his nose at him a bit as Tsukauchi sighs.

"We were going to knock."

"I can't be too sure of that." Izuku snarks. "Hey, All Might." the Symbol of Grease looks at him with a shocked expression, before giving a small wave. *I'd tell him he can deflate, but he doesn't know that Oni knows, and Shouto doesn't know.*

Shouto sets a hand on Izuku's shoulder, giving a light squeeze before he leans in a bit.

“I’m going to take a walk, and get some food. I’ll bring you back some.” With that, Shouto leaves the room. *He read what I was thinking that easily? Holy shit, my heart.*

“Well, if you guys are going to babysit, you can come in and close the door. Shouto gave us space on purpose.” Izuku explains, gesturing widely to the open room.

“R-Right.” All Might mumbles, watching him like a hawk on crack. *Huh, Hawks on crack. That’s a nice thought-*

“Pay attention.” Aizawa nudges him harshly with an elbow. “Tsukauchi was speaking.”

“Right, dad. Okay. Tsuki?”

“Oni, I want to thank you for trying to behave for this. It actually does mean a lot to us.” Izuku hums.

“You’re welcome then, also, All Might?” The man startles. *Why are you so jumpy?* “You can you know…. Deflate. I know about it. No use wasting time.” All Might’s eyes widen as he gapes, but deflates anyways.

“How do you know?” All Might’s voice has an edge to it.

“I’m a sneaky little fuck, what can I say? Don’t worry, I haven’t told anyone. I don’t think the world can handle that news at the same time as Endeavor’s downfall.”

“I suppose you’re right.” He trails off. “You know, I have half a mind to apprehend you right here.” *Why do you sound like you’re scolding me?* Aizawa steps in between the two.

“You are not part of the Oni investigation, and therefore are not authorized to. You may capture him on your own time. This is not the time nor place.”

“He kidnapped your student!”

“Oh, so this is about Izuku Midoriya? I barely touched the kid! I just wanted to make a point, and I did.”

“Kidnapping a UA student and fancying another is very frowned upon as a vigilante." Izuku’s gotten better at dealing with All Might. Maybe there’s something about being in the suit that makes him feel better? Hiding his face from the one man who can end his career as a vigilante. All Might is tied to so much trauma, he wonder how the man would feel if he knew how responsible he was for Oni?

“Technically, Shouto’s the one who’s fancying *me.* I’ve already said it. I only wanted Midoriya so I can find his uncle.”

“Why?” All Might questions. Tsukauchi and Aizawa glare at him. While he’s not a part of the investigation, if Oni wishes to spill the beans, there’s nothing stopping him.

“Can’t say. You’re not a part of the investigation.” Surprisingly, All Might isn’t as hostile as he thought he’d be. Until it clicks. Izuku huffs out a bitter laugh.

“What?” Aizawa asks, concern lacing his voice.

“All Might doesn’t want to fight me. He doesn’t see the *point* in fighting me.”

“What do you mean?” Tsuki asks once he realizes All Might’s gone quiet.

“He knows I’m Shouto’s age. He doesn’t see me as much of a threat anymore because he knows I’m a kid.”

“All Might?” Aizawa asks.

“He’s a child!” All Might sighs, “What am I supposed to do?!”

“He’s Japan's most wanted vigilante. We do whatever takes to bring him in alive. Those are our orders. Regardless of his age.” *Yet you two have also been known to hesitate because of my age.* Maybe Izuku can use this to his advantage.

“I take it you three need to talk.” Izuku pipes up suddenly. “I’m going to find Shouto. You can take this room to use. I know not to leave the building.” With that, Izuku leaves.

Once everyone’s back in the courtroom, Izuku has to act like he doesn’t know why the room is emptier. *It’d be more suspicious for me*

not to ask. He leans over.

"Eraser, why is everyone gone?"

"They had to vote too." He explains without missing a beat. *I hope they're at least voting if they were kicked out.* This time, All Might is going to read the results, with Tsuki being the one hanging back a bit. Shouto is on the left side of Endeavor this time, making it easier to get to Izuku.

"Izuku, sneeze if you can hear me." Toshi asks through the earpiece. He does as told, getting an 'ugh' from Eraser. "Good. They plan on announcing Endeavor's results and then immediately going after you. They want to catch you off guard. Your best bet for an escape is the window to the right of you and Aizawa. They will hesitate to pull full attacks if you use human shields. Then again, they probably accounted for some sort of struggle. Toshi goes quiet as they begin speaking.

"We gave the allotted time to vote, and I thank every citizen for their support and effort." All Might smiles at the camera, looking at the envelope in his hands. "Before the results of Endeavor, we must state one thing. Regardless of weather or not Endeavor can remain a hero, we have decided that he cannot be a parent." *YES! This makes it all worth it.* "It is decided that custody of Shouto Todoroki will be given to his elder sister, Fuyumi. Endeavor will, however, still be responsible for all funds towards his child." Izuku's grinning so hard it hurts. "Now, as for Endeavor himself." There's a pause as All Might takes the results out of the envelope. "Endeavor, it is decided that for the time being, you will *not* be a pro hero. You license will be revoked until further notice." Endeavor's physically shaking, before he glares at Izuku. The moment Izuku starts to shake, a hand goes to his shoulder. Aizawa then erases Endeavor's quirk.

"Sir, no illegal quirk use." Aizawa says with a teasing tone, making Izuku slap a hand over his mouth to keep from laughing. *Who knew you could have a sense of humor?! I almost forgot you also wanted his*

license revoked.

“Endeavor, as your last service as a pro hero-”

“Izuku, it’s now.” Toshi hisses.

“-You may join us in the official capture of Oni.” The doors break down as Special Forces flood in. *I came prepared.* The moment Aizawa moves to grab him, he uses a taser on him. As Eraserhead seizes up, he takes his capture weapon.

“My taser!” Tsukauchi yells. *It was pretty easy to pickpocket you when I left the room.* He’s on his feet, using the capture weapon on a Special Force member and pulling him. They shoot at Izuku, grazing him. *Right, they can’t kill me.*

“You l-learned how to use my... my weapon?” Aizawa slurs a bit, trying to push himself to his feet. All Might and Eraserhead hesitate to move. He’s surrounded in seconds with only one hostage. Shouto remains in his seat, knowing to leave this to him.

“I learned when you first started the investigation. What, did I not tell you?”

“Izuku, I’m going to cause a disruption. Stall.” Toshi’s voice cuts in.

“Let the man go, Oni.” All Might warns.

“Mango? You talking about fruit? Personally, I like strawberries-” All

Might moves towards him in a rage. The Special Forces part. “You’re going to hit a child.” He reminds, almost howling at how fast All Might stops. Aizawa moves behind him, getting restrained by his own weapon and hurled across the room. Izuku must admit, he really likes this weapon. The way the cloth can snap rigid in a flick of his fingers like a slap bracelet amazes him.

“Enough of this!” Endeavor throws a ball of flames at Izuku with no regard for the hostage. Izuku curses and dives, covering the hostage and barely missing the flames. *Fuck. Don’t freeze. Don’t-* All around them, Sirens blare. Everyone’s phones go off at once.

“Izuku *go!”* Toshi yells. Izuku scrambles towards the window, getting shot in the leg by an officer. As he kicks the glass in, he jumps, making sure to wave for the dozens of cameras on him.

“Endeavor *STOP!”* All Might yells behinds him, before there’s a sudden shift in the air as Izuku takes off down the street. Only seconds before his world is swallowed whole by pain.

Katsuki watched the stupid case. Endeavor can’t be a hero because he abused Todoroki. That, he gets. He shivers, wondering if it meant the same for him with the way he treated Deku? He saw the dumb fuck tase their teacher before taking a hostage. He’s gotten to use to thinking of Deku as useless that this new reality has yet to fully set in.

He watched with no words as Deku went up in flames.

His scream pierced through the air and ate away at Katsuki’s heart even though he wasn’t the one who caused it. The most surprising

thing about all this is the fact that the Deku actually fucking made it away. Several pro heroes and Special Forces couldn't find him.

It was later revealed that Deku was shot with quirk suppressant-laced bullets, so they don't know if he's even alive at this point. Endeavor was taken away to the police station until further notice for denying orders and ignoring the hostages.

Apparently, they were supposed to inflict as little harm as possible because of his age.

Katsuki shouldn't give a fuck about everything that happened, yet he needs to know if the nerd's alive. Any sign he hasn't gone and kicked the bucket would do. Why else would he be walking around this shitty area at night? He checked Deku's fucked up house and didn't see him there, so he's walking around aimlessly. Not knowing if he'll just find a corpse.

Those flames were so fucking hot they were blue. The hell is Endeavor's problem?! As Katsuki grumbles, he walks. Only, he stops when he gets to a familiar path.

Are you okay, Kacchan?

God! I can't get his fucking voice out my head. Maybe when this is over he can hang out with Shitty Hair to keep his mind off it. He's gotten used to his constant blabbering. Katsuki climbs down to walk along the water, stopping where he fell all those years ago. His breath catches when he shines his flashlight.

"K-K… Kacc...han?"

Chapter End Notes

SO The middle school murder won:
in 8th grade, my history teacher (Who was almost 80, I think) pulled me and a friend aside after he gave the class a test. The test was handing us a random letter/note/document and telling us to find as much information from them as we can. I even told him which ones were written by the same person and which of them were a forgery. So he pulled us aside and said he had a special project for us to do. He handed us this bigass book of names, family trees, and documents to sort through and sat us down at an old iMac g3 computer (which, look it up cuz it was a nightmare to use) and brought up this super weird catalog application and told us to catalog every single family member we could find. He wasn't related to anyone on this family tree and I still have no clue WHY he asked us to do this.
Eventually he got more specific and asked us to include information like if they were known for anything, hobbies, ways they died. Things like that. He wanted all of their personal life if we could find it
MONTHS later, I haven't done a single assignment in his class. Everything goes in automatically as an a+, including tests. Just so we can catalog this family tree all year
We get to one woman, and we realize nothing about her death was adding up. It was listed as a suicide but the physical data/ information publicly released by police didn't match up with any news articles announcing her death.
I start getting into a rabbit hole of missing data and random things and get sidetracked
I found out this woman was also famous (same level of fame as like,,, a youtuber would have? Idk, she was a 'socialite') and often went to the white house as she was friends with a president and his wife
I got into contact with the library of congress because I heard they'd know how to get her suicide note and other stuff like that. We keep going back and forth and they say ya we can send you copies of the suicide note, but because it's not public info you need her living relatives permission as well as the mayor's permission from the city it's in. So I get both.
(Side note, I called the mayor after sending some emails and she was basically like 'uhhhh I don't see why not?')

One day I made an off handed comment while on the phone with the LOC (shoutout to you, Jennifer!) about having to go to the bus and that I'll call back later. She got confused and was like ??? It's a bit late for the bus?? and I said "Middle school here gets out

at 2:45" and she went silent.
"Raven... we legally can't work with you if you're not AT LEAST in high school. I'm sorry, you sounded like a sophomore or junior. I apologize-" and she hung up and I never got to speak with them again. I never got the suicide note even though I got permission from the relative and mayor.
That's how I found out I wanna be a detective though!! (Also to this day I still firmly believe it was a murder. I'm not naming names because y'know,,,, respect to their family n shit)

Next chapter is the FBI stories + Why I have such a strong aversion to chocolate milkshakes and ice creams and why I haven't had one in 13 years!

Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Shouta tweaks out, that's it

Chapter Notes

I really just want to say that I was LIVING for all the comments about how weird it was for Endeavor to be allowed to do what he did, or why Eraser didn't stop it. Some even said the way everything turned out was cringy!

But, no one's asked if I was already aware of the cringiness of the trial and if it played out like that on purpose
guess w h a t
IT DID! So I was reading all the pissed off comments with the biggest shit-eating grin lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hisashi watches the screen, smiling so wide it hurts. He almost forgets to hold the gun against the Commissioner General's head. The man in question trembles, eyes closed as he watched the child go up in flames.

"This is why I gave you that order." Hisashi sneers, playfully tapping the man's temple. He used a favor and got someone with a warp quirk take him to the office of the Chief of the National Police Agency.

"Wh-Which order?" *He's got a point there.*

" That no matter the outcome of the case, you tell that pesky detective that Endeavor *must* be allowed to go after Oni." *As a result, they'll face backlash for allowing the person who'd have the most anger towards the vigilante to go after him. Hell, he even ignored the hostages!* Hisashi chuckles a bit, thinking back. *It'll ruin some trust towards the police, and more towards Oni. With luck, it'll lead that brat straight to me. For whatever reason, he wants me. Well, I'll make him regret it.*

“There’s no way that kid survived. You made me responsible for a child’s death.” The Commissioner General sounds like he’s crying out of anger.

“You’re forgetting that he’s the biggest thorn in your side as an agency. He’s wanted. Not to mention, you’re being paid to allow this to happen. The gun is insurance. I needed Oni out of commission for a while.” *I had Endeavor wrapped around my finger and playing into my game without even realizing it!*

“You could have let the Quirk Special Forces handle it, my men are very well trained.” Hisashi hums, thinking over if he had used them fully.

“No. Allowing Endeavor to lose his mind is the best option. He’ll never be trusted again. It’ll put more pressure on All Might to pick up the slack and run him into the ground.” The man’s eyes widen.

“You’re using me to take down the Symbol of Peace?”

“No. No. I do business with the League, they’d appreciate it if I helped with their goal as well. I’m solely focused on making as much money as I possibly can. If something’s bad for business, I get rid of it.” *Like Inko and that quirkless brat.*

That’s one thing that gave Hisashi quite a shock.

He was sitting in his office watching the Sports Festival, when he saw a kid named Izuku Midoriya waltz up to the microphone to speak. Inko was an only child, and Midoriya was Hisashi’s last name. Besides, Hisashi could look at that boy and see the same kid he and Inko tried

to raise together.

A boy that should be dead.

In fact, Mikumo had an autopsy and everything. Hisashi made sure of it. So why is his son running around with a fake name? Why is his son somehow involved with the Oni investigation that even *he* can't fake the clearance to get into? Hisashi heard that even All Might himself can't get the clearance, but his stupid brat can? *He's not actually quirkless.* Hisashi only knows that he has an intelligence quirk, and by the looks of it from the Festival, it's amazing. If Mikumo wasn't smart enough to convict Hisashi of his crimes, he might consider kidnapping him and forcing him to do the analytics of his business. He'd be rich.

In the end, he'll just have to kill his son himself. Make sure he's dead, seeing as it somehow didn't succeed the first time. Well, it's a good thing the League is planning something that'll give him the perfect chance to.

Shouta can't get the screaming out of his head. The smell out of his nose. He'd never admit that his hands are shaking too much to text Hizashi back. He ran out after Midoriya the second he caught on fire, just so he could put him out. The kid kept screaming and running. Within minutes, all heroes lost sight of him. For all they know, he could've gone down in a random alley and bled to death.

He sits on the roof of the court house, missing the weight of his capture weapon around him. *He took it with him.* Shouta wants nothing more than to go out and find Midoriya, but until he's given the word by his higher-ups here, he's stuck. He glares at the bandages around his leg. Endeavor pushed aside an officer while they were aiming, resulting in a bullet grazing his leg. Just enough quirk suppressants made it into his system, and he couldn't stop Endeavor. The feeling of being useless still sits with him.

I was never told Endeavor was going to be part of the capture. It's illogical. It's a deathwish. Yet they still did it. That's why Shouta made the 'illegal quirk use' joke in the first place. Officer's had to pry Shouta off of Detective Tsukauchi, threatening to jail him as well. The look in Tsukauchi's eyes was a haunted one as well, and Shouta gets the feeling there's more to this.

There's no telling what Hitoshi will say when he gets home. What he'll do to make sure his best friend's okay. If it were Shouta in his place, he'd tear up the country in order to make sure Midoriya's okay. Well, he won't go that far, but he'll do anything. He's a problem child, but he's still his student at the end of the day. A fucking *child.*

"Leave me alone." Shouta hisses at the sound of footsteps approaching.

"Young Aizawa, I have some information you might like." All Might keeps his voice soft, but he sounds like he's close to breaking as well. Without waiting for permission, All Might comes over and sits besides him, swinging his legs over the ledge like Shouta. He's in his powered-down form. "I'd like to be a part of the search teams, but my time today went to the trial and towards subduing Endeavor."

Shouta merely grunts as a response.

"I don't know what the relationship you and Oni have, but it's clear there's a lot more going on than I know. I understand that now. What Endeavor did was unacceptable."

"All Might, Oni is a UA student." From his goggles, he can see All Might tense, eyes tearing into him as if he could get more information from his body language. "It's top secret information and you are not to

tell a soul about it. That's why no one has been able to get proper clearance. Not even Nedzu knows."

"....Oni is a UA student… That's…" All Might's at a loss for words, as he should be. "Does Midoriya know he's a UA student?"

"Yes. Me, Midoriya, and Tsukauchi know. No one else. Midoriya joined the investigation because he's key to finding evidence against Oni."

"His quirk *is* handy for detective work." *Yeah, sure. Not because Midoriya was the one who was set on fire. God, the nightmares that kid'll have.*

"All Might, what did you want to tell me." Shouta asks, trying to figure this shit out.

"Right, sorry. I was asking Naomasa why Endeavor was allowed to participate regardless of what happened and he said he received the order from the Commissioner General himself. Said that Naomasa'd lose his job on the spot if he kept Endeavor from going after Oni. It sounded like the CG *wanted* Endeavor to go after Oni."

"That can't be right-"

"It's true, Eraserhead." Tsukauchi calls from behind, before having a seat next to All Might. "I received the emails about it, then became so shocked that I had to call him and confirm someone didn't hack into his email. It's true. His voice sounded strained. I should've gone in person so I could use my quirk." The sit in silence for a while. Each second that ticks by, Shouta feels more restless. Useless. He's on his feet and storming towards the door. "Eraserhead, you're in no condition to go after him-"

“I’m not going home without him.”

Toshinori stares at the door Aizawa slammed behind him.

“He’s not going home without him?” Toshinori asks his dear friend for explanation.

“Eraserhead and Oni are kind of like father and son at this point. It’s been his way of keeping tabs on the vigilante and preventing him from patrols until we can get evidence to prove his identity.”

“You’re saying you know who he is?” Toshinori asks, wondering just *how* complex this all is.

“We do. We just need the evidence to prove it. Oni knows if we try and use just our word, it’s useless. He’ll remain free. And before you ask, no, I cannot tell you who he is. That *actually* needs clearance for me to discuss. Without evidence, at least.” The Symbol of Peace hums thoughtfully.

“Young Aizawa basically watched his child be hunted down and tortured, in a way.” Naomasa nods his head. *My, this is going to be quite the headache.* “These orders you received are why Endeavor never had to wear quirk restraining cuffs? I thought it was odd.”

“Yes, it was. I wasn’t allowed to do anything restrictive. Technically speaking, I wasn’t actually supposed to warn against lethal intent. The Commissioner General has yet to acknowledge that, though.” Toshinori thinks about this a very long time. It’s rare that for someone with such a high title gives orders for something like this. Yes,

Endeavor was the number two hero, but it still feels a bit of a petty thing to give orders for.

It's interesting, for lack of a better word.

Katsuki runs towards the body laying halfway into the water. *He could've fucking drowned.* He pulls Deku out, trying to ignore the smell of his burnt flesh and the way the open wounds stick to him. Deku holds a hand out to him, ready to give something.

Curious, Katsuki extends a hand. A necklace drops down into his hand, looking unharmed. *He wanted to keep it untouched.*

"Deku, what is this?" He asks uncharacteristically soft.

"Mom's." He croaks, not trying to use a broken voice too much. "Keep safe."

"Oi, you say that like you're going to fucking die." With that, he puts aside his worry and hoists Deku up into his arms, carrying him back to his own home. The Old Hag and Pushover are probably asleep. If not, his habit of loudly screaming if he's home or not has made it much easier for him to sneak in and out of the house. *His skin is hot as fuck.* Deku's face remains untouched, for the most part. It's mostly his back and legs that got the worst of it.

"Suit was… fireproof." *That means Endeavor got so hot it burnt through the fireproof material?*

“Stop talking, Deku.” He hisses, seeing from down the street that his house’s lights are off. *Good.* Once at the front steps, he tells Deku to stay quiet or he’ll kill him.

Instead of bringing Deku to his room, he brings him straight to the bathroom, sitting him down in the bathtub. He makes sure Deku’s siting up, bent over a bit so his back can get the most water. After all, it’s the worst. The fucking nerd jumps when he turns the cool water on, but immediately relaxes.

Katsuki leaves to get clothes.

When he comes back, he finds that Deku took off more of his suit, and has Aizawa’s capture weapon and his mask thrown aside on the ground. The capture weapon doesn’t look touched. *Is it fireproof?*

“...Why didn’t they lock up that crazy fuck?” Katsuki asks. There was something off about how everything was handled.

“They probably h-had a reason, Kacchan.” Deku won’t look him in the eyes. Katsuki’s annoyed by all the blood running off of him and staining the tub’s walls. “Why are you doing this?” That’s a good question, maybe Katsuki feels guilty over all the torment he put Deku through? Maybe because he was a shitty person and feels like he wants to change? Or, maybe it was because Deku’s screaming reminded him of how Deku used to react to Katsuki using his quirk on him? He has so many answers, and yet,

“I don’t know,” He shrugs, “You were there. I was. Heroes help.” He wants to wipe that stupid fucking smile off Deku’s face. A smile of disbelief.

“Heroes did this to me.”

“*One* did.” There’s quiet. “Are you pissed at Aizawa?” Deku gives a small hum.

“I think he was shot or something. There’s no way he had control over his quirk if this happened. He would’ve cancelled Endeavor’s in a heartbeat. Katsuki stares intensely at every wound he sees.

“What happens with quirk suppressants fucking you up?”

“I just have to hope they wear off before I die.”

“Is that what happened when you were shot?” Deku chuckles, lowering his head and bringing his knees to his chest. The stretching motion pulls at the burns.

“Yeah. I cut off my own hand to bleed out the drugs.” *What the fuck? That’s stupid as hell.*

“Who’s shitty idea was that?!”

“….Mine.” Shitty Deku mumbles, casting a glare at Kacchan.

“God, what the fuck did you get me caught up in.” He turns away to get the rubbing alcohol and bandages. The water’s starting to run clear again. Katsuki pretends he can’t see that Deku’s crying. He’ll convince himself it’s just water, despite the rest of his face being dry.

“Shut the fuck up, Kacchan.” *What-* “If you just believed I was a boy named Izuku on the first day of class, this would never have happened.” *This would never have happened if I were friends with you. If you had someone there to save you and Auntie. This wouldn’t have happened if you…*

“All this happened because you had a mutation in your quirk.” Katsuki realizes. He startles at the laugh Deku chokes on.

“I know right! Now I’m stuck pretending to be everything I’m not.”

“The hell does that mean?”

“A hero.” ….*Oh.* Katsuki shuts the water off.

“Listen up, you dickbag. I’m going to pour the rubbing alcohol over you to disinfect the wounds, and you’re not going to make a peep. You wake my parents up and you’re shitty life is fuckin’ over.” Deku warily eyes the bottle in his hand.

“I don’t think that’s right.”

“What would you know? You have a fucking healing quirk.” Without warning, he moves closer and begins pouring it over Deku. The boy doesn’t make a sound. He actually looks kind of…. Bored. *High pain tolerance. Being set on fire must just hurt like a bitch.* Once he’s done, he grabs Deku’s arms and makes him stand so he can wrap bandages around him.

“Aren’t you supposed to be with Best Jeanist?” Deku asks.

“I opted out of staying with that loser during the nights. I commute.” Katsuki heads to the door. “Change your clothes and come back to my room.”

“And how would I know which one’s yours?”

“We were childhood friends.” Katsuki reminds with a bitter taste.

“….Right.” Katsuki leaves the room.

Shouta aimlessly hops from building to building, looking for any sign of Midoriya. He’s gotten nothing. No texts, no locations, nothing. Honestly, he’s about to lose his goddamn mind.

His phone rings and he picks it up without checking.

“Midoriya?!” He asks, trying to remind himself to be rational.

“Nope.” The ‘p’ is popped, letting Shouta knows he’s dealing with a very pissed off Hitoshi.

“Listen, I know what you saw was bad. It was. I’m sorry. But you need to understand that I didn’t know Endeavor was going to be involved.” The other line is quiet for a minute, before there’s a long sigh.

“When you get home, you’re bringing both Izuku and prove that what you said was true.” *I understand. I broke your trust and let him get hurt.* “Why didn’t you stop Endeavor?”

“One of the bullets grazed me.”

“Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. I just can’t use my quirk.”

“So, why *was* Endeavor involved?” Hitoshi seethes.

“I’ll explain when I’m home. I promise. Until then,” *Hizashi is going to be mad at me for this. I shouldn’t do this. Teenage vigilantism is what I’m trying to get rid of for God’s sake.* “Did Oni teach you how to hack?”

“….Oh my God.” Hitoshi whispers excitedly. “I’m *so* telling on you when Izuku gets back.” Shouta rolls his eyes, “He taught me the basics. What do you need?” Shouta can hear the clacking of keys through the phone.

“Get into the Commissioner General's email and see if he sent anything to the police about making sure Endeavor can do what he wants. Footage from inside the office would be great too.” Hitoshi hums.

“I can get the email. As for the cameras, that’s more up Izuku’s alley. I’ll try it, though.” They say their goodbyes so Shouta can get back to his search.

There's a trail of blood, but there's no way to tell that it's Midoriya's. It could be anyone's. Seeing as he can't ignore his heroics duties, he still follows it. It leads him to a creak, where it looks like they submerged themself in the water. They didn't fall and roll in, they deliberately climbed in. Why?

To cool themselves off.

It makes sense if it were Midoriya. The water's a good temperature for relief from the burns, even if it's grossly unsanitary. There's another set of footsteps, then the footsteps leave, tracking mud onto the pavement. A small trail of water drops are present too. *If this was Midoriya, he could have been carried away.* It's a shame the trail disappears.

He searches for five more hours before going home. Only because Hizashi begged him. He walks into the front door and is hugged by his husband, a grounding weight he really needed. Shouta's guided up to the bathroom to shower, pajamas already on the counter. After mumbling a 'thank you' to Hizashi, he showers.

Why does it seem like everything's constantly escalating? One thing always comes after the other, being a bigger threat than the last. What's the end going to be? Oni's arrest? Vigilante retirement? God, Shouta hopes so. Once he gets out the shower, he knocks on Hitoshi's door.

"Come in." He calls. Shouta opens the door and is immediately shocked by how this boy doesn't need glasses. His eyes are practically *on* his computer screen.

"What'd you find?" Shouta asks after seeing looks of disgust,

confusion, and fury come over Hitoshi's face.

"Hisashi. Motherfucking. Midoriya." He seethes and practically throws his laptop to Shouta. On the left side of the screen are all the emails, confirming what Shouta was told. On the other is security footage. There's no audio, but they can clearly see Hisashi Midoriya holding a gun to the CG's back and laughing, rambling about God knows what. Maybe the audio is key?

"What the fuck." Shouta breathes, running a hand through his hair.

"He's trying to get Oni before he gets him." *You're right. It's been a long time since I've been involved in such a complex case.*

"Why is this so complicated?" Shouta grumbles.

"As Izuku would say, 'the plot dictates'."

"What does that even mean?"

"I don't know, actually." They shrug it off and keep reviewing footage.

"You understand you can't tell Hizashi this, he'd kill me if he knew you were-" Their phones buzz with a mass text that's a single image of Oni in his mask, with clothes that are way too big for him on. There's one caption:

I lived, Bitches

Chapter End Notes

So the FBI stories! First, I was once talked to about my brother, because he was applying to get a certain job title, and even I'm not allowed to know the title. BUT they started asking really weird questions like 'why was your brother fired from Dick's Sports and Goods' several years ago", and 'how many testicles does your brother have' (yes, that was an actual question, but they had a valid reason for asking)
Second, they came to my house and asked me about my neighbor and when I asked why they said he was suspected of murder and I'm like ?? and they sent you? I haven't even spoken to regular police about it??
Lastly, it's not really FBI, but at work a few weeks ago I got a call (I work customer service at a department store) and I picked up and they explained that they were homeland security and they had to speak to one of my managers about something important. I said ya sure and had a manager picked up. She later confirmed that yes it was them, but they called to ask us for directions as to how to get to our store. But like... gps is a thing??

Chocolate milkshake story: When I was five my mom brought me to a Mcdonalds drive-thru and I ordered a chocolate milkshake and mcnuggets. When we pulled up to the window my mom suddenly told me not to look. So naturally, I did look. The employee could be seen kinda hiding but where we could still perfectly see him and he was eating my food and dunking my nuggets into the shake, along with dunking his fingers and licking them clean. I didn't mind sharing the mcnuggets, but for whatever reason, the shake destroyed me. He then brought the food in the bag and the shake to the window and tried giving it to us
My mom started cursing him out and pointed out the chocolate on his hands and then proceeded to yell at him about the shit on his hands that had nothing to do with the shake. Like literal dirt and grime. This was a white boy with only his hands darker than me, a black girl. I was such a shook five year old
since then I haven't had a chocolate shake, cuz I feel sick just thinking about having on. I don't even like chocolate ice cream anymore either!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

short filler chapter, PLUS HAWKS

Chapter Notes

Fun fact: I LOVE Hawks. not only because we both have bird names, but because we have a lot in common. Idk, he's great and i'd both die and kill for him

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto stares at the stars, a memory bubbling up.

“Do you do this often?” Shouto asked, being led out his window and onto the roof of the house.

“Yeah. Mostly when the streets are quiet and I feel safe enough to.” The moment Shouto even thinks his grip could slip, Izu turned around a grabbed his wrist, pulling him from the window to the gutter. “Alright, Now you can climb up that like a pole. But with steps!”

“So, A one-legged ladder?” Izu giggled at his stupid jokes, making Shouto’s face hot. Maybe the cold air is messing with my quirk? Maybe It’s getting me sick? *Either way, Shouto didn’t mind the feeling. “Are you going to watch the Sports Festival from the roof like this? Watching from the edge?”*

“No, no.” Izu looked away, turning so Shouto couldn’t even see the expressions his mask made. “I’ll be a lot closer than you think, I promise.”

“Who do you think will win? No playing favorites.”

“You will. That’s me being realistic.” Shouto hummed, not really satisfied with that answer.

“How is that realistic?”

“Well, If you used both of your quirks against me, I’d lose.”

“You, the wanted vigilante who’s never been caught without escaping, would lose?” He’s so genuine. I know he’s telling the truth.

“If you used both quirks, hell yeah I would! If it were just your ice, I could overwhelm you into quirk exhaustion. You’d be your own downfall, dummy.” The wind picked up, causing Izu to take advantage of Shouto’s left side. He basically tucked himself under Shouto’s arm, wrapping around him like a sloth.

“I’m not using his quirk.” Why does he keep insisting? *Izu sighed, sounding disappointed. It stung, actually.*

“It’s not your moldy walnut of a father’s quirk, it’s yours. I care about you, and that includes making sure you don’t hurt yourself out of stubbornness.”

“You care about me.” Shouto never knew why he repeated it. It was such a easy thing for Izu to say. How can something so casual be so impactful?

“Ah! Shouto! Stop using your heat so much!” Izu laughed as he rolled away from Shouto. “You use your quirk when you get the smallest bit emotional. It comes so naturally to you, so why fight against it?!” Izu stood now, looking into the stars. Shouto remained laying on the roof, eyes staying on the star beside him.

“You know why. And….. I’m sorry. I know you don’t like fire quirks. I’ll try harder next time not to-” Izu cut him off, storming up and kneeling to grab Shouto’s face. I can’t see his face but I know we’re making eye contact. I know there’s a fierce look of anger and determination under that mask.

“Don’t you fucking DARE change or oppress any part of yourself for me! Only a goddamned fool would do that! You’re amazing exactly as you are and I’d kill to be a person as good as you. I’d jump at the chance to be even the smallest fraction of a person like you.” His voice is cracking. I never considered how he might have felt about my life. *Sure, he hates Shouto’s father, but does Izu really envy him that much? Is Shouto such an ideal character to be?*

“….Why me?” Izu laughed at him, the sound was both sweet and broken.

“Why you? Shouto, you’ve had so many setbacks in your life and you still want to be a hero. You want to save people. I’m just… this. *I’m just a selfish little bitch who’s creating a national upset because of my own personal issues. You’re such a beautiful person, Shouto. I wish I had that.” For a long time, no one spoke. Izu went back to pacing around the roof.*

“Izu, I know you became a vigilante because of All Might, but you said there are other reasons, right? What’s the main reason?” Izu turned to Shouto, sad smile settling on his face as one hand reached up to hold his necklace.

“My father is a villain.” Shouto tensed, “He killed my mother.”

“Oh.” Really? That’s all I can say?

“Your father wasn’t the first person to set me on fire, you know.”

“Izu?” Shouto thought it over, realizing he doesn’t know a lot about his friend. “What were your parent’s quirks?” Izu perked up a moment, most likely remembering fond memories before the life he lives now.

“My mom had a weak telekinesis. She could pull small objects towards her. It was such a weak sounding quirk but it could’ve been so fucking strong.” Izu sounded borderline excited. Shouto wanted to see him like this more.

“What do you mean?” He wanted to hear Izu happily rant on.

“Think about it! Who knows what the limit of ‘small objects’ is for her. She could probably pull the air out your lungs if she trained enough.” He’s right, but most quirks could be trained to exploit their limits like that. *“In my opinion, it’s a stronger quirk than my father’s. He can breathe fire.” The air changed, the wind suddenly colder than before. A tight line replaces Izu’s smile. “He set me and my mom on fire.”*

“I’m sorry.” Shouto tried, lifting an arm as Izu wandered over to lay back down. Without looking like he thought much about it, Izu moves back to his spot. If this is what having a friend is like, this is great. I’m happier.

“Don’t be. I think once everything is over and I finish everything, I’ll give up vigilantism.”

“Will I get to know who you are under the mask?”

“Yes.”

Shouto wakes up with a jolt, almost falling off the roof.

Did I fall asleep? Carefully, he climbs back into his room and into bed. The screen on his phone is lit up.

[Oni]

I want to let you know that I'm alive and that I should be okay. Please don't do anything to fuck over your chance at UA and just play everything safe.

A weight lifts from Shouto's shoulders. When Izu caught fire, it took him everything he had not to attack his father. Why hadn't they restrained him? Shouto wished Izu would let him help. He knows why he can't, but sitting there and just watching everything happen will haunt him for a very long time.

[Shouto]

You're alive, but are you okay? Where are you? Who's with you?

[Oni]

Calm down lmao. I can't say who I'm staying with, but I'm safe. I'm waiting for the quirk suppressants to wear out, then I'll heal.

[Shouto]

So you're saying you're still covered in life-threatening injuries with no way to know if you'll survive them?

[Oni]

….Yes?

[Shouto]

WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?!

[Oni]

I'm not letting you get involved any more than you have been. Besides, it's been a long night, get some rest.

What? He doesn't sound normal.

[Shouto]

Izu?

[Oni]

I don't want you seeing me like this.

[Oni is Offline]

Hawks watching on as a UA student pulls Oni out of the water and back to his own home. He'd been patrolling for Oni anyways, stopping when his feather's picked up movement. It's a shame Katsuki Bakugou got to Oni before he did. Now, he's just awkwardly flying behind

buildings trying to tail them. Wings aren't the best for stealth.

He has a lot he wants to talk to Oni about. Like how he never considered how Hawks feels about being thrown into the title of number two hero. *Everything's moving too fast.* The flutter of his wings, the beating on his chest, the racing of his thoughts. Hell, even the way everything surrounding Endeavor unraveled happened too fast.

Well, it's not like he's shocked. Hawks is 'The Man who's too fast for his own good'. It's just that it feels like the rest of the world is catching up to him.

Ask Hawks what his first name is and he can't te-

"Mom's. Keep safe." Oni drops something into Bakugou's hands. A necklace of sorts. *Does he actually have a family? Do they know each other?*

"-Stop talking, Deku." Bakugou hisses just loud enough for Hawks to hear more of the conversation. *Deku?*

Once at the Bakugou residence, Hawks camps out in the tree closest to the bedroom with the lights on. He's assuming it's Katsuki's room and not his parents'. There's no movement or sound for a long time, until the door suddenly swings open. *He should learn to keep his curtains shut all the way.* Bakugou storms in by himself, pacing before abruptly throwing himself down onto the bed. Minutes later, Oni limps into the room, face covered in burns and bruises- *Wait, he's not wearing his mask. That's Izuku Midoriya, the kid from the Sports Festival.* Hawks feels a headache coming on as he desperately tries to sort out the facts based on this new information. *Is it really that easy to kidnap yourself?* Now he just has to get Oni away from this house.

As Hawks tries to think of a well-thought out plan, he feels eyes on him. He looks up and meets Oni's. When Bakugou turns to look as well, Oni gets his attention. *So, Bakugou's not involved? Just helping this one time?* When his friend isn't looking, Oni flips him off. *I have a plan.* There's three tiny vents in this house, just small enough for some feathers to sneak into. He has two of his feathers in Bakugou's room, both of them are distracted, not seeing the feathers taking Oni's necklace off the dresser.

When in his reach, Hawks grabs it and holds it up for Oni to see. The vigilante pales before spiraling into a feral rage. Bakugou has to hold him down, until a swift hit to the head knocks out Bakugou. *Even with those injuries?* The window opens.

"Give it back." Oni's voice is strained.

"What are you going to do about it?" He teases. Apparently, that was the wrong thing to do. Oni leaps from the window towards him, latching onto Hawks with a scarf of sorts. *It's strong, what is this?* Oni reels himself towards Hawks. Considering that Oni is both injured and a child, he's a bit hesitant to fight him. Even more so when he realizes his quirk isn't responding as fast anymore.

"Quirk suppressants suck, right? There was some still in the scarf from earlier." Oni wheezes when they come to a mutual agreement that they shouldn't fight.

"Let's go." Hawks turns to walk, not hearing Oni following.

"My necklace?" He rolls his eyes, tossing it to the kid. "Where are we going?" The end of Oni's sentence is cut out by a yawn. The number two hero pretends he doesn't see the kid swaying on his feet. *You're moving like you're not covered in burns. Like you're not ripping open wounds with every step you take.* If his quirk were fully functional, he

could've carried Oni.

"My agency." Oni tenses, eyeing him with suspicion. "Relax, it's so we can talk, and you can rest. You're basically a zombie right now."

"I'm fine, how about you take your fluffy ass home and let me worr-" Oni doesn't get the chance to hit the ground when he passes out. Hawks' reaction time is too good for that.

Once back at his agency, he goes to the top floor. It's his apartment. After all, why would he live somewhere else when hero work is all he does anymore? Oni's on the couch as Hawks makes dinner for them. Oni was still completely out by time he arrived, so there was no fuss in sneaking him in. The only thing he has to decide is whether or not to report having Oni's location.

He's not going to.

When he comes back to his room with food, Oni's awake.

"You hungry?" He tries, surprised to not immediately get a glare from him. A tray of food is handed over and Hawks takes a seat on the bed. They eat in a tense silence.

"You really like chicken." Oni observes.

"All birds, really."

"...Thanks, for helping." He mutters. "So, what do you want from

me?”

“I have questions.” Oni isn’t surprised at all.

“Okay, I’ll play. What are they?”

“You’re Izuku Midoriya?” Oni nods, narrowing his eyes a bit, “You’re trying to capture your uncle for some reason.” Another nod, “In the process you stumbled into Shouto Todoroki’s life and his father’s abuse.” One more nod, “So, have you really considered how the loss of him as a hero affects the other heroes?”

“Of course I have, you four-piece mcnugget! You’re capable of being the top hero, without a doubt. You appeal to everyone. You have a much higher approval rating than Endeavor had anyways. Besides, Endeavor would never help someone in need like you are now.” Hawks frowns.

“You’re a wanted criminal, I don’t think that’s very heroic.”

“You know who I am. You decided to save the child, not the vigilante.” *When did you get so wise? Then again, you know something I don’t.*

“Why did you say I’m capable of being the *top* hero, like All Might isn’t going to be?” Oni tenses ever so slightly, just enough for Hawks’ feathers to pick up on the movement. “I’ve never really cared for All Might, but I think he can be number one pretty well. It means I still won’t have to do much. That’s the idea.”

“A world where heroes don’t have to constantly patrol, huh? Put it

that way and maybe people'd agree with you." Oni sneers.

"Says the UA student." That shuts him up. "I know you want to be a hero, or at least want to help people."

"You have no proof against me." He warns, almost snarling. "I don't know what you think you can get out of this." Hawks gives a full laugh, before going back to chowing down on his chicken.

"Relax! I don't want to be on your ShitList or anything! Besides, your classmate is interning with me, and I don't want bad news from UA harming my brand."

"....One of my classmates is here?" All color drains from the boys face.

"Yeah, but Tokoyami's on the third floor with the rest of the interns. No one's allowed on this floor without permission. It's my home, after all." Sitting in his bed with a scowl on his face and arms crossed, Hawks can see that this 'vicious vigilante' is probably the dorkiest kid. " *Anyways,* Is there something up with All Might?"

"No."

"Oni-"

"Even if there WAS, Why would I tell anyone?! He doesn't even know I know, so why would I tell some scruffy FuckMcNugget about it?" He's on edge.

“Okay, fine, I’ll drop it. How are your wounds doing?”

“They’ll heal. I’ll live.”

“But they hurt, right?”

“Everything hurts, all the time. Nothing’s new.” *Wow, edgy.* On the bed, Oni’s phone keeps buzzing. Hawks takes the chance to go through footage of the trail for clues, only realizing one thing. That scarf Oni’s clutching onto for dear life is Eraserhead’s. The hero is up and pacing.

“Why’d you become a hero?” There’s genuine curiosity in Oni’s voice. “You’re so young.” *Says the literal baby.*

“There was an incident when I was a child. I used my quirk to save people and it put me on the fast track to being a hero.” A look of something like confusion comes over Oni’s face.

“But did you want to become a hero?” The gaze on him makes his blood run cold. For the first time, it’s like someone’s seeing straight through Hawks.

“I’ve only ever been known as a natural-born hero, like All Might.” Oni wrinkles his nose at the mention of All Might. “When I saved those people, it felt really good. I developed a hyperfixation on heroics that lasted years, then I just got bored. It comes and goes, to be honest. I’m scared that my boredom and fear of being trapped in a single career path will cost someone their life. As a result, I’m always on the move, always thinking and preparing for the worst.”

“That’s why you want that future? In a world where heroes have the most free time, you can be a hero while still exploring and focusing on new things.”

“Exactly.”

“Hawks? Is that why you’re practically running around the room?” Hawks freezes midstep, wandering back to a chair and sitting. His legs are no longer moving, but his wings flap in place.

“I think you can relate to Hypervigilance. It makes me fidgety. Either that or the ADHD, it’s hard to tell nowadays.”

“Oh Mood.” Oni mutters. His phone goes off and he picks it up, looking at Hawks for permission.

“Go ahead.” Oni places the phone in between his feet in order to free his hands. *Must be a video call.* When the person picks up the phone, Oni starts speaking sign language. Hawks has no visual on the screen, but he hears a strangled noise from the other end. They have a conversation, and Hawks can’t help but watch on in awe. He must really love whoever he’s talking to.

After half an hour of Oni signing to someone over the phone, he looks like he’s starting to crash. He says a quick goodnight a hangs up, slumping into the pillows on the bed.

“Who was that?”

“M’Broth...er..” He’s asleep. *This somehow feels too easy.* Hawks goes about the rest of his night while the vigilante sleeps like a rock. Today

was probably beyond exhausting for him.

Halfway into the night, Hawks' phone lights up. There's another leaked video.

Wanted criminal, Hisashi Midoriya, threatening the Commissioner General. He's making sure Endeavor will remain able to do whatever the hell he wants. *Endeavor was a pawn and he never even knew it. Played right into this villain's game.* Hawks feels a slight emptiness. His favorite hero outed as an abuser and overall terrible person, now being exposed as someone who's easy to manipulate. Hawks wishes he cared about All Might like all the other kids did. With the way Oni speaks of All Might, he fears it's a little too late for that as well.

The message was sent out by both Oni and Catspiracy, meaning whoever he was on the phone with must be Catspiracy.

Hawks remembers watching a video the youtuber made about quirks determining social class and being responsible for how people are treated. Hawks was the prime example of someone with an ideal quirk skipping through life's struggles and being thrown straight into luxury. As much as he hates to admit it, every word said was True. If he didn't have these wings, he'd just be a normal person. Unwanted and unneeded. Like Oni. He needs a distraction. Maybe he can go out for a patrol? *Yeah, that sounds good.* Hawks gets up, still having his suit on. He's in the middle of writing a note for when Oni wakes up when he hears the screaming. He flies out of habit, knocking over a lamp as he scrambles back to his bedroom. He throws the door open and sees the kid kicking blankets off of him, screaming that he's on fire.

His grabs Oni, pulling him into an embrace to try and stop him from clawing at himself.

“It’s okay. You’re safe.” Hawks tries. He’s never been good with children, considering the fact that he’s barely an adult. It takes an hour of him restraining Oni for the kid to go back to sleep. “Thank god. Fuck it, I’m going to bed.” Hawks takes a shower and sleeps on his couch.

When Katsuki wakes up, he feels immediate rage and panic. *Where the fuck did he go?! What happened?!* He thinks back to last night. *That fucker knocked me out. Why?* When he checks his phone, he has a message.

[Oni]

A hero found me, so I left. I knocked you out so you couldn’t stop me.

[Katsuki]

Touch me again and I snap your fingers, shitty Deku.

[Oni]

Ya, sure Kacchan. Everyone at the Sports Festival can say otherwise

[Katsuki]

Fuck you!

[Oni]

Fuck me yourself, coward.

Katsuki freezes. *When did this dumbass learn to snap back at people?* He can't imagine the old Deku being able to sass people like this. Either way, Katsuki's wondering if he can block Deku without him finding a way around it.

Fuck it, he'll worry about everything later. He has to go put up with Best Jeanist now.

It's been almost a week since anyone's seen Midoriya, and Shouta is about to lose his mind. He's been getting even less sleep than usual. He has to break in his new capture weapon, which is also getting on his nerves. It's a good thing he ordered more than one when he decided to teach Hitoshi how to use it.

From down the hall, he can hear his students going on excitedly, and way too loud for this time of morning. He walks into the room and is greeted by the biggest shit-eating grin he's ever seen.

Chapter End Notes

> The other day I was checking out a woman's clothes, and she held up two pairs of grey sweatpants and asked 'Which one of these would be best to pee in?" and it sounded like she didn't mean accidentally. It sounded like 'i'm GOING to pee in these, which is most visible"
> so I explain that grey is not the color she'd want for that situation at all. and she says "okay, but which of these would show up the most?" and I say the super light grey ones and she says 'oh good' and buys those ones???
>
> ALSO during xmas when the stores are super busy, I suddenly had more hours than our managers. it was packed one day and I had

less than two hours left in my 8 hour shift. I was crashing. At some point I thought 'hey what If I did something so I wouldn't have to take any more customers?" and I blanked out for a moment and I jumped. I looked down and had a staple through my index finger.
How did I not notice picking up a stapler and doing that?? It didn't hit any bone, but it hit my nail and that stung a little. Other than that I didn't feel it (I think I immediately went into shock) so I call over a manager and ask for a band aid. she says "sure raven, what did you get another paper cut?" and she sees it and stares at me a good minute before breathing 'what the fuck' and telling me to stay put. At the registers were 4 other cashiers. All the customers in line are staring at me wondering why I'm not taking anyone. I explain that my register is closed for a few minutes. This woman gets pissed off and storms over demanding I check her out. Only then does she see the staple going through my finger. I say 'sure thing maam' and check her out with it still in me. She's mortified and turns to the customers to say that yeah, I shouldn't be checking anyone out.
when I left that day my manager asked how I had enough strength to do that. I ask "Aren't staplers automatic once pressed down past a certain point?" and she says "NO! They are not at all automatic and you did that with your own strength!" and people talked about it for a while in vague horror
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

That one rescue race I always forget about

Chapter Notes

SO for those wondering, literally all the pieces will fall into place during the forest training/kamino arcs. So uh, mentally prepare yourself for the pure amount of shit that'll hit the fans. Like, home depot banned me because I was buying too many fans
Also the art in this I made while trying out more of the 80sish style mixed into my own!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta looks at this brat for a long time, not saying anything. That is, until his other students start staring at him. Many kids are surrounding Todoroki's desk, no doubt plagued with questions about his kiss with a vigilante.

"Everyone in their seats." He orders, gladly watching them scramble. "Now, I know most of you saw Endeavor's trial. You are not to ask me or Todoroki anything about it. Especially Todoroki. None of you have the right to his personal life, don't pressure him into sharing any more than he has-" A hand goes up.

"Sir, they said you're currently Oni's guardian?! He *lives* with you!?" Kaminari blurts out. Shouta sighs, realizing they won't listen.

"He has been staying with me, yes. As many heard, he's about your age. I don't intend on having any children living on the streets."

"You mean you let him stay there while you're *gone?* I mean, he could

be robbing you!" Ashido joins in. *Maybe if I give them some of my personal life, they'll butt out of the case.*

"He's not alone. My husband and son are also there." The class grows silent.

"YOU HAVE A FAMILY?!" The class screams at him in unison. Hitoshi smiles a bit in his seat, as well as Midoriya.

"I thought having a family as a hero is too impractical?" Iida asks.

"It is." The silence he's given shows their confusion well enough, "Though, sometimes things happen that you know are illogical but still can't help. Like love. To me it's the most illogical thing in this line of work, yet I couldn't help it. Be aware that you might think it selfish when you fall in love as heroes yourself. You'll worry about them constantly, knowing they'll have a target on their back just for even knowing you. God forbid you have children. As your teacher, I need you to learn *all* of the risks of becoming a hero. It's never just about your life being in danger. It's everyone around you." The class listens with full attention, completely forgetting their previous questions. "I've learned that sometimes the most irrational things are the most rewarding. It's about balance more than anything now." The students of 1-A think over this quietly. Shouta takes his capture weapon off, still not comfortable with it yet. *This is pathetic, I should have already adjusted to it.*

Homeroom goes on as normal, students leaving Todoroki alone.

"Midoriya, a word?" The Pest looks up at him, nodding and coming towards the door. "Go down the hall." Midoriya does so without snarking back. Several doors away from his classroom, Shouta stares down Midoriya, checking for any signs of new scarring. After that, he takes a long look at his student, thinking of what he actually wishes to

say first.

“So, Eraser, are you just going to stand there and pout?” *Eh?*

“ Excuse me?” He seethes. *He hasn’t said a word before this and he’s already getting on my nerves.*

“You’re basically glaring a hole through my face. A burning stare, but not as hot as Endeavor’s flames-”

“ *Midoriya."* The brat’s teeth snap shut. “Just tell me, are you okay?”

“I uh… What?” Midoriya blinks, a look of utter confusion coming across his face.

“I’m asking if you’re both physically and emotionally alright. Listen, I’m sorry about how everything happened. I had no idea Endeavor would be allowed to do what he did. I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you-”

“I don’t need anyone’s protection, Eraser.” He snaps, narrowing his eyes. “I never relied on others before, and I don’t plan on doing it now.” *Sure, like you haven’t been a guest in my private home. With your own bedroom. Sure, okay.*

“ Fine, we’ll worry about that statement later. Where have you been? You’ve been missing for days.” He’d yell at Midoriya, but that’d show how worried he really was. That, and get too much attention on them.

“Hawks likes me and let me crash at his place.” For a moment, Shouta forgets how to process sound.

“Hawks, the new number two hero, let you *crash* at his agency?”

“Yep.” Midoriya pops the ‘p’. “He’s super chill, we get along well enough to consider each other friends.”

“How long have you known him?” *I don’t want to have to consider another pawn in his game, let alone a top hero. Endeavor was enough and he’s already fallen.*

“He found me during a patrol and made me come with him. He had something valuable to me. I realized I had nowhere else to go that was as safe. It was a smart choice.”

“Not for him.”

“Maybe. He knows who I am, he found me without a mask.” *What the hell? How long until I buy hair dye for my ever growing collection of greys?* Shouta has to calm himself down. He approaches his student and firmly places a hand on either of his shoulders. “Eraser?”

“I’m glad you’re okay. Please just come back to our house if something like this happens again.” Midoriya gains an unreadable expression before Shouta moves his hand and ruffles his hair a bit. “In any case, Endeavor’s done for.”

“We did it.” Midoriya smiles a bit, genuinely happy.

“We did.”

“So what do-”

“Ah! Young Aizawa!” All Might turns the corner, not yet seeing Midoriya there too. The boy stills.

“What is it?” Shouta asks.

“I was going to ask how your class is doing. If anyone seems especially changed since the internships. I have an exercise in mind.”

“Being what?” Midoriya asks when All Might stares a moment too long. All Might takes it as a sign to step further away from Midoriya. *Good choice. Seems like he’s finally learning.*

“Well, Young Midoriya, it’d be unfair for me to tell you ahead of time. Unfortunately, it seems this exercise will cater more to those with physical quirks.” Midoriya barely even blinks at him.

“Why wouldn’t it?” *Don’t snark him, he’ll start to figure things out easier.* “After all, heroics are only for *offensive* quirks, right All Might?” *He’s paraphrasing All Might’s first meeting with him?* “I mean, what could *I* do, little old defenseless me?” *And we’re leaving.*

“Midoriya, we’re taking a walk.” Shouta says, grabbing Midoriya’s ear and leading him away.

Toshinori stares after the backs of Aizawa and Young Midoriya. *Well, I suppose I deserved that.* Toshinori deserves every punch Midoriya decides to throw. After all, he’s the only person he meant to save and ended up making a victim out of.

Something doesn’t make sense to Toshinori. Sure, he could be talking back out of anger, but that doesn’t make sense with the rest of his personality. Every teacher here thinks he’s an overly polite stuttering mess. Is his attitude towards Toshinori completely fake? A way of being Midoriya created to help him cope with the pain he’s caused? That could be it, but Young Aizawa doesn’t seemed fazed at all to see him act that way.

So, which is it? Which is the act? Toshinori hopes Midoriya isn’t that

snappy.

The number of chances he has to speak with the boy are fairly slim. That is, without Aizawa near. There's too many mysteries to solve, Aizawa's request can be put on hold. After all, Midoriya seems to be able to speak with him now, even if it's not very polite.

There's today's exercise, but they'll be surrounded by other classmates. Maybe during exams? Seeing as All Might is already paired up with Bakugou and Midoriya, he might get the chance to speak with them. *I wish Aizawa was able to come to the meeting, he could've done a very good job at matching teachers up with students to fight. Well, we can't blame him, he's been more than busy with the Oni issue.*

Perhaps he can get a word with Midoriya during the summer camp? It's only bothersome because Toshinori prefers to solve this sooner than later.

Hitoshi knew Izuku was alright this whole time, but seeing him feels completely different. They met up outside the school gates, and they practically tackled each other in a hug. Hitoshi's glad Izuku missed him just as much. It's a feeling he's never actually felt before. Genuinely missing someone, hoping they feel the same way. Well, it *is* his first time having a loving family. Izuku will always be a part of that, whether or not he cares to admit it.

So when Dad came into homeroom and saw Izuku, Hitoshi grinned like a maniac at the look of pure relief that washed over his father. *Here I thought you two couldn't stand each other.* When Izuku comes back into the room, it's with All Might. There's a tense and obviously

fake smile on Izuku, but none of the other classmates seem to call him out on it. It's surprising that besides Izuku, four students know he's Oni. Yet his identity is still safe.

"I am HERE!" All Might seems to wait for Izuku to be seated before shouting. *Did he wait because of Izuku? That's suspiciously considerate.* "I hope all of you had a fun and educational time on your internships! You all can suit up and meet me in Field Gamma for a nice exercise!" Just like that, All Might's gone. The class wanders down to the locker rooms, still leaving Todoroki alone after Dad said to. Hitoshi changes into his costume, lucky that there's only him, Izuku, and Todoroki that use this area of the room.

"Izu-" Todoroki tightly hugs Izuku, "I'm so glad you're okay. I'm sorry I couldn't help."

"Not helping was the right thing to do. I don't expect you to incriminate yourself for me. That'd be so fuckin' stupid." He laughs. Hitoshi wishes he had a camera out as Todoroki quickly kisses Izuku on the forehead. *God, Izuku's actually on the ground. Oh, is that fetal position? Todoroki, I approve.* Todoroki gets ready without another word. Now they just wait on Izuku.

Hitoshi goes through his apps while he waits, sighing deeply when he opens twitter. He types out a reply, and is surprised at how quickly everyone else responds, even the hero in question.

Tweet

You Retweeted

Oni 💚

@Onionioxenfree

Me, befriending the new and improved number two hero? more likely than you think

10:07 AM · Twitter for Android

1,069 Retweets **4,168** Likes

Catspiracy 😼 @Catspiracy · 1m

Replying to @Onionioxenfree

you're uh,,, not supposed to tell people that

300 103 5,004

1 more reply

Hawks @hawksthehothero · 1m

Replying to @Onionioxenfree

seriously? after all the chicken we had? this is how you're going to do me?

450 260 4,300

1 more reply

Catspiracy 😼 @catspiracy · 1m

Replying to @hawksthehothero

God am I going to have to do ALL of the damage control??

12 163 90

1 more reply

“Izuku, why are you like this?” Hitoshi asks, getting a faked look of innocence in response.

“Hmm?”

“I don’t like you.”

“Say that again and I take you on Dr. Phil.” *What?*

Izuku’s on fire. This time, not literally. No, it’s his heart. Shouto gave the quickest kiss ever on his forehead yet he feels like Shouto’s a descendant of Recovery Girl. There’s some kind of supernatural force behind that kiss. One that heals all injuries faster than he can. *My heart is both in my throat and stomach at the same time. Oh, I’m dying. This is death, isn’t it?*

That’s not the Todoroki I thought would kill me, though.

“Izuku, are you listening?” Toshi hisses, kicking him lightly. “You can’t just tweet whatever the hell you want. Apparently, Hawks is just as reckless as you!” *He is, and that’s why spending the rest of the internship with him was actually fun.* He actually did a few patrols with the hero, wearing another mask instead of his Oni mask. Patrolling was incredibly fun, he must say.

It was impressive how Hawks’ quirk looked like it was a separate being from him. Turns out, he’s just been molded into the perfect hero. *Well, I wouldn’t say perfect. His attention span isn’t always the*

greatest, and he'll go off on tangents. Speak when he's not really supposed to. Then again, there's a reason for all of these things and I think that's so valid? Hawks is such a better hero than Endeavor. I'm glad I didn't get someone dumb.

"Yes, I can tweet whatever I want. I don't respect any laws, that means the internet too." Toshi rolls his eyes.

"And you, Todoroki, you didn't think your kiss with a vigilante through, did you?" The heterochromatic boy in question furrows his brow a moment before giving a solemn nod.

"I didn't."

"What do you mean?" Izuku asks, suddenly worried.

"Well, think about it. If Todoroki is now known as having *some* sort of relationship with Oni, the school can't see you and Todoroki acting the same too. They might suspect something."

"....UH," *We're not actually in a relationship. We haven't talked about anything. I'm comfortable how we are, and I think he is too.* "What if we say Shouto's just cheating-"

"Out of the question." Toshi interrupts. "That's not something a hero would do. Especially publicly."

"What about Poly?" Shouto chimes in.

“Hmm, I don’t think so. That’d make people think Izuku has personal reasons for delaying the Oni investigation. It’s best for Izuku Midoriya not to be with Shouto Todoroki. Oni, however, is free to.” *I think my brain is going to explode.*

“What if we go on Dr. Phil and have Philly explain that I don’t have personal reasons to delay the investigation?” Toshi snorts.

“What’s up with you and Dr. Phil lately?” He laughs.

“Hawks and I watched a lot of Dr. Phil on our down time.” *We started a binge for no reason other than to find memes, and we ended up learning a lot. Then we got bored and moved onto Rugrats.* A cold hand settles on Izuku’s shoulder.

“We have to go to the rest of our class.” Shouto reminds, leaving Toshi and Izuku alone.

“You guys are good together. He can give you some impulse control when I take days off.” Toshi smiles.

“We’re not in a relationship. We’re just highly affectionate friends right now.” Izuku rubs his eyes, wondering if he’s still too emotionally drained from the trial. *A lot of my time with Hawks was also him making sure I had time to mentally recharge. If I didn’t feel up to do something, I didn’t have to. It was amazing.* It was also a luxury he’s never had. Izuku made sure not to get too comfortable with it.

After all, relaxation is only ever temporary.

“Do you want to be in a relationship?” Toshi raises an eyebrow,

already aware of the answer.

"No, it's not safe for either of us." At that, his friend has the audacity to laugh!

"Izuku, you're a vigilante and hero in training. Todoroki's a literal powerhouse student a future top hero. You'll be fine." He's right, so why doesn't Izuku feel any better?

"Let's just go already." With Toshi in tow, they join the rest of their class. All Might explains that he'll hide somewhere in the center of the city, and have a group of students race to his location first. *Not only do we have to be the fastest, but we have find his location as well.* This is a search and rescue exercise. Izuku's already done quite a few of those on patrols.

He watches the first group go, not surprised that Shouto wins first with his ice. In the second round, Toshi gets second to Kacchan. The class was surprised at his rank, but no one was more delightfully shocked than All Might.

"Shinsou, you did great! How did you learn such mobility?!" All Might proudly asks.

"Izuku trained me." He says bluntly, getting shocked silence from the class.

"Well, he *did* get second in the festival." Kirishima chimes in, getting a few nods of agreement.

"He even beat our dear Bakugou!" Kaminari gets smacked. "Maybe

Midoriya's just hiding his true strength?" *Now it's time to act a bit.*

"Wha-Wha?! That's not true!" He nervously laughs, "I uh, I've just wanted to be a hero since I was a kid, and I taught myself early on how to get around my quirk's disadvantages."

"Who knew an analysis quirk was so powerful?" Ojiro gives him a small pat on the back as he says it. Izuku pretends that he doesn't see the nervous look All Might's giving him. *Aizawa told me to dial back the sass when speaking to All Might. I'm supposed to be a Stuttering Stanley in front of everyone, including him.*

"Next group may go in!" All Might calls, leaving for the center of the city. Izuku keeps his eyes trained on All Might, seeing which direction he goes in. He makes sure to get to his starting point early, getting his Oni phone out. *There are cameras on me, but not sophisticated enough to see my screen.*

Izuku may or may not have hacked into All Might's phone to get his location.

What, he basically said I wouldn't do well in this exercise! Now I have to be the best!

"START!" The robotic voice rings over the intercom, signaling them to move. Izuku's practically flying towards the phone signal, easily jumping from building to building and climbing up things.

"Midoriya?!" Sero calls as he's easily passed. *You may have a great quirk for this, but I've spent years climbing buildings like a playground.* It's like Eraserhead once said; *We're learning not to hesitate.*

There's a slight yelp from somewhere behind him. *It seems like Sero lost his footing or something.*

Izuku Midoriya is first to make it to All Might's location.

"Young Midoriya, just how did you do that?!" All Might asks in the same happy manner he asked Toshi. Only now he's keeping his distance. Izuku pulls out his phone and turns it to All Might.

"I tracked your location, Big Guy. Then made a line to the center, not bothering to take any shortcuts that other kids would've taken because they're scared of falling." All Might stares at him a long time, mouth hanging open.

"Is my location that easy to track?" Is what he finally asks.

"No, but it's easy enough for *me* to get it. Other people probably won't unless they're very good at what they do."

"I-I see." It takes a few more minutes for Sero to finish the race, and even then more time for the others to finish as well.

"Midoriya! That was amazing!" Sero hooks an arm around Izuku and affectionately rubs the top of his head.

"I tried m-my best!" He chuckles, making sure to duck a bit under Sero's touch. "But you were amazing! It'd be so… so *fun* to swing around with a quirk like yours!"

“Woah, Midoriya, easy there. Sero might explode from the sudden compliments.” Ashido teases, pulling Sero off of him.

The switch between the Izuku Midoriya Aizawa knows and the Izuku Midoriya the students and faculty know was almost instantaneous. Toshinori tries not to openly stare at the show his student’s putting on. *I’ll admit I’m rather impressed that he managed to find me first. Even if it slightly worries me that a high schooler can track my location like he’s looking up the closest hot dog stand.* Toshinori talks to all of the students as a group about what they all could have done better. When he gets to Young Midoriya, he can’t actually think of anything.

“Young Midoriya, the class seems eager for some pointers from you. Would you mind giving advice if you have some?” *I too would also like to know how you approach this.*

“That-That’s so nice of you! Your compliments are going to spoil me rotten!” As Midoriya says it, Bakugou is seen rolling his eyes more than usual. Maybe pairing them up for the exam is a good idea after all, they have a clear dislike of each other, and future heroes can’t let that come between them. "I just focus on trusting my body to do what I want it to. I f-focus on not being so scared that I'll fall. Even if I do, it's okay. I know I'll just get back up again." *That was very wise of you, Midoriya.*

The class leaves for the locker rooms, and All Might subtly calls Midoriya. Although, Shinsou refuses to leave.

“Shinsou, I’d like a word alone with Midoriya please?”

“He knows everything you have to ask. It’s either he stays or we both leave.” Midoriya snaps at him. All Might nods in understanding, wondering how long until Aizawa’s father-senses go off.

“Very well. Young Midoriya, I’ve noticed that you have an entirely different demeanor when speaking to faculty and your classmates than you do with Aizawa and I. Honestly, I’d like to know which is the real you.” Shinsou and Midoriya share a look.

“Yes.” Midoriya answers.

Did he not hear my question properly? Wait, why are you two leaving?!

Chapter End Notes

More customer service stories: So once I had this customer that made me so furious that I had to take my lunch break like two hours into my shift. I had her for an hour and a half. She was buying a whole bunch of things and she kept saying my name an uncomfortable amount of times. She said she was buying all of these clothes because she got robbed by the gangs that are in the middle of a war. When asked what town she meant (because I'm in New England and in a relatively crimeless and certainly gangless area) she said the town and I was like ??? Ma'am the bloods and crips aren't in a war in that town wtf are you talking about?
so I scan all her things and tell her the total and she blinks at me and says "what's that mean? How much I got left?" so I explain that she has to pay for the items before leaving. She STILL asks "What that mean? How much I got left?" She swipes like four different cards and all of them decline. At this point I'm uncomfortable because she's saying "raven why are you doing me like this? I thought us sisters had to stick together during these times of war." and stuff like that. So I explain that she has to PAY FOR THE FUCKING ITEMS BEFORE LEAVING and I genuinely think she didn't understand the concept of having to pay. Which is beyond wild??? She also has very bad teeth that were emitting an... odor... I was trying to be polite but I have a phobia of saliva and she kept invading my personal space. (also other emplyees told me she smelled like urine, I have a bad sense of smell so I

didn't smell that much of it) She's going through her things and decides on the few things she wants. At this point I'm like "ma'am, I shouldn't tell you this, but if you're really in trouble I wouldn't go to a department store for necessities. There's Walmart right next door and you can get ALL of this stuff for much cheaper." And she says no and that she doesn't want that 'ghetto stuff' then as she's leaving she's like 'you'll never understand my struggles with a name like Raven. You'll never understand what it's like to see your loved ones plagued by drugs' and I'm deadass GAWKING at her and I take a deep breath and say "Did you know that if you look up the most ghetto sounding names, mine is on the list? Not to mention my father was an abusive crackhead, so I'd say I have a decent amount of experience with your off-handed comment about drugs. HAVE A NICE DAY MAAM"
My manager comes over after she leaves and sees that I am visibly shaking with anger and tells me to go on break for their own safety. I take a walk next door to get a coffee. At the bus stop I hear someone scream "AYYY RAVEN LOOK AT YOU BEING FINE AS HELL" and she's yelling other things at me and I immediately think "Being behind a large counter was the only thing keeping me from throwing hands. Just keep walking. Act like she's not there." So then I had to start ALL OVER on calming down

ALSO I have mentioned wanting to have a youtube channel or something to talk more in depth about these stories, because this one is actually a lot deeper than I wrote it. AND I COULD MAKE VISUALS. I'd also wanna do videos like "making the david statue entirely out of play-doh" and things like that

Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Izuku's holdin' out for a hero...
just not All Might

Chapter Notes

Did I get excited and type a full chapter in less than a day? Yes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naomasa stares blankly at his screen, trying to make a choice. Sansa watches him from the doorway.

“Sir, what’s that on your ears?” He asks, coming closer to inspect. Naomasa laughs a bit, feeling his face redden in embarrassment.

“Hair dye. I’ve gotten quite a few greys over the past few years and they don’t suit me.” *I think we all know what- or who- has caused them.*

“I see. It’s understandable. What are you looking at?” Naomasa pats his friend lightly on the head as he comes around the desk. “Oh, the leaked footage of the Commissioner General?”

“Yeah,” He sighs, “They haven’t decided if he’s lost his job over it. Yes he was at gunpoint, but it shows he willingly accepted the bribe first.”

“I’d fire him. It doesn’t matter if he were at gunpoint. There were children who could’ve gotten hurt and several civilians there. I would’ve gladly given my life before giving in to that villain.”

“That villain is a UA student’s uncle.” Sansa stands straighter. *No one*

else knows he's Oni. Luckily, there's fake reasons prepared. " We need to get him before he causes more harm. Not to mention having a villain in the family could stain the student's hero career."

"Does this student know?"

"Yes. It was originally under wraps but Oni has forced more knowledge of it out into the open."

"Why does Oni want him?"

"Honestly, we don't know." *Well, we don't know all of the facts, but we know that it's most likely revenge for killing Mikumo and Inko Midoriya. Still, it's classified.*

"Naomasa, I don't need your quirk to know you're lying."

"Sansa-"

"Keep your secrets. I trust you have good enough reason to. But don't ever hesitate to ask me for assistance."

"Thank you."

"So, what's your top priority regarding all this?" Naosama hums, unsure of it himself.

"Oni has more power over the public, but Hisashi Midoriya is a villain

and escaped criminal. Hisashi Midoriya is the top priority. We just have to get him before Oni does."

It feels like it's been forever since Izuku was in Aizawa's house. The bed feels stiffer compared to Hawks' bed. Then again, it's better than the bed in his apartment.

"He did what?" Aizawa asks outside his door.

"All Might asked him which Izuku is the 'real one' or whatever. Then Izuku gave a weirdly vague answer and we ran away." Toshi answers.

"I literally told him not to sass All Might." *He asked for it!*

"He did everything but listen to you, honestly." *What kind of brother are you?!*

"CAN Y'ALL SHUT THE HELL UP?" Izuku yells from his bed. Aizawa opens the door to glare.

"Go back to sleep, you brat." He seethes, one hand wrapped around his capture weapon. *He seemed relieved when I gave it back to him. He mentioned something about preferring one that's already broken in.*

"I can't sleep with you guys yapping outside the door!" Toshi snickers. Aizawa has instated a new rule: After school Izuku must take at least

an hour long nap so he can both rest and give Aizawa his own time to relax. *It's not fair that Toshi doesn't have a naptime.*

"Fair point, but were you really sleeping if you could hear us?" Aizawa points out.

"....Shut up."

"Thought so. Now, I have to go on my patrol tonight, I expect you guys to behave for once. Hizashi will be doing his radio show." Aizawa sounds like he already knows this is futile.

"Yes, sir." Izuku grins at the increasingly fed up look on Aizawa's face.

"Midoriya, if I even see the color green tonight I'm beating you up and dragging your ass to the station."

"I'd like to see you try."

So, apparently Aizawa was serious about dragging Izuku to the station. He's wrapped up in the capture weapon. kind of letting whatever happen. *I want to see how this plays out.* Aizawa keeps looking over at him, aware that Izuku didn't put up much of a fight.

"I hate to tell you this, but if you don't let me go I won't be able to disable a video that'll automatically upload at midnight." Aizawa

freezes for a split second before continuing his route to the station.

“Whatever it is, we can deal with it.”

“Yes, but you don’t want to.”

“Do you ever rest? Genuinely asking here.” Izuku hums.

“No, there’s not enough time for sleep.” Aizawa snorts at the statement like it’s offensive yet true comedy. “You’d know that well, Mr. Designer Eyebags.” Once at the station, all the on-duty officers draw their weapons, following as Aizawa brings him straight to Tsuki. “Hey Dad.”

“Oni.”

“Oh come on, you’re not happy to see your favorite son in custody?”

“I’m not your father.” *Ouch.*

“You are *NOT* the father!” Izuku mimics the line from a show. “Jeez, tough crow-OW!” Aizawa holds him upside down, hitting his head on the floor. He gets quirk suppressing cuffs slapped on his wrist. “Oh, pretty bracelets. What’s next, a matching noose of a necklace?”

“You two play nice, I’m going to be elsewhere.” Aizawa yawns as he leaves. Tsuki watches on as officers try and take off Izuku’s mask. One ends up with a broken nose and the other gets his hand bitten.

“Just leave the mask on.” Tsukauchi gives up, shooing them out of them investigation room. “So, why’d you let yourself get caught?”

“Who says I didn’t just get my perky ass handed to me?” *Twenty minutes until midnight.*

“My quirk. So, what’s your plan? What country-wide mayhem do you plan on causing? I need head starts, Oni.” *Aw, he’s trying to keep up.*

“Keep me locked up and we’ll find out.” *Actually, I plan on releasing both videos regardless of what happens tonight. I just got a bit bored.*

“I guess we will.” Is Tsuki talking back to Izuku? *Wow, I’m impressed. It only took how many years for you to be less than professional with me?* It’s not that it matter all that much, seeing as Izuku doesn’t want to mess with Tsuki like this. No, he wants to get on the man’s nerves by messing with everyone *but* him. *Any moment now.*

“Tsuki, can you say “Every fire alarm in a mile radius going off’ five times fast?”

“Every fire alarm-?” Every alarm except the station’s goes off, sending Tsuki on his feet and out of the room. He has guards come in to keep an eye on Izuku.

“You guys really are easy to trick.” Izuku yawns.

“What are you talking about?” One of the officers takes a step back, almost reflexively.

“I mean, no one noticed your guns were all replaced with highly realistic Nerf guns!” *I’m lying.*

“That’s not true! We can just-”

“You can just what? Fire in a small, closed area? What happens if you hit me? That’s joblessness for you. Technically, you’re unprovoked. You guys can’t even fire if I’m telling the truth.” It’s amazing, what one little lie can do to adults. All of them were too busy looking at their guns and none of them realized Izuku broke the metacarpal bones in his hand to slip it out of the cuff. Before any of them notice, he snatches his bo staff out of his suit and knocks two of four officers out. He holds the others at gunpoint as he grabs the key to the cuffs.

“Did you do all shit to escape on purpose?” *Looks I’ve found the smartest officer. He has ot go first.*

“Consider it a training round for both of us?” The clock on the wall shows that he has about nineteen seconds left until midnight.

The officer moves to grab his radio.

“Nope, don’t think about it. Who knows if this gun is real or not?” The officer releases the radio, holding a hand up. They’re in a standoff until…

“C Minor. Give me C minor.” Audio from every phone and electronic device with a screen plays the same video at the same time. The remaining officers are distracted enough for Izuku to move and take them out as well. “Where have all the good men gone? And where are all the Gods?”

So, Izuku may or may not have recreated the best scene from the second Shrek movie as a means to create a distraction. He's wearing his mask, but wearing Fairy Godmother's glasses over it. He robbed a Prom Shop for a dress that closely resembled the sparkly red one from the movie.

Toshi doesn't know how to play piano, but he can fake it well enough as Izuku lays across it singing. *Movie magic.*

Izuku sneaks out of the room and into Tsukauchi's office. It wasn't too hard to pick the lock. Once in, he both locks it and sticks a chair under it. *There are two vents and one window.* The top vent to the roof is the best course for him. Until then, he has some files to get.

Security Question: The name of Naomasa Tsukauchi's dearest friend.

Izuku types. **Sansa Tamakawa.**

[Answer is INCORRECT.]

What the hell? He doesn't have friends! Izuku snoops around the office, resorting to breaking the lock on his desk after a few minutes. His wallet and house keys are left inside the drawer. *Tempting, but no. Well…* He opens the wallet for clues, first seeing a picture of him and his department huddled around his office. Next is a picture of him and Tamakawa. Then is… *Holy shit. An actual hard question!* It's a picture of him and a familiar skinny man, looking like it was taken a few years ago. They're outside of a hospital.

All Might's real name has always been top secret information, but

getting into the database of the Hero Public Safety Commission was laughably easy. Izuku heads back to the computer.

Toshinori Yagi.

[Answer is CORRECT]

He gets into the computer as the sound of him singing immediately takes over the screen a moment. *Almost at the bridge, I'm running out of time.* It takes a few minutes, but he manages to get all data on Hisashi onto a flashdrive.

"-I COULD SWEAR THERE IS SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WATCHING ME!" The doorknob shakes. *Fuck.* He exits out of all tabs and locks the computer back up.

"Oni! Open the door!" Tsukauchi screams, the door visibly moving from him slamming against it. *If I leave quietly, they might give up.* No, they won't.

"See ya, Tsuki!" Izuku yells back, hopping up from where he's standing on the desk and into the ceiling vent.

Once outside, he sees nothing but helicopter lights and the iconic blue and red flashing of the police. *Huh, they really think this crossed the line?* The recreation of the Shrek scene ends, and the new, *real* video starts. Izuku's safe, he can escape while law enforcement scrambles to get the video off. *It's going from relatively harmless, to 'Oh boy this is a literal manhunt' kind of danger.* Honestly, Izuku's living for it.

"Now that I have your attention," Oni speaks to the camera, still in his

dress. “This goes out to anyone listening. There’s a villain on the loose that I want. I know you freaks don’t work for free so I have an offer. Anyone who can bring me the fire-breathing villain known as Hisashi Midoriya to me will get *anything* your heart desires. I haven’t been stopped before, so I won’t stop until I get what you want as your reward. Anyone can partake in this. Civilians, heroes, villains, cops. Anyone. Just bring him alive and you win the game. That’s all, folks.” He blows a kiss ot the camera as Catspiracy cuts the feed.

Well, my message went out loud and clear. I need to go home and sleep.

After all, I have an exam tomorrow.

Katsuki saw the videos last night, he knows Deku is losing his mind entirely. So why is he paired up with the fucker for their exam?! They’re on the bus there, both students sitting in back.

“I figured you’d sit with All Might, Kacchan, you’re actually a fan of him.” Deku whispers. *I didn’t choose to sit next to this dweeb, it just happened.* Did Deku just imply he’s not a fan of All Might like Katsuki is?

Is Katsuki the biggest All Might stan in the class? *I’d die before letting those clingy fucks know.*

“And I thought *you’d* sit with him, seeing as you try so damn hard to make people think you’re a harmless nerd and not a literal spawn of hell.”

“Shut it.”

“Make me, Scarface.” Deku glares at him. Are they friends? Proper rivals? It doesn’t matter. Katsuki doesn’t care. Not at all.

“You’re lucky I want to get a good grade on this test.”

“If you wanted a good grade on the test, you should’ve stayed your ass home and slept.” Deku rolls his eyes in response. “You’re pissed because I’m right.” Deku pushes him, causing Katsuki to push back. Next thing they know, they’re practically sparring in the back of the bus.

“Boys!” All Might shouts. Katsuki doesn’t miss the way Deku freezes at the raising of his voice.

“What?!” Katsuki calls back, firm grip still on Deku’s collar.

“This is precisely why you’ve been paired up! You two never get along! Will it really be so difficult for you two to work together in order to beat me?!” *What? Who the fuck said Deku and I don’t get along.* They’ve honestly been getting along better than they have their whole lives. Sometimes, fighting and making fun of each other is just how a friendship works. At least, with this newfound lack of hatred between them.

“Right.” Deku grumbles, getting All Might to turn back around. “We have to act like we hate each other.” He whispers to Katsuki.

“We fucking *do.* I hate you.”

“That’s the spirit, Kacchan!” *I’m going to have a fucking headache after this, aren’t I?* “Aizawa wasn’t there to decide which students get what teacher. This is an awful matchup, according to him. There’s wasn’t enough time to have me switch with another student, because it’d mess up the other dynamics already in place.” *So Deku and All Might are a bad mix, but apparently All Might isn’t fully aware of it? No, if Aizawa knows, he probably scolded All Might like a fucking student. So All Might is just going about this all wrong.*

The bus stops at the fake city their exam is in, letting them off. Katsuki doesn’t comment on how Deku is practically hiding behind him, or at least making sure he stays between him and All Might.

All Might leaves for the center of the city, and they’re left to wait outside the entrance.

“We’re not running.” They both say at the same time, glaring at each other the moment they realize it.

“We can beat All Might, I’m going to.” Katsuki announces.

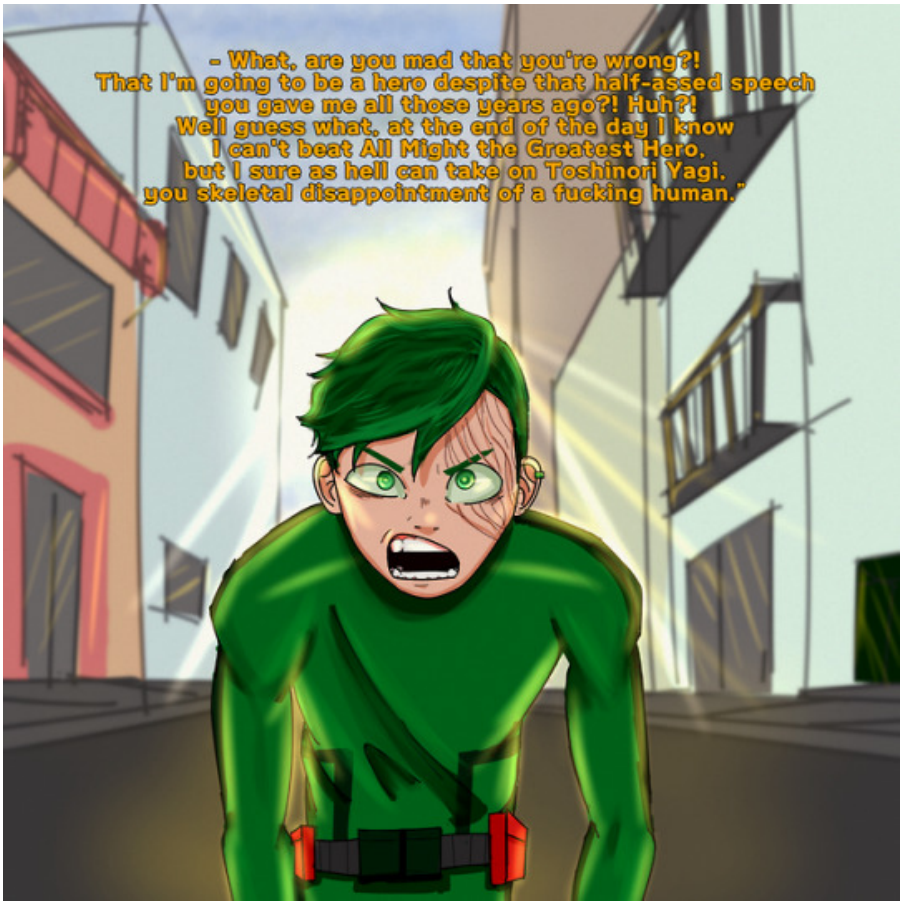
“Everyone, including him, may forget it. But I know that beefy fuck is human.”

Beefy?

Toshinori has royally fucked up. How did they get here? How many ‘wrong things’ did he say to break Midoriya like this?

The boy’s body is lowered closer to the ground, arms dangling. Midoriya’s trembling with nothing but pure fury. All Might doesn’t seem to have landed a scratch on the kid. The street's narrowing, almost closing in and focusing his sight on Midoriya only. He screams, baring teeth.

“What, are you mad that you’re wrong?! That I’m going to be a hero despite that half-assed speech you gave me all those years ago?! Huh?! Well guess what, at the end of the day I know I can’t beat All Might the Greatest Hero, but I sure as hell can take on Toshinori Yagi, you skeletal disappointment of a fucking human.”


- What, are you mad that you're wrong?!
That I'm going to be a hero despite that half-assed speech
you gave me all those years ago?! Huh?!
Well guess what, at the end of the day I know
I can't beat All Might the Greatest Hero,
but I sure as hell can take on Toshinori Yagi,
you skeletal disappointment of a fucking human."

Chapter End Notes

SO y'all support the youtube idea, but what would you guys want for a first video? Get to know me? recreating vines? teaching myself how to break dance? WHO KNOWS! Give me ideas you'd like to see (in addition to stories)
sometimes I forget that humans feel pain from minor things. I mean, I do too. But I've gotten so used to shit that I forget that not having a reaction worries people. (like the staple in finger thing) like I fractured an elbow last june and I went on my senior field trip and just decided to not be left-handed for the day because it was annoying. Days later I find out I fractured it, and definitely should NOT have gone kayaking, in the pools, doing bouncy obstacle courses, things like that. Last night someone accidentally got hot candle wax all over my hand/arm and instead of 'oh get it off it'll burn' I thought 'when this dries it's going to be SO fucking satisfying to peel off' until I saw her horrified look at me smiling at my wax-covered hand.

Then today at work I was using an attach-it gun (those things that attach plastic from clothing to the actual tag that you rip off like a lunatic) and I stabbed my finger with the needle and just thought huh wow that hurts
ohnoimbleedingontheMERCHANDISE
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

ooooo All Might I'm telling on youuuuuu

Chapter Notes

Believe it or not, I actually love All Might. In this fic he's genuinely trying so hard to make things right but he keeps fucking up. Much like Izuku

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“START!” The electronic voice calls. Izuku and Kacchan look to each other with a short nod.

“He’s probably going to attack down the center of the city, we should go around the back.” Izuku suggests, already running to the entrance. Kacchan snorts, shoving him aside.

“You think All Might’s just going to attack us from wherever the fuck he is? He’s not a fucking god, Deku.”

“He can alter wind pressure with a punch, imagine if he directed it at us *children.”* Whether or not Kacchan agrees, he’s still going with Izuku around the back alleys. “Besides, he’s probably already expecting us to attack.”

“He’s expecting you to attack too? Don’t think I haven’t seen the way you freeze every time he so much as looks at you.” *Kacchan may be a caramel-scented dickwad most of the time, but he’s an incredibly observant one.*

“That’s a good question. Honestly, All Might has no idea what’s up with me. I need to do something he won’t expect.” At that, Kacchan

stops midstep to stare at him.

“You have a fucking plan, don’t you?”

“Not a plan, no. An idea-”

“A shitty one, probably. Alright, the hell are we going to do?” He huffs and cross his arms, watching Izuku closely.

“How good are you at parkour? And how are your acting skills?”

It’s been a few minutes, and Toshinori hasn’t seen any sign of life from his students. He even set off a punch through the center of the city for good measure! Yet he heard no yells, no sighs of frustration.

Did those two get too into a fight to cooperate? Are they alright? Toshinori used to think that Bakugou would beat Young Midoriya in combat, but it seems they are equally gifted.

Bakugou seems to fight based on instinct, while Midoriya fights from experience. It’s obvious Midoriya has gotten his fair share of action, but why? How? This boy is an utter mystery, so much so that Toshinori cannot predict how he might act.

Will he run and go to the exit for the sole purpose of avoiding him? Will he fight in an attempt to hurt Toshinori the way he’s hurt him?

Both are understandable.

Toshinori would almost have been bested, if not for the subtle change in air around him.

He whips around, seeing Midoriya leaping from a roof that is much too high for him to jump from. He'll get hurt! Toshinori moves in to catch him, momentarily forgetting his role of villain. Just as Toshinori reaches out, a scream is heard.

"ALL MIGHT! GET READY TO DIE!" He barely gets a hand out to shield as Bakugou uses his gauntlet on him. *Block Midoriya from the blast-* The heat stings. In the smoke, he looses sight on Midoriya as well.

"Kacchan! You messed up my attack!" The smoke clears, and Toshinori watches on as his students fight with each other, ignoring him almost entirely.

"No, you shitty nerd! You messed up mine!" The two fight over Bakugou's gauntlet, trying to tar it away from the other. "Hands off!"

"Make me! We're supposed to be a team! We had a plan!"

"I had a better plan that you didn't want to fucking listen to!"

"Boys!" Toshinori shouts, getting their attention. They freeze in place, heads slowly turning to him. "I have half a mind to fail your exam right now! You two are so caught up in your fight that you fail to realize that I'm the enemy here!" *Why are they looking at me like that.*

“Oh, we know you’re the enemy.” Midoriya hisses with a smile. Bakugou turns to him and blasts the gauntlet again, hitting him. *It’s dulled down from the first attack, so why do they look like that’s not the real thing planned?* Heat hits his back moments after there’s an explosion of sound. “That roof I jumped off of? His other gauntlet is up there, I rigged it to go off on cue.” *They got me. They knew how I’d act and how I’d worry over their fighting.*

“Well done.” He admits.

“Oh, no. When we’re done with you, you won’t be well done. You’ll be burnt to a crisp.” A shiver goes down his spine at Midoriya’s icy gaze. The boys charge at him, Bakugou fighting with his quirk and Midoriya fighting with a…. *Is that a metal pipe? Where did he find that?!* He blocks Bakugou’s right hook, completely missing Midoriya jamming the end of the pipe into his left side.

He sucks in a breath, not wanting to show weakness for these children. *I must remain a symbol, even if they don’t want me.* It’s almost like Midoriya knew about his injury. That can’t be, can it?

“What’s the matter, All Might? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Midoriya sneers as he throws the boy down the street. *My, looks like I’ve been going too easy on you boys! I’d say I can safely turn up the heat.* He punches Bakugou heard enough to send him tumbling down onto the concrete, but not hard enough to prevent him from charging again.

“WHY ARE YOU GOING EASY ON US!” Bakugou screams, blasting off into the air.

“He’s going easy on us because we’re kids. Or at least, because *you’re* a

kid, Kacchan." Midoriya's voice is coming from behind him, but when did he get there? Has this child mastered stealth at such a young age?

Hopefully, it's Aizawa that's taught him stealth, and not from experience.

"What's that supposed to mean, you fuck?" Bakugou screams at his teammate. *I sincerely can't tell if they're friends. We teamed the up thinking they hated each other, but we were wrong. This is just how they interact!*

"He's going easier on me than you, because he thinks I'm a delicate little flower. Don'cha, All Might?" *I'm not going easier on you!*

"Midoriya, I can assure you I'm attacking evenly!" He defends, grabbing the boy's leg and swinging him away.

"No, you aren't! Why are you directly hitting Kacchan but throwing me?! One has more force in the other! You're scared of breaking me!" Midoriya weaves through Toshinori's attack and hits him again in the side. *He knows.* "You're obviously in pain right now but you've done nothing to stop me! You haven't put a scratch on me!"

"Oi, All Might. Don't go easy on Deku. He's not what you think." *What?* Toshinori steps back and punches through the air, sending both boys flying into a nearby wall. The wind is knocked out of both of them, but Midoriya's the first one up.

"Again, bitch." Midoriya seethes. "Do that again." *I don't want to fight a child so ready to be injured!* Toshinori grabs a nearby fence out of the ground and pins him down.

“Have some regard for your own life, my boy.” Midoriya laughs in his face at that. If he could reach, he’d probably spit in Toshinori’s face too.

“Looks like I’ll win after all, Deku!” Bakugou fires off the biggest blast yet, visibly straining his muscles. *He’s going to severely injure himself.* He grabs Bakugou’s face and shoves him into the ground, pinning him down as well. Regardless of this new restraint, Bakugou continues to fire large blasts. Only… They aren’t hitting Toshinori at all. *He’s missing? What’s his goal?* “DEKU! NOW!”

Midoriya is no longer stuck under the fence, but is on a nearby rooftop. *How did he get there?!* He can’t decide whether or not he’s more impressed or more fearful of this child. Midoriya stomps on the roof, watching with a gleeful smile as chunks of the building fall. Toshinori gets Bakugou out of the way, taking the weight of the building on himself. *They planned it. They used me to destroy enough of the buildings to trap me. Genius! Though, they underestimate this old geezer.* He removes himself from the rubble, seeing Midoriya jump from the roof and onto the ground in front of him.

After several minutes of more fighting, Midoriya begins to call him out again.

“All Might, you still aren’t fighting me! You keep dodging and grabbing but you haven’t even *tried* punching me!” He seethes.

“Maybe he thinks you’re shit at fighting and aren’t worth his time?” Bakugou asks, sounding a bit too genuine.

“No! That’s not it! It’s-”

“Because I have a nonphysical, noncombat quirk, right?! Because you

think all my bones will fucking shatter if you so much as look at me?!"

"Young Midoriya, this isn't a conversation we should be having here. This is the time for the exam, we can speak about this after. I want you both to pass this." Midoriya laughs in his face, visibly shaking.

"All Might, why the fuck would you tell a kid they can't be a hero?" His voice is softer, like he's so angry he no longer fears the man. There's an emptiness to his voice.

"I thought I'd be protecting you and your future. It was selfish of me, I know. I'd go back and change it in a heartbeat if I could."

"Why?! Why would you change it? Because the kid you fucked up is still in front of you? A witness to your shitheadedness that can make people lose trust in the Symbol of Peace?! Why are you suddenly sorry for what you've done?!"

"I…" *Would I have realized my wrongdoing if he weren't in my life? If I hadn't had to face the consequences of my own stupid actions? God, I'm pathetic. I couldn't save him then, and I still can't.*

"You what? Can't think of an answer? Good! Because anything you would've thought of would be utter and complete bullshit!"

"Midoriya, my boy-"

"I am *not* yours." He spits in his face. Midoriya's starting to get a bit too vicious, and All Might doesn't know how to deesculate it. Bakugou is nowhere to be found.

“I know that! It’s just a saying. I respect you, Midoriya. That’s all I mean by it.”

“Oh, so NOW you respect me?! You didn’t seem to respect me very much when you told me I couldn’t be a hero! Well guess what, All Might! I have become *so much more* than just a motherfucking hero!” *What?*

“Like I said, this isn’t the time to talk about this stuff. You have your test and I don’t want to fail you.” Maybe if he tries a more solid approach, he can snap Midoriya out of this fit?

“You already have failed me, All Might.” He’s not mentally prepared for the kick Midoriya throws. He blocks, feeling the leg crack against his forearm. Only, when Midoriya lands, his leg seems fine? He’s not in any pain. It could be the adrenaline. “See? You’re still only blocking.”

“This is your formal warning, treat the exam seriously or I will have to fail you.” *He won’t listen to anything I say. I just have to make sure they pass and talk to him after this.* The student throws himself at All Might, *biting* him hard enough to draw blood before Toshinori gets him off. He wipes his mouth with a crooked smile.

“Or what, you’ll tell me I’m no longer allowed to be a hero? Oh wait-”

“ *Midoriya!* ” He snaps, regretting it when he sees his student’s expresion scrunch up into fear. It’s gone as quick as it came. Midoriya drops down into an animalistic pose. Feral.

What, are you mad that you’re wrong?! That I’m going to be a hero

despite that half-assed speech you gave me all those years ago?! Huh?! Well guess what, at the end of the day I know I can't beat All Might the Greatest Hero, but I sure as hell can take on Toshinori Yagi, you skeletal disappointment of a fucking human." Toshinori is too shocked to reprimand him again. He feels a deep regret at the sight of this child before him. How close is he from being pushed into villainy? How would this have gone if Toshinori had never met him? His eyes sting, a lump in his throat.

- I'm sorry, Midoriya.
I'll live the rest of my life regretting the pain I've caused you. I deserve every word you've said to me.
I deserve worse.

"I'm sorry, Midoriya. I'll live the rest of my life regretting the pain I've caused you. I deserve every word you've said to me. I deserve worse." *He knows my name. How does he know top secret information?* What's worse is how easily Midoriya gave it up when provoked.

“I don’t fucking care, we won.” Midoriya sighs, looking too emotionally drained. *They’ve won?* Metal slaps around his wrist, and he turns to find Bakugou with the other cuff in his hand. He gives Toshinori an unreadable look.

“MIDORIYA AND BAKUGOU PASS!” A voice over the intercom announces.

“Are you two hurt?” Toshinori asks, avoiding looking at Midoriya.

“I am, he’s not.” Bakugou speaks up. *Midoriya didn’t get hurt at all?*

“Midoriya, are you alright?” Toshinori asks anyways.

“Get me Toshi.” Is all he says, staring at the ground he’s now sitting on.

“If you need Recovery Girl, we can even bring her-”

“I said get me Toshi, or I tear your throat out myself, All Might.” A hand settles on Toshinori’s arm, and he turns to find Young Bakugou staring at him.

“Just listen to the brat. You don’t want to piss him off any more than you already have.” Toshinori’s led away by his student. The sight of Midoriya’s body becomes smaller as they retreat. Both Bakugou and Toshinori pretend they don’t hear the sobs or breathes Midoriya sucks in, still not moving from his spot.

It's been a few hours since the exams, and the students were allowed to go home. Hitoshi's very lucky that there was no audio connected to the observation room. After all, Izuku was the last person to finish. Meaning the whole class witnessed him having a breakdown. The class bombarded him with questions, asking why All Might and Izuku don't get along. It's a good thing he was called out to get Izuku.

By time he got there, Izuku was in fetal position on the ground, crying uncontrollably. It took them forty-five minutes to convince Izuku to get up and shower.

Now, Izuku seems mostly back to his old self, laying on the couch watching a movie with Hitoshi and Zashi. Dad would've stayed with them for the movie, but he had more work to grade. *I know it's because he wants to review the footage of Izuku's fight.*

Zashi ordered everyone a big dinner and declared that no one would mention what happened until everyone was ready to speak about it. That sat well enough with everyone. They also played some games together after dinner.

Apparently, no one should play twister with Izuku, because he'll just dislocate his joints in order to reach. He's a dirty cheater.

There's a knock on the door. Izuku barely stirs from where he lays on Hitoshi's side.

"I'll get it, don't bother pausing the movie for me, okay?" Zashi says as he gets the door. "Oh! What a lovely guest! Although, it is pretty impolite to come over without asking, All Might." *What?* Hitoshi stills and looks down at Izuku. *Oh, he's sleeping, thank god.* He pulls the covers over Izuku's head entirely, hoping to hide him from view.

“I’m sorry. I was out for a jog and I kept thinking about my exam. I wanted to come talk to Aizawa, if that’s alright.”

“Sure thing, come in.” Hitoshi can hear the slight strain to Zashi’s voice. All Might comes in and locks eyes with Hitoshi.

“Shinsou, what are you doing here?”

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

When I get the time to make a video, I'm going to talk about September 21st, 2012. Will I elaborate on that? No.

since I have extra space from no real story today, I'll ramble on about my main OC, Mell.
SO. I FUCKING LOVE HIM. He's the main character of the comic I'm making (none of its posted yet) and he's self aware! He knows he's just a comic book character, and he's constantly having an existential crisis over it. He's also a vigilante, and his power is called 'panel manipulation' where he can make literal panels into the comic pages as portals and things like that. Among other parts of his powers. He calls the panels he makes 'plot holes'. He's missing the middle finger on his left hand, so now when I draw other people I genuinely forget that I have to draw all the fingers. I realized halfway through making Regenerate Fate that I have a vigilante OC who's constantly tweaking out, so maybe that's why Izuku's so easy for me to write? Or is it because I'm basically Izuku? Who knows, who cares lmao

FUN TOTALLY INNOCENT QUESTION: If Izuku were to be shot in the head, what do you think would happen? (I already have my

answer, I just wanna see what you guys think)
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Dance Dance Revolution

Chapter Notes

Will the next few chapters be light hearted and fun? They probably will. Is that the calm before a storm? yes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wait a second, Zashi referred to our guest as All Might, and this skinny man walked in. He called me by name.

Both parties seem to realize something very important during the moment of silence.

“ ….All Might?” Hitoshi asks, suddenly in disbelief.

“Well, it looks like we both made some errors.” All Might starts, reddening ever so slightly. “But yes, I suppose I owe an explanation, but I can give that after I speak to Aizawa.”

“Okay, I guess that’s fair.” *What the hell? There’s no way Izuku knew about something like this, right? Actually, he probably did know.*

Shouta’s typing away at his computer, grading the written exams. Most of his students got Bs or above. Most. The only two students with perfect scores on the written portion are Midoriya and Bakugou. Even

Yaoyorozu made a few errors. Knocking at his bedroom door brings him out of his work.

"I'll be down for dinner after this paper." He calls. The knocking persists, causing him to sigh and close his laptop. "Come in," The door opens slowly, and he's has a headache before the door's even opened all the way. *I can't say I'm surprised. We had to physically pry Midoriya off the ground.*

"I'm sorry for showing up unannounced." All Might apologizes with a small bow, lingering in the doorway.

"Close the door and sit down somewhere." He nods, taking a seat at the very end of the bed. "This is about Midoriya?"

"Yes, his exam was rather…. Eventful. I want your advice on how to proceed with the grading, as well as what to do with some information I learned." *Did he figure out Midoriya's Oni? No, there's no way. He's not much smarter than a blade of grass when it comes to this. Much like a weed growing in our investigation, too.*

"What information?" Shouta asks.

"Well, for some time we've known he knows about *this,"* He gestures vaguely to himself. "And I still have yet to know how or why. But it seems he also knows about the injury that caused this. He aimed very strong attacks on it during the exam." *Good, he's fighting with enemy weaknesses in mind.* "But when he got too fired up, he referred to me by name."

"By name-"

“Toshinori Yagi. He called me that, then called me a ‘skeletal disappointment of a human.’” *Fuck. Midoriya, we literally talked about your manners.*

“I see. All Might, you underestimate his quirk far too often. He’s a genius, even without a quirk. He probably saw a small limp you may have had in order to target your side. He could’ve come across your name during the Oni investigation. He is very good at what he does.” *I hate that I’m covering for him. I hate it that I’m praising him as a cover-up. He owes me.*

“I understand.” All Might hums, looking like he still doesn’t understand at all. “I apologized to him, but I know that it wouldn’t be wise for me to go out of my way to speak to him so soon.” *So soon implies that you still plan on doing it, just later.* “Aizawa, may I ask why Shinsou is here?”

“I adopted him.” Plain and simple.

“Oh! That’s wonderful! Though, he did see my reduced form, I owe him that talk as well. I hope you all are happy! But… Is it safe for him? Oni still lives under your roof, does he not?” Shouta chuckles.

“Hitoshi and Oni get along fine. They’re about the same age.”

“Right.” All Mights wants to ask, Shouta can tell. “Is he here?”

“No, he’s out right now. While staying with me has improved his behavior and reduced his patrol time and overall activity, he still comes and goes as he pleases. No matter how advance the window locks are.” *The bathroom window he broke was a pain in the ass to get fixed.*

“That’s good. How is-” There’s knocking on the door, before it’s kicked open. *Oh no.*

“Hey Dad, Hawks wants to know if I can go to the arcade with him-” Midoriya strolls in, not looking up from his phone. His eyes meet All Might’s. “Hey, All Might. Sorry for tweaking out on you earlier. Also sorry for interrupting?” He shrugs a bit, still wondering over to where Shouta sits.

“No need to apologize, Midoriya.” All Might sadly answers, small frown forming. “I deserve every word you said to me.”

“But you’re wondering why I know your name?” *He’s pretending to be okay for the sake of covering his own ass.* The slight tremble in his hands give it away, along with the way his eyes water a bit.

“Yes, I am.”

“My quirk. A side effect of it is a constant curiousness I have. I realized no one knew your name, and it started eating away at me. Whether or not I liked you, I wanted this forbidden knowledge or whatever. So I found out.” *Good excuse, but you better keep track of that lie.*

“Was it as easy as you make it sound?”

“Nah, it took a while for me to find it.” All Might hums in response.

“Very well.”

“I’ve never told anyone else, not even Toshi. I used it because *you* know what your name is. I won’t do it again, sorry.” *I can’t tell if he means those apologies or not. This is so weird.* Shouta watches their exchange, tensing when Midoriya sets his gaze back on him.

“It’s alright. So, did Aizawa adopt you too?” Both Shouta and Midoriya choke.

“No!” Midoriya sputters. “He’s my mentor. I call him Dad as a joke.”

“I’d never take custody of this child.” Shouta hisses without any real malice. *Not until I can confirm his family's whereabouts.*

“So you’re sleeping over, and want permission to hang out with… who was it you said?”

“Hawks.”

“Hawks? The number two hero, Hawks?” Midoriya nods. “My word, you already have so many connections in the hero world!” All Might chuckles a bit.

“You can go, Midoriya. Be back before Midnight. Bring Hitoshi if you want.” Maybe being with a top hero outside of the investigation will be good for him. Even if he knows he’s Oni. Midoriya leaves and closes the door back.

“He was trying really hard to remain civil, I respect that.” All Might sighs.

“He’s trying to get over his issues with you. It’s just hard.” *Every time I mention therapy he disappears faster than he does when doing vigilante work.* Maybe when they prove he’s Oni, part of his sentencing can be mandatory therapy? Shouta can probably get that arranged.

“I don’t expect him to forgive me. I am curious, though. It seems he may be uh, *overreacting* in a way? I don’t mean to invalidate his feelings, but I’d never imagine him having this much of an aversion to me, if that makes sense?” *I’m going to share some things, for the sake of making him understand how bad of an idea it is for Midoriya to be his successor.*

“From my knowledge, the day you met him, it was already the most traumatic day of his life.”

“What do you mean?” All Might leans forward, brows scrunched in worry.

“It was the day he got that scar on his face. Along with other things. He never recovered from them.”

“I’m confused. I remember it already being a scar the day I met him, though. Are you saying it was already healed to a scar by time we met that day? I reckon the wounds would have to be horrendous to cause that kind of permanent damage.” *He really can’t remember well enough to know Midoriya probably said he had a healing quirk? Jesus, how old is he?!* Then again, All Might very clearly places a lot in trust in Midoriya. He believes that Midoriya is an innocent, hurt kid. The belief that he's *only* one of the good guys is so strong that All Might can't even see the possibility of him being Oni. It's as funny as it is sad.

“He got medical treatment before meeting you.” *If you count a literal autopsy a form of medical treatment.*

“I understand that it’s a miracle that I’m getting this information, but I have one last question. Is his hatred of me tied to his uncle being a villain in any way?” Shouta takes a deep breath.

“Yes.”

Izuku felt like he was going to explode when he walked in to see All Might there. *No wonder Toshi and Mic were begging me not to go upstairs.* He practically hurled himself back at Toshi when he went back downstairs. *Toshi said he was proud of me for not killing the Symbol of Peace.*

“You ready to go?” Toshi asks, putting shoes on.

“Yeah.” Izuku does the same, saying a quick goodbye to Mic. *Hawks said he’ll pick us up at the next station.* They decided to hang out as regular kids, rather than the vigilante and youtuber. *Being seen with Hawks as UA students will boost our careers, just by approval ratings.*

It was also decided to have Izuku hang out rather than Oni for the sake of showing that Hawks has a neutral standing with Oni *and* the investigation trying to catch him. Toshi’s coming along just because it’ll be fun.

On the walk to the station, Izuku can feel Toshi staring.

“I’m okay.” He reassures. *This was his idea, he wants me to take a break from all the bullshit we have to deal with on a daily basis.*

“Tell me if that changes. It’s okay to not feel okay.” *Very wise, buddy.* In all honesty, Izuku would love to patrol right now. Something about ignoring laws gives him a sense of freedom that he’s grown addicted to. Now whenever he has to be average citizen: Izuku Midoriya, he feels emotionally and legally claustrophobic.

“Thanks, Dad.”

“Oh no, don’t you dare start calling me that.” Toshi scolds, shoving him aside.

“Daddy?”

“ *No!”* He kicks Izuku’s leg out from under him and walks ahead. Izuku saves himself with little effort and catches back up.

“I was joking!”

“No, you *are* the joke!” His best friend groans, Izuku snickers at the embarrassed blush on Toshi’s face.

On the train, Toshi talks about his exam. He was with Sero against Midnight. Apparently, she has a hard time shutting up, so it was fairly easy. Unfortunately, they didn’t expect it to be so easy, and Sero most likely didn’t do enough work to pass. *Toshi’s just that great!* They do all of their training together now, so if it came down to combat, Toshi would’ve put up a good fight as well.

“This is our stop.” Toshi reminds. Outside the train, Hawks is waiting on the roof of a nearby building. *He looks like a gargoyle.* Hawks waves to them, hopping down when there’s enough room for his wings.

Crowds must suck for him.

"Hey!" He hugs Izuku without a second thought, completely encasing him in his wings. *This actually feels pretty nice. These are premium quality hugs.* Hawks releases Izuku and turns to Toshi. "Ah, you're my buddy's accomplice! Shinsou, right?"

"That's me." They shake hands.

"The arcade is a few blocks from here, we can walk." Hawks is already moving. Beside him, Toshi smacks his forehead.

"Oh my God. It's like there's two of you. One's just paid better." *He's probably going to have to babysit us.* They turn the street corner and don't see Hawks at all. "Where is he?" Toshi whispers.

"Probably waiting to scare us in that alley over there." He points up the street. "If he jumps out, we should yell back." Toshi nods in agreement. They waltz up the corner, making sure to get quiet before passing. "Jump out in 3." He signs to his friend. "Three, two, one."

"AHHHHH!" They scream and jump around the corner. Hawks jumps straight into the air, making a squeak-like noise.

"Fuck, I almost peed a little!" Hawks snorts, coming back to the ground. When they begin walking, Hawks lingers back so he's not blocking them with his wings.

"You were planning on scaring us!" Izuku defends.

“Yes, and I failed miserably. Thanks for reminding me.” *Aw, he’s pouting.*

At the arcade, they let Toshi pick the first game, as a way of saying thanks for being their impulse control for the night.

“How competitive are you two?” Toshi asks, narrowing his eyes suspiciously.

“Whatever it is, I’ll win the fuck out of it.” Izuku huffs.

“I’m good at everything, that includes winning.” As Hawks answers, an evil smirk appears on Toshi’s face.

“So, very. I can work with this.” He looks around, face brightening up as he looks at a machine. “So, how about a *friendly* Dance Dance Revolution tournament?”

It’s been 13 songs straight, Hawks and Izuku keep tying! Where Izuku’s quirk can keep him from being too exhausted or sore, Hawks’ wings can alleviate some of the weight he has to carry. Both sides cheat just enough for it to be fair.

Crowds of people surround them, Hitoshi had to fight back up to the front.

The second place winner of the UA Sports Festival and the Number Two hero screaming at each other while having the time of their lives

is a grand sight for all. Especially because they're loudly singing the words in order to one-up each other.

"NOW HERE I AM WITH MY HEART ON THE LINE!" They scream, somehow reaching a harmony. *Who knew they were actually such great singers.* It's almost scary how multi-talented they are.

"BUT JUST FOR YOU!!" Hawks starts.

"I'M SCARED BUT THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE!" Izuku finishes. Hitoshi yells to switch places, and they do. *Their score is whatever pad they finish on. That way they can't sabotage each other.* Honestly, Hitoshi picked this because he knew they'd get tired out eventually and burn energy.

"SOMEHOW YOU FOUND ME! YOU FOUND ME!" Maybe they'll settle for some board games after this.

His phone buzzes. When he opens it, he sees a picture on a news site of Izuku and Hawks.

Eraserhead: Somehow, I didn't think you guys would actually go to an arcade.

Catspiracy: It's amazing.

He sends a video to Dad of them dancing.

Eraserhead: Midoriya can sing? God, he could've done show-biz

instead of vigilantism.

By time the game ends, it's because the citizens were getting genuinely worried for their health. Either that, or Hitoshi's sanity. Through the crowd, he feels eyes on him.

A man stands in the shadows watching on, hood over his face. Strands of silver hair spill out of it. *Bad vibes. I think it's time to go.*

"Toshi! I won!" Izuku tackles him in a hug, then sees that camera's are on them. He plants a gross and overly wet kiss on Hitoshi's cheek, not budging when Hitoshi tries to pry him off. "MWAH!"

"You're disgusting." Hitoshi wheezes.

"You love me." Hawks helps them up. "Anyone else want a smooch?" Izuku asks the crowd. They holler praise at them, but don't answer his freakish question.

"I'm starving." Hawks waddles back over, wiping sweat off his brow. "I know this great all-you-can-eat buffet nearby. I'll pay." Hitoshi does not like the spark in Izuku's eyes. *Please don't say it. Please don't say it.*

"Is that a challenge?"

Dammit.

Izuku's draped around Hitoshi's shoulder, drooling on him.

They got kicked out of the all-you-can-eat buffet for taking it too literally.

Izuku's slipping into a food coma.

It's been a very eventful night for Hitoshi and his babysitting skills.

Looks like it's time for us to go home, huh? Hawks says his goodbyes and flies off, only after Hitoshi insists he'll be fine getting home with a half asleep Izuku. On the train ride home, Izuku slumps over into his lap. He's mumbling something.

"...Toshi, I'm happy." *He's talking in his sleep?*

"You're happy?" He softly asks, running a hand through his friend's hair. Hitoshi's not far off from petting him like a cat.

"Mhm," Izuku hums, "That we met... " *Oh.* Just as Hitoshi thinks he can't be any happier with the change Izuku's brought into his life, he's proven wrong. He'd do anything for his best friend, and he knows Izuku would commit mass murder if he said the word. *Not that I would, it just means he's very loyal.*

"I'm happy too, Izuku." Hitoshi yawns.

“I’ll die for you.” The smile is ever so slightly pulled from Hitoshi’s face. *Right, half asleep. I’m stupid.*

“You mean you *would* die for me.”

“No.” *What?*

“No?”

“Wait.” Izuku giggles, shifting a bit. “Yes, I’d die or my Toshi.” *Good, that’s better than saying you will.* “I love you, Toshi.” An even wider smile reaches Hitoshi’s face as he laughs. The train pulls up at their station, and Hitoshi mentally prepares to carry his friend home.

“I love you too, Izuku. Go back to sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

SO Y'all had some great ideas as to what happens if Izuku's shot in the head. In the beginning of the fic when I described how he heals, I mentioned it's kind of like his body is sewing itself back together. If there were a bullet still in him..... well. I guess you'll find out, huh? His quirk factor is actually in every cell of his body, which contributed to Iida getting his new arm.
In terms of if a bullet affects his memory, and in some comments, WHICH memories...……??…… I know the answer. You do not. Forbidden knowledge must remain as such

FUN FACT: I've never seen ANY of the Studio Ghibli movies. Today I bought Spirited Away but haven't watched it yet. So what I'm saying is: Help a sister out and give me your fave Studio Ghibli movies to watch!?
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

DOES HIZASHI MOTHERFRICCEN YAMADA GET A CHAPTER? YES. IS HE A PROUD PARENT? HELLLLLL YES

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I just want to say that I enjoyed writing a nice chapter this time. Especially considering that next chapter will be [R E D A C T E D]
THANK YOU TO ROBINS.DRAW ON INSTA (robinsdraw on tumblr) FOR MAKING ART OF THE DDR SCENE!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hizashi feels many things. Lately, sad is one of them. He's so happy that him and Shouta now have a son! It's wonderful and as amazing as he's dreamed of! Though, he's been warned to not get too attached to Midoriya. He knows the kid's a vicious vigilante and internationally wanted criminal, but the kid's also a goofball.

Their goofball.

He admits it, he also cares for Midoriya like a son. He so desperately wished that adoption papers for Midoriya would be included with Hitoshi's. *I just have to be patient, it'll happen.* After all, if they adopt him, not much will change.

Shouta and Midoriya bicker constantly, making fun of each other and getting on each other's nerves. To outsiders it'd seem that they honestly hate each other. It looks like Shouta can't stand Midoriya. Hizashi knows better than Shouta himself that he loves Midoriya. Midoriya loves him too. Whether they like it or not, they're family.

Shouta's become too caught up and trying to stop Midoriya and save

him from himself, that he didn't realize that *they're* what Midoriya needs.

Hitoshi never seemed surprised when they explained Midoriya's not getting adopted.

Stupid bickering fools.

"Hey, why do you look like you're mad at me?" Shouta asks from the other side of the bed. He turns a bit so he can see Hizashi's face more clearly. Hizashi snickers at his husband's scowl. *How are you menacingly crossing your arms while lying down?*

"I'm not mad at you, you dork. I just… You know."

"I can't say I do." Shouta huffs a bit.

"Are you any closer to finding out about Midoriya?" Recognition sparks in Shouta's eyes. He breaks eye contact entirely.

"Not really, no. He's still getting rid of all leads we have. Even Tsukauchi's quirk isn't helpful enough to answer the biggest questions." *None of it makes sense, it's what the Little Listener wants.*

"Why? What does he gain?" Shouta hums when Hizashi asks, probably pulling up a mental list of answers.

"Our main theory is to protect his family. He'd rather do everything alone than endanger people he cares about. This whole 'relationship'

thing is still pretty new to him." *He's adjusting very well, though. I had to carry Midoriya up to his room because Hitoshi was too tired.* Hizashi went downstairs for a midnight snack and found them in a tangled mess on the livingroom floor.

"He's getting better at figuring out how to push us away." Hizashi notes. "The better we get to know him, the higher his walls go."

"That's because he's a genius. A genius with major trust issues at that. I can't get him to trust me." Shouta's voice sounds distressed. Without thinking too much about it, Hizashi reaches out to cup Shouta's face. He leans into the touch with a small smile. *He trusts you, just not with what matters to the investigation.*

"Well, I was planning on spending time with the kids tomorrow anyways, maybe I could try a little harder at getting Midoriya to trust me?"

"....That might work, actually. It's not really a trick or anything, seeing as you adore both of them." *Their our kids, Shouta. Of course I do.*

"So do you, you know." His husband looks offended at the accusation, pulling away from Hizashi. "Fine, throw a fit. You'll get salt in your coffee for it."

"I'll drink every last drop, you parakeet." Hizashi laughs, pulling the blanket further up on him and Shouta.

"Goodnight, Eyebags."

“Goodnight, Hairgel.”

Hizashi wakes up to the feeling of breath on his neck. He opens his eyes with a smile, finding Shouta tucked against him, still soundly asleep. *The moment I make too much movement, he’ll wake up.* Over the years, they’ve gotten used to waking up after two or so hours of sleep. While Hizashi never become a light sleeper due to it, Shouta has. He could probably sniffle and Shouta’d wake up.

“Go back to sleep.” Shouta mumbles against his chest, not even opening his eyes. “It’s like seven.”

“It’s ten, Shouta.”

“Same thing.” It makes Hizashi laugh. He removes Shouta from him and gets up. “Coffee?”

“Coffee.”

Downstairs, Hizashi finds Midoriya already up. He’s sitting at the kitchen table on Hitoshi’s laptop.

“Morning, Kiddo.”

“Oh, hey New Dad.” Midoriya barely glances up from his screen.

“What’cha working on?”

“I’m coding something.” *More of an answer than I thought I’d get, to be honest.* If Midoriya doesn’t explain what he’s doing the first time, it’s likely Hizashi will never get a full answer.

“Don’t stress yourself. Did you sleep enough? You don’t get up this early.” From the table, Midoriya gives him a small yet sad smile. It looks pained.

“Yeah, I just fell asleep early. Got restless just staying in the room.” *It’s not just ‘the’ room. It’s yours.* They wait for the coffee to finish brewing in silence. There’s a slight shuffling behind them.

“I smell life juice.” Hitoshi yawns, dragging his feet to the coffee machine.

“Please don’t refer to coffee as any form of juice.” Hizashi begs.

“Mmmmm gotta love that juice!” Midoriya cheers from his seat.

“Out of my house, both of you.” The conversation dissolves into laughter. Hizashi sees Shouta slowly walking into the room. He makes Shouta a cup of coffee and hands it to him.

“Thank you.” He mumbles, drinking the whole mug in one go. *I… I put salt in it. He didn’t even bat an eye.*

“Why do you look so scared, Mic?” Midoriya calls, glancing between him and Shouta.

“He put salt in my coffee and expected it to stop me, like a *fool*.” Shouta gives a smirk of victory, sidestepping when Hizashi moves to pinch his cheek. “I win, Parakeet.”

“This time.” Hizashi sighs.

“Are we doing anything today?” Hitoshi asks with an odd raise of his hand. *We’re off the clock, kiddo.*

“I was thinking of taking you two out to the mall, actually.” He admits, feeling happy at how the boys’ faces light up.

“See if Todoroki wants to go.” Shouta suggests.

“He’s visiting his mom and then meeting more lawyers with Fuyumi.” Midoriya doesn’t miss a beat. *Fuyumi is the sister taking custody of him, right?* That'll be a lot of paperwork for them to go over. “They want his mom to come out of the hospital and take custody, but she’d have to go through a *lot* of evalutations for it. They think the news of Endeavor going down and all those evaluations wouldn’t be good to throw at her all at once.”

“They need to take everything slow. Mental health is a very important but fragile thing-”

“Not that Midoriya’d know.” Shouta cuts him off to jab at his student.

“Yeah, just like you don’t know what a fucking shower is, Eraser!” Midoriya’s out of his seat just as Shouta starts approaching him. They

begin their usual fighting.

“At least I don’t cry every time I watch Assassination Classroom.”

“You’re not human if you don’t, you damn grease bucket!”

“You’re a head of lettuce.”

“Having a head means I have a brain, unlike you!”

“My name is Eraser *head,* you would’ve known that if you knew how to use that brain.”

“Insult me again and I’ll fuckin’ defenestrate you!”

“I don’t even think you can spell that, Midoriya.” At this point they yell at each other and spar. *It’s too early. I don’t want to lose another lamp.* With a look exchanged between him and Hitoshi, they move to separate them. Hizashi grabs Shouta while Hitoshi grabs Midoriya.

“That’s enough. We have to get ready.” Hizashi announces. “Just admit it, you two are fond of each other.”

“We are NOT!” They yell and march up to their rooms. *Great, now they’ll fight over who gets the shower.*

At the mall, Hizashi gives both Hitoshi and Midoriya a card to shop with. He trusts them.

“Food court?” Midoriya asks.

“Food court.” Hitoshi confirms as they start racing off.

“You guys just ate breakfast!” Shouta yells after them.

“They’re growing boys.” Hizashi counters.

“Hitoshi is.” *What?*

“Is Midoriya... not?” He scrunches his brow, following the direction they last saw the boys go in.

“I’ve been keeping an eye on his quirk very closely. He hasn’t grown at all since we’ve taken him in.” *That’s right, he would’ve at least started a growth spurt. Hitoshi did.* “He’s mentioned that his quirk stops or dulls things like illness and exhaustion.”

“You think it’s affection how his body ages too?” *He does seem rather small for his age, but we immediately thought it was because of his life before us.*

“That’s exactly what I think.”

“He tends to go without eating a lot unless we catch him. But when we get him to eat, he *eats.”* Hizashi’s gotten into the habit of making sure there's much more food than needed at all times because both of the boys practically inhale food. *Did we eat like that at their age? Shouta probably didn’t. He’s not a very good role model when it comes to eating healthy.*

“Mic!” Midoriya calls.

“We got you guys some soft pretzels too!” Hitoshi gives one to Shouta and Midoriya gives one to Hizashi.

“Thanks.” Shouta mumbles, accepting the gift. *It’s good.*

“Do you want any of my cheese sauce? It’s got a hint of mustard in it.” Midoriya offers. Hizashi accepts and tries it, it’s good. Better than it sounds, actually.

“Thank you, kiddos! Now, any stores you want to go to?”

“Midoriya and I passed a store on the way here that has a whole bunch of merch. It’s for heroes and fictional stuff, too.”

“Lead the way!”

At the store, the boys go crazy filling a cart of things they each want. *We have more money than we know what to do with right now. Even donating barely puts a dent in our wallets. Go nuts, you deserve it.*

“Mic?” A tug on the sleeve catches his attention.

“Is something the matter, Midoriya?” The kid looks worried, nervous about something. *He’s coming to me before Shouta? That’s kind of odd, actually.*

“Is this really alright?” *What? Is what alright?* “Wasting your guys’ money like this? On stupid stuff like merch?” All at once, Hizashi’s heart breaks. *Right, this kid has been alone for years. He’s had to focus any and all money on surviving. He’s never really had time to find hobbies. Even Hitoshi was able to find something like making videos! That reminds me, we should stop at a tech store and see if he wants anything!*

“Midoriya, don’t you dare think for even a second that spending money to make yourself happy is considered ‘wasting’ it. Buy whatever you want. We have like five jobs between us, trust me, we won’t notice!”

“Oh.”

“Maybe you could pick up a hobby? Try something you’ve never done before? Heck, kiddo, don’t even think about prices or if you really *need* the thing. If you want it, we can get it. Sound good?” Midoriya smiles again, turning away to wipe a tear that Hizashi will pretend he never saw.

“That sounds great.” He laughs weakly.

“That’s good, Midoriya.”

“Izuku.” *It’s happening oh my god it’s happening.* “Call me Izuku.”

“Okay, Izuku! You can call me Zashi like Hitoshi does if you want.” Izuku hums a bit, thinking it over.

“I like Mic.”

“Then I’m Mic!” The two exchange a meaningful look. “So, is Shouta now allowed to cal you Izuku?”

“Absolutely not.”

They keep browsing.

Hizashi finds Shouta in the exotic snack aisle, arms almost full of various fruit pouches he wishes to try. He can see that Shouta got two of each. *He likes to share things when trying them a first tine. It’s very sweet.*

“Why haven’t we come here before?” Shouta practically drools at the pouches.

“We don’t really have a lot of fun figures and toys and stuff at home, I don’t think we thought this place would have cool stuff like this, too!”

“Hizashi, they have a aisle for different flavors of coffee.” *While Shouta doesn’t like drinking flavored or overly sweet coffee, he knows I do. We also try new coffees together.*

“Maybe we shouldn’t have given the kids the cart.” He jokes, getting an all-too serious nod from his husband.

“Oh my GOD YOU’RE PRESENT MIC!” A shout is heard form behind him, and they mentally prepare to have their day ruined by mobs of fans, but they turn and find not one, but *two* massive grins.

They found the Present Mic Merch! Hitoshi and Izuku are wearing Present Mic hats and plastic replicas of his omni-directional speaker. They even have sunglasses and jackets to match! In Izuku’s hand is the voice-changing device they’ve used before.

“Ew, who’s this sweaty man he’s with?” Izuku mocks, getting a glare from Shouta.

“Ew, who’s this obnoxious fanboy my husband has to put up with?”

Izuku sticks his tongue out at him, as well as one middle finger.

“I want you to know that we are buying any and all merchandise of you two we find.” Hitoshi admits.

“We will then wear them all together, all at once, and go to hero conventions.” *I like where this is going, and Shouta clearly hates where this is going.*

“Why would you wear all of our merch together? No one will know who you are?” Shouta, poor naïve Shouta asks.

“We won’t go as Eraserhead or Present Mic.” Hitoshi starts.

“We’ll go as EraserMic!” *There it is!*

“.....What?”

“EraserMic! It’s the ship name of you two! Many hero fans like shipping their favorite heroes together. They think that you two are a good couple.”

“I’m an underground hero.” Shouta huffs, not acknowledging that even he has a few pieces of merch. With the rise of Oni came the presence of Eraserhead being known to the public. At least, more than Shouta ever wanted. Yes, he shows up when you look up his name, but that’s about it. Nothing’s publically known about him or his quirk. Oni has created a large shift in Shouta’s career and the media’s focus on him.

“Yes, but they heard you two bicker at the Sports Festival and decided you were cute.” Izuku counters, purposely rubbing it in Shouta’s grumpy face.

“I sure hope we are, otherwise I’d file for divorce.” Hizashi jabs, laughing at the full glare he earns. “Izuku, what’s behind your back?” The boy in question has a smile so big it ought to split his face open, he jumps around excitedly.

“I FOUND ONI MERCH!” He pulls a few keychains and plushies out from behind his back. “They have a whole section dedicated to controversial figures, and I have one of the biggest selections!”

“That’s….. Great? Kiddo?” Hizashi sincerely doesn’t know how to approach this. On one hand, his kid is happy. On the other, his husband is fuming.

“It is great.” Hitoshi joins in, getting a kick out of pissing Shouta off with Izuku.

“You two ready to check out? I’m starting to get hives.” Shouta brings their carts up to check out, paying for all of it.

They decide to hit a few more stores before heading home.

In the car ride home, Shouta drives, looking at the boys from time to time from the rearview.

“They’re asleep.” He chuckles. “They had a lot of fun today.”

“They deserve to be happy. I want to give that to them, at least.” Hizashi leans against the cool glass of the window, looking at the beginning of a large storm. *We might lose power tonight, huh?*

“I agree.” *You love them, just admit it you big dummy.* In the end, the boys got all the Present Mic and Eraserhead merchandise they could find. They practically had Hizashi’s whole outfit and every knick knack you could name. As for Shouta, they only had two things. Replica’s of his goggles, and a grey fluffy scarf. *They don’t know enough about him, so they only manufactured the two things they know about him. They also got all Oni and Catspiracy merchendise, which was a surprising amount.*

“I’m going to miss having a loud household when you guys go on the summer trip.” He admits, looking at the rain hitting the windshield. Shouta turns the wipers on. “Promise me you’ll be safe. Seeing as I have no idea where you guys will be.”

“Of course we’ll be safe. Why wouldn’t we be?” Hizashi chews his lip, trying to find the words to express his feelings.

“Well, don’t you think we’ve had it a bit too easy? Like things have been *too* happy lately?” Shouta looks at his husband a few seconds and merely blinks. *To others, that was an expressionless face. To me, that was a look of utter agreement and worry.*

“You’ve noticed the lack of activity from the League too, right? Like everything's getting quiet in preparation for something big?” *They’ve decided to keep the location of the training camp top secret. Very few people know, because USJ’s date and time were leaked. Maybe this can help weed out any chance of a traitor in the ranks?* Shouta sighs, turning his wipers up a speed as lightning brightly flashes across the sky.

“I don’t want to jinx anything, but I worry for the student’s safety.” The loud thunder follows the lightening, almost deafening. Shouta’s eyes darken as he glances at Izuku through the mirror.

“There’s a big storm rolling in, isn’t there.”

Chapter End Notes

SOOOOO I'm halfway through Spirited Away and holy fuck i'm in love. The animation is so pretty and the music alone has almost made me cry??? What to hecc? I'm at the part where Yubaba's twin sister (??) shows up after the baby threatens to fucking obliterate the girl's arm.
I read all the suggestions, and I plan on buying Howl's moving

castle next, but watching Grave of the Fireflies before that. Because I heard I'd cry. Who doesn't like watching a centuries old god of chaos suffer? No one. No one should want that.

also

Idk if pics will show here, but I made Eraserhead themed shoes! And a hat! I have pics of them on both my insta and tumblr.

Alsoalsoalso, I was planning on saying something like 'if we hit specifically 1012 bookmarks, I'LL recreate that Holdin out for a hero scene from Shrek 2 with the dress and everything' but we past 1012. So uhhhhh anyone want that anyways?
Hope you guys enjoyed their mall trip! I swear there is n o t h I n g going on in the background of this Super Happy Family Funtime(tm)
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

IT'S THE START! OF SOMETHING NEW!

Chapter Notes

Not only is this chapter about 4 pages LONGER than usual, I also made two pictures for it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku could tell Mic was sad to say goodbye to them as they were getting ready to leave. They met him in the teacher's lounge where the students couldn't see. *It'll be hard going from a full household to being alone and quiet. Even if it's only a small trip.* All Might isn't coming either, so Mic feels a little better about being left behind. *They think All Might shouldn't come incase we become a target for it. That, and the fact that the world needs him more than ever with the loss of Endeavor.*

This time, Iida doesn't force them to sit in any order on the bus there. He and Izuku meet eyes.

"Thank you, for you know…" Iida flexes his arm, the new one, showing how it looks almost identical to his original. Some kids have asked about the scar around his arm, but he's managed to dodge them.

"Consider us even." Izuku smiles, knowing look in his eyes. The threat is there, Iida knows that.

"Izu, are you sitting with Shinsou?" Shouto gently places a hand on his shoulder from behind him. Toshi answers before he can.

"No, you two are sitting together. I want to sleep." Toshi calls. *Bullshit,*

you get too carsick to sleep on buses.

“Oh, thank you.” Shouto nods and tells Izuku he’ll get the last seat on the bus. He’s saving Toshi the one-seater.

“Best behavior, got it? I can’t keep an eye on you the whole time. Don’t make me get you a babysitter.” Eraser warns before they get on the bus. Before they left, he took Izuku’s Oni suit and locked it up. This is supposed to be a vigilante free trip. *I have things set up so Oni will make appearances while we’re gone. Make sure no one can put two and two together.*

“I know.”

“See me when we start getting ready for quirk training.” *Right, my training will have to be for the analysis quirk I say I have.*

“Okay, can I go now?”

“Sure.” Eraserhead rolls his eyes and lets him onto the bus. He sits in the back with Shouto and Toshi. In front of them sits Kacchan and Kirishima. In front of Toshi sits Iida and Uraraka.

“Are you okay?” Shouto asks besides him, “You seem tense.”

“I’m good. I was just making sure I knew who was near me.” At that, Shouto scrunches his brow with a slight tilt of his head.

“Why?”

“So we can make sure the audience knows.” Izuku quips, laughing at the increasingly baffled look Shouto has. Toshi sits in the one seater with a hoodie on backwards, hood over his face.

“O-Oh, okay then. You do that.” Shouto chuckles, a soft look on his face. Izuku leans his head on Shouto’s shoulder and takes his hand into his own. *This is nice. I missed him.*

“Oi, Half N Half, quit smoking up the air.” Kacchan calls from in front of Izuku. Izuku kicks the seat and sends Kacchan forward. *You ruined our moment!* “Deku!” Kacchan leaps up to presumably murder him, but Kirishima holds him down by the shoulder.

“Katsuki, chill for 2.2 seconds.” Kirishima warns, managing to subdue Kacchan. *Wait a fucking second.* Izuku gets his phone out.

Oni:

No way.

Katsuki:

Shut. The fuck. Up.

Oni:

YOU GUYS ARE CUTE? IS KACCHAN A FUCKING HUMAN?

Katsuki:

Say another word and I’ll tell Kirishima that you two freaks are

cuddling or some shit.

Oni:

You wouldn't. You don't want to deal with the questions.

Katsuki:

Whatever!

Oni:

Are you two together??

Katsuki:

Not a peep to anyone.

Oni:

H o l y s c h m o k e s

[Katsuki is offline]

"Deku, stop blowing up my phone." Izuku can smell the tell-tale sign of Kacchan firing up his quirk.

"Fine, Kacchan. Keep your secrets."

"Fuck off."

“No, you.” Izuku hisses, causing Kirishima to howl with laughter.

“I didn’t know Midoriya had a spine!” *Shit, I forgot that Kirishima thinks I’m a stuttering Stanley!*

“He ain't shit.” Kacchan spits back. *Is that his way of covering for me?*

The bus ride continues on for a very long time. Izuku decided to surprise himself and not find out the location on his own before this. Maybe this can be a break from vigilante work? To see how well he can cope when everything actually comes to an end?

A weight hits his shoulder, and he turns to find Shouto soundly asleep. *Is he breathing out small puffs of cold air? That’s adorable, what the fuck.* Izuku rests his head as well, willing himself to fall asleep.

Hitoshi wakes up to the chatter of classmates surrounding him. When he pulls down his hood, he finds people snapping pictures of Izuku and Todoroki asleep on each other, as well as Kirishima and Bakugou doing the same.

“I know Todoroki is with Oni or whatever, but they’d be so cute!” Ashido cheers. *Oh god, Izuku’s going to kill them.* Hitoshi reaches over with a leg and kicks Izuku into jolting awake. Kaminari gets spooked and damn near squeals in terror. Before Izuku can register that he has to keep up an act, he sees the flashing lights and almost snarls at his classmates.

“Izuku.” Hitoshi yawns, immediately getting his attention. His features become less tense, more aware of what’s actually going on. Dad clears his throat at the front of the bus.

“Everyone off, you can stretch and use the bathroom. Just get off the bus.” The class leaves, allowing Hitoshi and Izuku to relax. They wake up Kirishima, Todoroki, and Bakugou and follow the class.

“This is kind of in the middle of nowhere, isn’t it?” Sero wonders aloud.

“Oh, is it?” Dad has the faintest hint of his trademarked manic grin.

“It’s a trap!” Hitoshi and Izuku yell at once, scrambling to get back to the bus. The ground shakes, and people jump out at them, people who were *not* there before.

“Not so fast!” A blonde woman in a cat suit yells as she leaps in front of Izuku. His best friend reacts on instinct, flipping her over and pinning her down. He realizes it immediately after.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry! You uh, you scared me! I’m sorry!” His voice raises an octave as three other cat-people surround them.

“It’s alright! I understand I scared you. You’re reaction time and strength is very impressive for your age.” As she laughs it off, Dad uses a scarf to lift Izuku off of her, placing him next to Hitoshi.

“Anyways.” The woman with dark hair clears her throat. “We are the

Wild Wild Pussycats! We'll be overseeing your training!"

"And we're here to ensure you give it your all!" A tall man with them screams excitedly, getting a nod of agreement from a teal-haired woman.

"We're not just taking a bathroom break?" Jirou mutters.

"Nope!" The teal-haired one cheers, "Lookie there, the bus is leaving with your things! It's headed to our facility. That's where you'll be going too!" *On foot. This is a trap. There's more to this.* The ground shakes violently as the blonde woman steps in front. The world tilts, throwing Hitoshi back with the rest of his class into the abyss.

"She had an earthbending quirk? Unfair!" Izuku shouts as the rest of his class screams. Everyone hits the ground, except Izuku. He lands on his feet with a horrifying crack that only Hitoshi notices.

"M-Monsters!" Hagakure screams, hiding behind Ojiro. Kouda is ushered to the front in order to use his quirk.

"It's not working!" He signs back with a vicious shake of his head. Beside him, Hitoshi can hear Izuku mutter than they're not real animals. They're also a part of the woman's quirk.

"Eraser, are there any rules?" Izuku yells back, getting strange looks from his class. On the top of the cliff they fell from, Hitoshi can see Dad about to say something, but getting cut off.

"Nope! If you guys can get there before noon, we'll let you eat lunch!" *What?*

“No rules, remember that.” Izuku hums with a maniacal grin plastered on his face. “I have a plan.” *I don’t know if I like your plan.* The class goes on without them, even Todoroki went on after giving a Izuku a long look.

“What’s the plan?” Hitoshi asks.

“Get on my back, I’m going to climb back up to where Eraserhead is. You’ll brainwash the blonde one into either stopping her quirk, or making sure those things don’t attack us.” *You want me to be carried because you know I’m not good at climbing yet. I can, just not that far or very fast.* Izuku squats down without waiting for Hitoshi’s response, allowing him to climb on. Izuku takes off immediately. “Don’t say anything until we get there.” Even with Hitoshi’s weight, Izuku climbs fast. They slow down closer to the top.

“Huh, that’s weird.” One of the women breathes, “My quirk is picking up on the location of two students being nearby. They never started the exercise.” *That’s the opposite of what we wanted to happen!* Hitoshi feels Izuku tense, before he takes a deep breath and finishes his climb. They get back over the cliff and stand in front of a very pissed off Eraserhead. Izuku nudges Hitoshi’s side lightly.

“Knock knock?” Hitoshi asks, looking directly at the blonde one.

“Who’s there-”

“ **Call off those monsters or let them give us a ride to the facility.** ” Her face goes slack as Hitoshi takes control over her. The other’s move to snap her out of it.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you, you don’t know what breaking his spell could do to her mind.” Izuku bluffs, getting a nice result. Dad isn’t doing anything to stop them. There’s a kid standing behind the brunette, staring at Izuku with an unreadable expression. Rumbling comes up from behind them, and one of those monsters appear with an outstretched hand. Hitoshi and Izuku look at each other before hitching a ride.

They make it hours before anyone else.

By time the other students arrive, they’re actually pretty bored. The Wild Wild Pussycats and Dad arrive as the first students do.

Izuku’s glared at by the child. Why?

“DEKU YOU FUCKING CHEATER!” Bakugou rushes over and lifts Izuku by the collar of his shirt, getting yelled at by the class.

“K-Kacchan wait! I can.. I can explain!” He whines, kicking his feet instead of fighting back. *Convincing.*

“Then get talking!”

“Toshi and I h-had a plan and you all went off ‘fore I could explain it!” Bakugou throws him at the ground and huffs.

“It’s true, they got here fair and square.” Dad intervenes. The heroes go one about the rules and expectations. Izuku raises a hand.

“Is that someone’s kid…?”

“My nephew, actually. This is Kota.” Mandalay introduces. Izuku steps up and reaches out to the child.

“My name’s Izuku Midoriya, it’s nice to meet you.” Instead of shaking his hand back, Kota reels back and punches Izuku in the crotch as hard as he can. Only,

Izuku doesn’t move at all.

He has no reaction. His hand doesn’t even waver. He bends down to Kota’s eye level and says something that Hitoshi is sure only he can hear besides them.

“Pretty bold of you to assume I’m capable of feeling *anything,* kid.” At that, Kota practically jumps into the air and behind his aunt. Izuku goes back to smiling.

“What did you say to him?!” Sero asks, looking in vague amazement.

“I uh, I said I forgave him for punching me, because I must have scared him?”

Everyone buys it.

They go into the facility and bring their stuff to their respective rooms. Hitoshi, Izuku, and Todoroki have claimed the very corner of the room, closest to the window. Bakugou isn’t too far from them, and Hitoshi knows that’s probably no coincidence. *Whether it’s to protect*

Izuku, or protect us *from Izuku, I can't tell.*

"Why did you scare that kid like that?" Hitoshi hisses.

"He punched me! In! The! Dick!" Izuku counters, gesturing to his crotch with every word. "Dick-punching earns that kind of royal spooking." Hitoshi laughs softly, shaking his head in disagreement. "Besides, I just want to know why he keeps staring at me."

"I saw that too. Maybe ask after you say sorry for scaring him."

"Say what now?"

"Izuku."

"Fine! I'll say sorry!" They're called out to dinner, mouths watering and stomachs growling at the sight of it. Once they make plates, they eat outside. It's easier to talk when no one's listening. Todoroki joins them. Dad stays inside, watching over the class.

"I think Aizawa'll make me a helper during training, seeing as I don't have a quirk I can openly train." Izuku looks to the forest, where they'll most likely be training.

"Do you want to help me train my quirk? I kind of need two people for it." Izuku laughs at Hitoshi but gives a happy nod. *It's still kind of weird to think you've helped me get over my aversion to my quirk.* Then again, he did the same with Todoroki. He's been saving everyone but himself.

“Kid, you can quit watching me creepily from the shadows.” Izuku suddenly calls out, startling Hitoshi with the raise of his voice, “You can grab food, too.” Kota scuffles out from behind a tree, glaring.

“I don’t want food! I want you to shut up!”

“That can also be arranged.” Izuku teases. At first, Hitoshi was going to scold him for bullying the kid, but now he sees it’s more of a friendly teasing. The kid’s mask breaks just a bit, before he storms past them into the facility. “Tiny child with a lot of anger.” Izuku breathes.

“So are you.” Todoroki makes the attack before Hitoshi could! Todoroki also gets smacked, as well as one of his rolls of bread taken.

“I’m not a tiny child!”

“You are the *tiniest* of children. You’re more cute than threatening, Izuku.” Before Izuku can murder the both of them, the door opens. Dad peaks his head out and looks down at them.

“Finish up eating then go take baths. Lights out soon after. Got it, problem children?”

“Yes, Dad.” Hitoshi and Izuku say at once. One’s much more sincere than the other. Izuku’s nice enough to grab their plates and bring them inside. Hitoshi and Todoroki go inside, chatting a bit. *Well, if I have to have anyone as a brother-in-law, I’m glad it’s Todoroki.* If Hitoshi had to put up with someone like Bakugou, he might’ve filed the divorce papers *for* Izuku.

The class grabs their towels and such, heading for the baths.

“I’m not going to bathe now.” Izuku signs to him as the boys grab things from their room.

“Why not?”

“I don’t want people seeing my scars.” *Oh, yeah. That makes sense.* Hitoshi notices that both Bakugou and Kouda tense as they sign. *They both know Sign. Bakugou was a bit more of a surprise.*

“That’s fair. Do you want me to wait so you’re not alone?” Izuku thinks it over a moment before shaking his head. “Okay, but make sure you tell Dad first.” *Shit.* Kouda and Bakugou jump a bit at that. Except Kouda immediately looks away and minds his own business. Bakugou, however, looks pissed off beyond belief. Why, Hitoshi has no idea. Izuku leaves to tell Dad, and Hitoshi’s immediately approached by Bakugou.

“You shitbags are still hiding shit from me!” He angrily signs. *Wait, he’s fluent?* As his hands move, the smell of caramel follows them. *He’s using his quirk, isn’t he?*

“I don’t know how much Izuku told you, but we don’t have to tell you things we don’t want to.”

“Yes you fucking do! You can use Aizawa to get better grades and shit! It’s unfair!” ….*That’s his concern?*

“We don’t get better grades?”

“Then how did Deku get a perfect score on the written exam?!” Hitoshi laughs at the question, then briefly makes sure Kouda isn’t looking.

“Bakugou, if you died and were forced to be hidden and alone for years, wouldn’t you study in your spare time? Even a little? I mean… He has an *analysis* quirk, buddy.” Bakugou storms off when Kirishima calls him.

In the baths, Hitoshi sits off to himself. His phone buzzes on the ground outside the water.

Oni:

[Wowi.Png attached]

I found a cool little place on a cliff. The view’s nice, we should come up here some time!

Oni:

Nevermind small angry child is yelling at me.

Izuku wandered around the forest after Aizawa let him take the bath later on. He finds a nice cliffside overlooking a great deal of the land. He sends Toshi a picture.

“What are you doing up here?!” Kota shouts as he comes up the hill, glaring holes right through Izuku.

“It’s pretty from up here.” He admits, “Why, am I not supposed to be here?”

“No, it’s my hideout!”

“Shit, my bad. I’ll go.” Kota blinks , suddenly confused.

“Th-That’s it? No trying to play the hero? No yapping on with questions about why I hate heroes?” *Why you what? I didn’t know that.*

“It’s none of my fuckin’ business if you hate heroes or not. Just don’t hurt anyone and we won’t have an issue. By the way, sorry if I scared you earlier.”

“You didn’t scare me, don’t apologize for dumb things!” He shouts again, kicking a rock. Izuku chuckles.

“If it makes you feel better, I was *told* to say sorry.”

“So you don’t mean it?”

“I don’t, no.” Kota sits beside him, quite a distance a way.

“You’re weird.” He breathes.

“I am, but what makes you say that?”

“Out of all these hero wannabes, you haven’t used a quirk at all. You’re not showing off like the rest of these sickos.” *Sickos? Oh god, he has a complex, doesn’t he.*

“Maybe I’m not showing off because I can’t? My quirk just makes me super smart, that’s it.” Kota scrunches his face a bit.

“You flipped Pixie-Bob like it was nothing, though.” He hums.

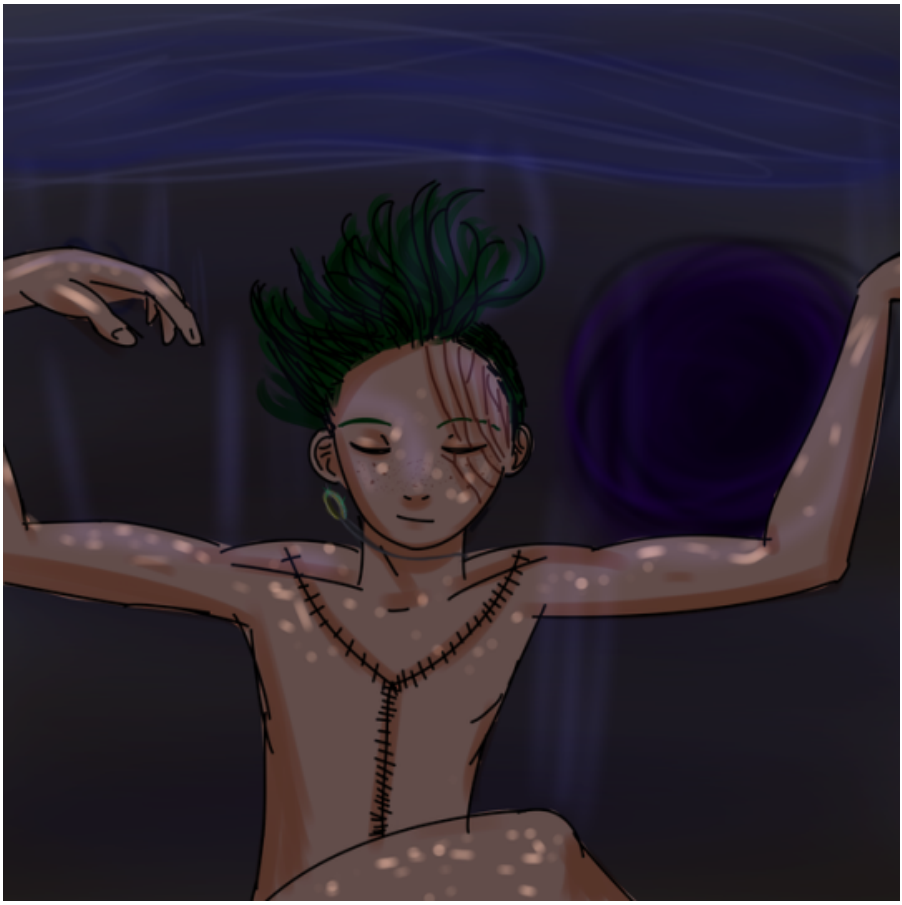
“She scared me.” Kota finally meets his eyes, an unreadable look in them.

“I’ve never seen someone who wants to be a hero admit to being scared… “ He trails, “Maybe you’re not as fake as all these other freaks.” Izuku bursts out into laughter scaring Kota. “What? What is it?!”

“Kid, I’m the fakest person here.”

Izuku manages to keep his classmates from asking why he’s not bathing with them, getting in the water a while after they’re done. It’s nice, especially since he’s alone. While he’s grateful for having so many people in his life now, he can’t help but miss having endless time to himself. Social interaction gets too draining after a while.

In the water, he gets the distinct feeling he’s being watched. It’s over as soon as it starts. *Hypervigilance, I need to chill the fuck out for a bit.* He’s actually in the girl’s side of the baths, because it’s farthest from the facility. He’d rather not be seen. He holds onto his necklace and allows himself to sink to the bottom of the bath.



His head fills with static as pressure surrounds him. It's nice, to be coddled by something you can't push away. He opens his eyes, and for a brief moment he swears someone else was in the water. Or, *something* else was in the water. In his shock he inhales, taking in too much water. *I'm only drowning.* It hurts, but he'll live. He kicks to the wall of the bath and throws up the water, catching his breath. *There was something in there.* He doesn't know what, but it's enough to send his pulse racing. He throws a towel on and races back into the facility.

"Eraser." Izuku wheezes when he barrels into the part of the building reserved for the adults. Eraserhead sits on the couch, immediately jumping to his feet at Izuku's serious tone. He firmly plants a hand on both of Izuku's shoulders, effectively cementing him in place. Kota

watches on from the side.

“What happened?”

“I was at the bottom of the baths and I opened my eyes and I saw *something* in the water.” He rushes the words out, feeling a rattle in his chest. He inhales only to start coughing violently. Aizawa’s eyes widen a bit as he turns Izuku around and hits his back hard enough for Izuku to crumble to his knees. He throws up even more water.

“Midoriya…” Eraserhead trails, concern lacing every letter.

“Okay., I might have drowned a bit when I got scared. But there was *something in the water.* ” He puts pressure on it, desperate to be taken seriously.

“What did it look like?”

“It was purple and kind of hazy. It was familiar but I don’t remember what it was.” Eraserhead sits Izuku down on the couch and wraps a blanket around him.

“I’m sure it was just an animal or something that got into the water. Maybe one of the kids left a candy wrapper.” *You’re not making me feel any better.*

“No, it was something. I know it was. I felt someone watching me before that.”

“Maybe Hitoshi or Todoroki went to check up on you?”

“Eraser, you’re not making me feel any better by thinking of random shit to say.” Aizawa sighs with a small roll of his eyes.

“What do you want me to do?” Izuku blinks a bit, eyes on the spot where he threw up water. He shakes a bit. No, it was a shudder.

“I don’t know. I don’t know how to sit back and do nothing. I think I’m just jumpy.” *That’s probably all it is.*

“Midoriya, sometimes heroes develop gut instincts that are never wrong. In cases like yours, they’re thrown into so many dangerous situations that soon everything's a threat. There’s no peace or relaxation, only preparing for the worst.” Izuku laughs a bit, happy that he’s probably wrong.

“You’re not as bad as you look…. Or smell.” Eraserhead slaps the back of his head. “Thanks, I think I’m going to try harder to chill out.”

“On this trip, all the students will be training their hardest. This is an order as your teacher to do the exact opposite. Slack off, sleep in, I don’t care. Just take a break.”

“I think I’ll take you up on that offer. This trip will be a vacation for me. I can do this.” His hands aren’t as shaky as before, neither is his breathing.

“Go to bed, sleep in however late you want. I’ll make sure they don’t wake you up.” Izuku slowly gets up, making eye contact with Kota. *I forgot he was here.*

After he’s dressed and ready for bed, he tip toes back into the room. The lights are already out, and he has to hope he doesn’t step on anyone. Toshi’s still awake, face lit by the window’s light.

“I waited for you.” He signs before yawning a bit.

“I drowned.” Toshi’s eyes widen before he rolls them.

“Of course you did.” Once he gets to Toshi, he sits besides him and explains what Eraser told him. “You deserve to relax. You can watch me work hard and be my training dummy.”

“Sounds good.”

“Let’s sleep now.” They lay down, but it’s clear that neither of them can fall asleep. Shouto’s on Izuku’s left, but he knows if he gets too close, they’ll end up in each other’s arms by morning. The class doesn't need to see that again. So instead he lingers far closer to Toshi, who doesn’t mind. At home, they basically sit or lay on top of each other during movies or naps. They’re horrifically touched starved and don’t mind the attention.

Maybe this will be good for me.

After a while, Izuku dozes off entirely.

Chapter End Notes

So When I was a kid, I lost 93% of my hearing. To this day they never found out w h y exactly, but they say that my ears deadass just can't drain fluid on their own. I say this because getting tubes the first time was my first ever surgery at sixish. I thought it'd be funny to try and 'fight' against going under. I was told my eyes just rolled into the back of my head but never really closed. My mom was hitting the observation glass trying to get into the room because it really looked like something already went wrong
I was just a dumbass kid. I still am lmao
after my surgery they made me go to the bathroom. I was already AMAZED at how footsteps were that loud or how clearly I could understand people. BUT THE THING IS

I didn't know toilet flushing really made a sound until this point I flushed and I jumped SO high off the fucking ground and scrambled out of the bathroom crying because it sincerely scared the heck out of me
I think it was around my third ear surgery they decided to say fuck it and they just cut like, permanent holes in a part of my ears to allow fluid to drain manually (?? I was a child so??) But now I have back most of my hearing. except I didn't know that chewing made sound, and to this day I HATE the sound of people chewing. I hate ASMR stuff. If you eat loudly next to me, I'll either leave, blast music, or put headphones on. Or fight you, depends on the situation

Because of the ear surgeries, I wasn't allowed too much water in my ears, and I never learned how to swim (Still don't know). The 'head filled with static' line in this chapter is what I feel every time I go underwater. Idk if it's a common thing. It feels like my ears are going staticky and somethings popping

SO I don't know how to swim!! (The 'happy birthday raven' vine REALLY hits home lmao). In 8th grade I went to a pool party and DECIDED to jump into the deep end on a random fucking impulse. Apparently, no one came to help me because I never started flailing. I calmly lifted one arm up out of the water and held a 'thumbs down' gesture. No one took it seriously
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
Also a LOT of people are apologizing when they send me messages, DMs, and asks... DON'T SAY SORRY ITS OKAY I LOVE YOU

NOT A CHAPTER

I really just want to say I am THOROUGHLY pissed off because I woke up to find out that not only are one of you guys posting this fic on wattpad, but that my art is being taken credit for too.

"Nice drawing'

'Thank you so much!!"

Me, throwing myself into the convo: Seeing as it's MY art you like, thanks!

Yes I filled out the 'report this story' shit, but I said if it wasn't taken down I'd get petty

this chapter will be deleted in a few hours, I just want to let y'all know that https://www.wattpad.com/story/189893000-regenerate-fate isn't me at all. (They didn't even use the super duper needed comma in the title)

(Also it was tagged as #mothermic and I'm N O T here for that. They're both dads, they both prefer dad. Call Shouta daddy and you'd get slapped)

B U T It's kind of idk, discouraging to have this happen just as started posted more art and longer chapters

I'm posting a new chapter either today or tomorrow, idk when it will be done. But now the author's notes will have stories of how I was almost kicked out of schools for beating the absolute shit out of people

B U T T H A N K Y O U to the sweet lovely peeps who immediately let me know!

insta: Jellofello22 where you can see the ART THAT"S BEEN STOLEN (edit, apparently this description made it sound like this account is

fake. its not. its my actual account that I post all my art on. IT ME BOIS. Follow! (or not, up to you))

tumblr: Jello-fello where you can see BITS OF CHAPTERS AND ART POSTED BEFORE THE CHAPTERS ACTUALLY DO (Edit: again, my actual tumblr. I answer asks and anything you guys send!)

okay, I just woke up for this,,,, I need food. Later!

EDIT: I"M EATING ICE CREAM FOR BREAKFAST and it was taken down. I'm leaving this chapter up a little longer just because I don't want people being super confused when they see that I posted but there isn't a new chapter. I'm still newish to this site and idk what it'd do if I deleted a chapter. Anyways, LOVE YOU

Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

I think i'll leave NOT A CHAPTER up.
so
Now back to our REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku wakes up tucked under Toshi's arm. Luckily, it's before the others wake up. He won't have to answer any stupid questions. He removes Toshi's arm from around him and quietly gets up.

Kacchan why are you sleeping like that? Why are you like this? Kacchan sleeps completely sprawled out, halfway onto Kirishima's mat with a leg dangling over Kirishima's chest. In all honesty, he looks like someone froze a gremlin and tried to hide it in plain sight. *Wait, I was told to sleep in.*

He lays back down and shuts his eyes.

I can't.

Maybe some training will tire him out?

He leaves the room and gets changed into training gear, sneaking into the teacher's building for the coffee maker. Izuku freezes when he feels eyes on him.

"I thought I told you to sleep in." Eraserhead calls from behind him, also shuffling towards the coffee pot, "Those don't look like pajamas." Izuku huffs a small laugh.

“I can’t sleep anymore. I just thought that working out would help me fall back asleep.” He admits.

“...Don’t overdo it. I’m waking your classmates up at five.” *Wait, what time is it now then? Four. Great.* Izuku nods and waddles outside, wishing he grabbed a jacket beforehand. Aizawa sits at one of the picnic tables to keep an eye on Izuku while he sips coffee. There are training dummies posted around the area, along with targets and various workout equipment. There are rock walls and ropes, and several other things to climb on. Then again, there are also trees.

Izuku races up the rock wall with ease, swinging onto a nearby rope and over the pole it hangs attached to. The wind hits his face harshly, reminding how much he’s missed the freedom of air. *Does Hawks feel this whenever he has to land? Does Aizawa?* Soaring towards a tree, he reaches out and digs his hands around the branches, successfully catching himself. He climbs higher, jumping to the next tree when he runs out of branch to cover.

“Tired yet?” Aizawa calls.

Izuku simply shakes his head a bit. At this point he’s practically going laps around the facility. *I’m not feeling any more tired.* Wait a second, Izuku’s an idiot! *Toshi!*

Izuku jumps to the ground with a resounding crack of his ankles, laughing at how Aizawa seems to hold back an eye roll.

“I know you have a healing quirk, but make sure you’re actually taking care of yourself. You’re human. What if I just erased your quirk?” He scolds, handing Izuku his cup of coffee.

“If you erased my quirk I’d be mildly inconvenienced at best and you know it. What, was being set on fire and still managing to escape not enough proof of that.” Izuku almost feels bad at the way Aizawa looks down, avoiding his gaze completely.

“I’m not going to let that happen again.” *What?*

“Let what happen?”

“I’ll never let you feel fire again. Ever. I’m sorry for what happened.” *It’s four am and way too early for this heart-to-heart, buddy.*

“Jeez, Eraser, who tried to cum in your cornflakes?” Eraserhead chokes on his coffee, spitting it out and slamming his cup down.

“ *Do not.”* He glares harshly.

“It was funny and you know it!”

“No it was not. It’s too fucking early for this.” Eraserhead seethes, shoving Izuku off the table and into the dirt.

“It was comedic gold and I refuse to believe otherwise.” He snorts, leaving to go back to bed. Izuku laughs when he turns and sees Aizawa still rubbing his temples in frustration. In the doorway stands Kota, staring up at Izuku with a much smaller glare than the day before.

“What are you doing awake?” Kota asks, eyes drifting towards where

he saw Izuku's autopsy scar the night before.

"I couldn't sleep, what's your excuse?" Kota steps back, having the nerve to seem offended.

"I wanted some peace and quiet before the rest of you sickos get up and ruin my day." Izuku hums at Kota's response, taking a sip of coffee. "I couldn't hear what you were saying out there, but did your teacher really just push you?"

"Sure did!"

"And he hit you yesterday? Is he really a good teacher?" Kota doesn't want to show he's concerned, but it's not going well for him. His eyes search every inch of Izuku's face.

"Eraserhead and I go a long ways back. Can you keep a secret?" Not bothering with a verbal answer, Kota just nods. "I live with him. So does my friend with the purple hair." Kota stares but follows Izuku as he moves to make breakfast. Without asking, he decides to make breakfast for Kota as well. *I think this kid likes people who don't sugarcoat things. Like he's been talked down to all his life.* Izuku wonders why.

"But he's not really your parent? What happened to your mom and dad?" There's a strain on Kota's voice.

"My mom was killed." He admits, handing Kota a bowl of cereal. He takes the bowl back and carries it to the table himself when he sees the shaking of Kota's hands.

“By who?” His voice is small. Tinier than he is. Yet he still wants to know. Izuku munches on some of his cereal before pointing a spoon at Kota.

“My dad killed her. He’s a villain.” The boy looks away, something troubled settling in his features. “What’s wrong?” Izuku pretends not to see Kota hiding his tears with a mouthful of food.

“I hate heroes because of what happened to my parents. You want to be a hero because of what happened to yours. It’s… funny, I guess.” He mumbles a bit, but Izuku can hear him fine.

“What happened to yours?” Izuku asks, trying to remember that others don’t talk about family deaths as light-hearted as he does.

“Ever hear of the Water Hose duo?” *I have heard about them. Killed by a man named Muscular who went missing not too long ago.* Izuku nods, “When they were killed, no one told me they were sorry. They all yapped on about how great it’d be to die a hero's death like that. No one bothered to think that all these people do as a job is run around and hurt each other. Call each other stupid names. It’s not right.” Blinking at this child’s wisdom, Izuku tilts his head.

“It Isn’t wrong.”

“What?”

“Villains are bad people. Heroes are trying to keep the public safe. I’m sorry for what happened to your parents, really, but heroes know what kind of fucked up life they’ll live before choosing it.” They eat in silence for a while. The quiet was only broken by sniffles now and then from Kota, now it’s broken by his laughter.

“I’ve never had someone talk to me like I wasn’t a little kid.” He breathes, smiling at his bowl a little.

“You *are* a little kid, but you’re not stupid.” Kota nods at that, expression quickly dropping. “What’s up?”

“What’s those scars from?”

“Oh, right, you saw both of them! They’re both from when my father tried to kill me too.” When Kota stills, Izuku reaches out and pats his head a bit.

“You look terrible!” Kota finally wheezes, realizing he’s free to loosen up around Izuku. Izuku can see Kota’s aunt peaking in from around the corner.

“I look great, what do you mean?!” Kota laughs at him. “Kid, I’m going to go back to bed, but you can wake me up if you get bored or something, okay?”

“….Yeah, okay.” When Izuku passes Mandalay, she mouths a thank you with tears in her eyes. Apparently befriending this kid really is a feat. Maybe everyone’s really just been going about it all wrong. He never needed someone to feed him bullshit and fairy tales about heroes. Kota’s already been spoiled of the blissfully ignorant view most citizens and kids have of heroes. The only way to proceed now is with the blunt, painful truth.

Once back into the room, he can see the kids are still knocked out. Eraser will wake them up in less than twenty minutes.

“Toshi.” Izuku pushes on Toshi’s arm, trying to shake him awake. “Toshi!” He lightly slaps his friends face.” *I’d twist his nipple or some shit but he’d wake up other kids!* “Toshi!!” He uses both hands and drums Toshi’s face until he wakes up.

“…’Zuku what do you want?” He whines, barely opening his eyes.

“Can you put me back to sleep? I can’t.” Toshi reaches up blindly and grabs some of Izuku’s hair, forcing him to lay back down.

“Izuku?”

“Yeah-”

“ **Go back to sleep and rest.** ”

Kota stands in the doorway of the boy’s room, listening in as Midoriya asks his friend to put him back to sleep. *That’s the one he lives with?* They seem pretty close, sleeping together like they’ve known each other their whole lives.

He decided to wander off when Auntie tried talking to him about Midoriya. It’s none of her business who he talks to and what about.

There’s something broken about Midoriya, that was obvious to him

before learning anything else. Though, none of his other classmates seem to see it. Are they blind? *Blinded by trying to be stupid heroes.* The teacher he lives with knows. That's why they're close like that. So, if Kota knows too, are they close too? What does it mean?

He's just an easy person to talk to. Tolerable, unlike the rest of them. Back in his room, he looks over at the last picture of him and his parents. Would they like Midoriya? Agree with him? No. They wouldn't. As much as Kota loves his parents, he knows they were like the others. A part of him hopes they felt bad for dying. That they felt sad about losing their lives and family.

That they'd choose him over their career if given another shot.

Kota supposes Midoriya was right about a few things. *I heard him mumble a bit about how heroes are viewed differently by normal folk than us.* He went on about how citizens don't actually know just how much is sacrificed for their safety. Why don't they know? Is it not obvious with the way these people just run around and hurt each other all day? Would Kota have known if his parents were alive?

No, he doesn't think he would know. He'd be blind like the rest of them.

An alarm blares across the grounds, meaning the students have to wake up. *I can already hear them complaining.* He closes the door to his room and turns the TV volume up, watching more cartoons. This one is his favorite.

It's about a kid who wants nothing more than to be a firefighter! In the show, there's no such thing as quirks or heroes. They live in a weird but alarmingly normal world. Kota adores it. The main character studies and fights through problems in order to be able to one day save people.

If there's any connection between being a real hero and a firefighter, Kota refuses to see it.

There's a knock on the door, he knows it's not Auntie or her friends.

"What do you want?" He calls.

"It's Aizawa, the teacher. May I come in, please?" *The tired teacher Midoriya lives with?*

"Yeah." Aizawa comes in and shuts the door behind him, still standing by the door. "What do you want?"

"You and Midoriya get along well. I was wondering what he's told you about himself. If that's okay?" *Huh? But they live together! Don't they know each other?* "I know what you're thinking, kid. Yes, I know the answer to most of these questions, I just want to make sure he didn't tell you anything he's not supposed to." Kota hums, thinking it over.

"Fine, but don't get me in trouble." He huffs, "What do you wanna know?"

"Do you know his full name? The real one?" *The… what? He has a secret identity? Heroes don't have those!*

"I only know Midoriya." He admits.

“His first name is Izuku, he doesn’t care if you would call him that.” *I could call him that.*

“Is that your only question?”

“No, sorry. What did he tell you during breakfast?” *There was a whole bunch of stuff!*

“You’re sure that this is to make sure he’s okay?” Aizawa blinks at him a bit, before scrunching his brow.

“Make sure he’s okay? What do you mean?”

“Well, he’s kinda… loopy, I guess. Broken.”

“Broken.” Aizawa echoes with a strained expression. “While we know he’s not okay, we don’t like using that word to describe people, Kota.”

“Why not?”

“Sometimes ‘broken’ can mean someone can’t be fixed. Too damaged to want.” Kota can’t help but smile. He misses his parents *so* much, he forgot what it looked like to see a parent who really loves their kid. Auntie and the others love him, of course, but it’s not the same. He hasn’t allowed it to be the same.

“Oh, okay.” He thinks over the earlier question, “I asked about his scars and he told me.”

“What did he say?”

“That his dad is a villain that killed his mom and then tried to kill him.” Kota won’t ever mention it, but he sees how Aizawa’s eyes grow incredibly wide before he coaches his face back into a neutral expression.

“I didn’t think he’d tell someone that so easily.” Aizawa says after a long moment of silence. The man checks his phone and gets up, “Sorry, I have to go to my class before they try to go back to bed. Thank you for answering my questions.”

“Will it help him? I think out of all these wannabes, he can actually save people.” Kota asks. Aizawa’s face looks almost *sad* for a moment.

“I think so too.”

He leaves.

After staring at the door a minute, Kota goes back to his cartoon.

It was that easy. It’s not real. Shouta has spent *months* trying to figure this shit out just for a little kid to confirm their leading theory?!

As glad as he is to have this solved, he’s also pissed it took so long!

Midoriya has worked so hard to keep them from finding any solid evidence, and they now have someone who can confirm. *All we have to do is manage to DNA test and see if we can find anything with Inko's DNA or get Hisashi into custody.*

Now that Shouta knows he's Mikumo, everything's a lot more clear. Especially Midoriya's anger. Yes, he could've been angry over their deaths as a cousin, but he took it too personal to just be a cousin. He never spoke of his own mother or father, only Inko and Hisashi.

He'll hate Shouta. That's okay. If it means Midoriya can live a normal life after this, he can handle being hated. Hitoshi won't be happy.

For his husband, he'll have to look into the Midoriya's family and see if he has any relatives besides Hisashi still alive. Hizashi would adopt him in a heartbeat.

Shouta see his class coming into view. He nods in acknowledgement at Vlad King and his class as he passes them. *Midoriya is actually resting, good.* His class looks like a bunch of zombies, eyes all closed as they sway on their feet.

This is how I feel when I have to stay up grading your tests. I don't feel bad at all.

His eyes land on Hitoshi. *I don't know if I have to tell him. No, I can't. He'll tell Midoriya and give him enough time to plan something stupid yet too smart for his own good.* With a deep breath, Shouta decides.

Midoriya can rest during this trip. They already agreed to no vigilantism. He'll make a move when they get back. When he can get the proper amount of forces it'd take to take Midoriya down. *A Special Force Task Squad and Endeavor weren't enough.* Maybe they can make

an excuse to get Stain out of Tartarus in order to use his quirk? No, Midnight might be ideal for this sort of thing.

It's not the time to think about this. He has a class to teach.

All in all, Izuku's been having a fun time. He's been alternating between hanging out with Toshi, Shouto, and Kacchan, and wandering around the woods. He's also gotten to talk to a few of the 1-B kids! When other students aren't watching, he'll go get on Aizawa's nerves. *I'm having fun.* While the lack of work makes him feel restless, he finds doing anything active helps. *I could just train more when I give up vigilantism.*

They're currently making dinner out of raw ingredients. Izuku was yelled at for just eating them as is instead of doing the work. Now he helps whenever Toshi asks, following him around happily.

"Izu, that kid seems… calmer, since we've got here." Shouto comments, wrapping a hand around Izuku's wrist to get his attention. He pulls Izuku forward to sit where he chops ingredients. "You seem less tense, too." Shouto's smile warms both his face and heart. He smiles back.

"I've *really* been trying to learn to relax. It's hard work." Shouto laughs at his remark. "It is!" He whines. "But as for Kota, he's really cool if you don't talk to him like he's a baby. That's why he was always so angry."

"So you've touched the heart of yet another closed off, angry person?"

“I guess so.” Izuku places his hand into Shouto’s, giving a light squeeze. “After we get back we should have a movie night.”

“Marathon?” Izuku nods in response. “Izu, you know the other kids could see and ask questions.” *I miss you, though. Besides, no one gives a shit about me, we’re fine.*

“Send me movies you haven’t seen and I’ll hunt them down. You’re on snack duty.” The continue chopping up food when Izuku jumps straight out of his skin. The knife severs a finger.

“Izu?” Shouto moves and covers the finger in dirt so it’s hidden as Izuku covers his hand.

“Sorry! I just suddenly felt like someone was watching me…” He trails, looking around.

“You were probably just getting paranoid over someone seeing us.” *No! That’s not it! It was like in the pool.* “Go tell Aizawa.” Shouto pushes him, encouraging Izuku to act on his gut feeling.

“Eraser.” Izuku calls, not caring for the odd looks his classmates for not calling him Aizawa.

“What?” Eraser pulls him aside.

“I keep feeling people watching me. Like USJ.” *It’s serious.*

“You’re alright, Midoriya. No one knows we’re here.”

“Remember when we thought that during USJ?! How I ended up being right about it?” His teacher sighs, giving a short nod. “So what are we going to do? Patrol?”

“No, you’re to *relax.* Leave it to me, I’ll keep an eye out. We’re safe.” *He’s probably right.*

“Thanks, Dad.”

“I’m. Not. Your. Father.” Aizawa hisses before walking off angrily. *Until Maury says otherwise, you are.* Izuku returns to Shouto, sitting behind him and draping himself over his shoulders.

“Izu, I need my arms to chop.” He tries to nudge him off, getting absolutely nowhere.

“Who needs arms with legs like these?” He plops onto the ground fully and kicks the potato out of Shouto’s hand.

“Izu!” He laughs, throwing the potato at him. “You’re getting me a new potato.”

“No?”

“What do you mean ‘no’?” Their conversation breaks into soft laughter. *Our class is starting to look at us, I guess I have to get off of him.* Toshi comes over to inform them they have enough ingredients. Once dinner is done, they eat with the class. Kota comes and grabs some food after he sees Izuku, saying he’ll be at his hideout if he wants to

visit.

“You’ve been here a literal day and changed that kid’s life.” Toshi breathes, “You’ve done that to all of us.”

“Shouto already said that, you dork. I get it, this story is centered around me and my interactions with people.” Izuku chuckles as Toshi gently sets his spoon down to glare at him.

“What the *fuck* does that mean?!”

“What?”

“Izuku!” He whines, realizing he’ll get nowhere.

After dinner, they’re doing a ‘test of courage’ against the other class. Izuku changes out of the pajamas he’s been shuffling around in all day. His classmates took it surprisingly well that he’s not participating in other training. *We just said that I’m injured but can do mental workouts with my quirk. They trust me way too much. The only one who didn’t buy it was Kacchan. I already planned on explaining to him.*

From the other class, only Monoma bugged him about it, and went to copy his quirk. Izuku was quick to flip him into the grass and threaten to steal his kneecaps. Needless to say, Monoma stayed at a distance after that.

“Get into your groups, Kittens!” Ragdoll calls, “1B is already hiding in the woods ready to scare you!” At first, Izuku was alone. Aizawa decided it’d be best for him and Hitoshi to stay as a team. That left Ojiro being alone, which he took well enough.

The groups go in one by one. Izuku laughs at Shouto and Kacchan being stuck together. Suddenly, his skin crawls.

“You okay?’ Toshi asks, tired eyes becoming alert. They go into the woods, starting their turn.

“I keep feeling like someone’s watching me. The past few days.”

“Still? Maybe it’s just-”

“No, Toshi, it’s not anything! Someone’s watching me. Us. It’s like USJ all over again and I don’t know why!” Toshi reaches out and pats Izuku’s head, as if it’d subdue him.

“I trust you.” Somehow, those words make him feel a bit better.

“So, what do you think of that villain youtuber who’s famous for being bad at everything?” Izuku asks to past the time and change the topic. Toshi quite literally shudders.

“You mean Gentle? He’s awful and he’s bad for my brand.” It’s true, there are very few youtubers who are active in the world of heroes and villains, aside from theorists. Toshi was the first to show his process and have a direct influence on the world. Gentle is just…. Trying.

“Is he really even harmful? Can you consider him a villain?”

“He’s a slight inconvenience.” Izuku snorts at the sass but agrees. “Also, is that a literal child he has behind the camera?! She’s so short, the camera angles don’t work well with the video style. Not to mention the editing sucks-” Toshi rambles on, getting increasingly annoyed by this guy. “Let’s end his career.” *Wait one fucking moment.*

“Toshi?! Am I rubbing off on you?!”

“No, he’s just really bad for us.”

“Sure, how about-” Something grabs their attention, invading their minds.

“WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY VILLAINS! ALL STUDENTS RETREAT!”

Chapter End Notes

SOOOOOOOOO I got into a lot of fights as a kid. my crackheaded father made me think that fighting to solve issues was an actual way to do things, so by the age of 5 I was fighting like it was nobodys business. Once in first grade I went to the bathroom. I had a broken ankle at the time so I was on crutches. These two girls were talking about how stupid math was and said 'how do they expect us to know what 2 x 6 is?!" (they were a grade or two above me) and I left the stall and tried to be helpful. I said 'it's 12." And started washing my hands
they apparently took offense and tried hurting me. They took my crutches and held my arms in the air as another kicked a leg out to try and force me into a split
I waited for a reason to act in self defense and I got it.
the next day my mom got a call from the school about me getting bullied, and hangs up on the principal to go yell at the two girls. My mom is asking me why I didn't tell her what happened.
at the school my mom finds the girls and starts scolding them, before shes even done the girls are already apologizing and saying they wont bother me ever again. my moms v confused at this point. The principal takes us to the office and said 'I was going to say before you hung up: it appears your daughter defended

herself and left the two older girls on the ground after and went back to class and didn't tell anyone. we only knew because someone found the girls on the ground and they confessed out of fear."
they left me alone after their attempt to bully me. It was not the last time I beat someone up with my crutches (next person deserved it too)

OH MY GOD TODAY AT WORK I went on my lunch break and had to go potty so I went into the bathroom and into the handicap stall. I was in there first. This old woman came into the bathroom and tried opening the door and I said I was in there. When I got out she was still standing there and started yelling about how 'dumb kids only like the handicap stalls for the extra room and need to leave them for people who need them'
I ask 'and if I sincerely needed the handicap stall?'
she says 'huh??'
"Well I have a bad back and reduced leg function when It acts up. I chose the handicap stall because right now if I sat down there'd be no way in hell id be able to get back up without the railing. So I did need it. I shouldn't have to explain to you why I need it, especially if im here first. Not all handicaps are visible, take the fucking stall, im done." she was mortified.
later on she came up to customer service and realized I worked there and immediately left the line
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

> WARNING: May be a bit hard to read because of violence or.... emotions. blood warning for some of the pics?

Chapter Notes

> PLEASE READ: Three chapters will be up. Chapters 42-44 are ONE chapter, broken up into parts because I'm a dramatic bitch. Read them together

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mandalay's voice echoes throughout everyone's minds, stealing attention away from whatever they were doing before, now deemed insignificant. Izuku was weighing his options, trying to figure out what he should do. Retreat with the rest of the class? Defend them? How many villains are there? Is it the league? More importantly…

"I FUCKING TOLD YOU SO!" Izuku angrily screams, kicking the dirt. "Why didn't you guys just *listen to me?!"* Toshi sets a hand on his shoulder.

"I know. You were right. I'll make this up to you. We have to go!" The start finding a path back, only to hear what makes Izuku's blood run still.

"Has anyone seen Kota?!" Mandalay's voice is angry and desperate. It's heartbreaking. *Oh my god.*

"Toshi, you have to go on without me." He tries pushing Toshi away, just to get his arm harshly grabbed. "You don't understand, I'm the only one who knows where Kota's hiding spot is. If a villain finds him, he's dead. I can't. I have to. He needs-"

“Go, Izuku. *Both* of you come back safe. I’ll let Dad know.” They hesitate for a split second, remembering USJ. They weren’t as close then, so they can’t imagine how they’d feel now if one of them were hurt. *Nothing can hurt me for long, I’ll be fine.*

Izuku sprints off towards the mountain side, smelling smoke. *I hope this isn’t Shouto. Wait, those flames are blue. That’s not him. It’s a villain.* Actually, some of them are the color that normal fire-users have. Then again, Shouto would use his ice over his fire in a situation like this.

He wouldn’t, we’re in the woods. Maybe Kacchan got too close to a tree? They’ll be safe, they’re together and able to beat anyone who tries to stop them. Izuku’s feet pound into the dirt, sinking a bit when he kicks off too hard. *Kota needs me. I could already be too late.*

It’s very rare Izuku feels the kind of dread that active heroes do. The kind of guilt All Might must feel the second he thinks he may be too late. When Tsuki finds a clue a day too late. Each and every one of these feelings weigh down on Izuku and he doesn’t even *know* if he’s too late yet.

Something in the air smells as he gets deeper into the woods. The smell of smoke is mixing with something he doesn’t recognize. *The air’s purple. It’s a form of gas attack.* Rather than hold his breath, Izuku just takes more shallow breaths. His quirk treats harmful toxins as a form of injury, so there’s no point in taking the full precaution. *I’m on a fucking schedule, people.* The air gets denser, and he realizes he has to pass through whatever epicenter there is.

“Now, now, who’s that running *away* from safety?” Through the eerily quiet forest comes a voice, along with a small clicking noise. *Gun. Young person, my age. Obstructed vision. Aim imperfect.* Izuku’s already running through scenarios as he rolls behind a tree. A shot fires off, hitting the tree beside him. “What, do you think you can actually hide

from me? My quirk lets me feel exactly where you are if you're in my gas!" *His voice sounds muffled, is he wearing a mask too? That means this chucklefuck is weak to his own quirk!* Izuku quietly climbs the tree he's hiding behind, seeing the gas has a slight curve around the trunk. *Does density have to do with his ability to locate? It's thinner here.*

He climbs up the tree and out of the gas, getting sight on the villain standing in the center of it. *He's wearing a gas mask.* Taking a few deep breaths of clean air, Izuku leaps. *He can't hit me. I'm falling too fast.* He doesn't say a word as he falls. *I'd snark, but I have Kota to get.* His body collides with the villain's as they roll into the ground.

"Where did you come from?!" The villain squeals, trying to aim at Izuku. He grabs the kid's arms and pin them above his head, headbutting him hard enough to break the mask. Izuku tastes blood from the cut dripping on his own forehead. "I know you… You were second in the Sports Festival. You're a freak, you know that?"

"It's not news." Izuku huffs, feeling his cuts healing. The kid's eyes grow wide.

"You- They said you have an Analysis quirk. What's… Get away from me!" He fights, breathing heavily. *He's inhaling more gas.* "How haven't you fallen to my quirk yet?" The boy's eyes flutter a bit, starting to give into his own quirk.

"Do I look like someone you can hurt?" He headbutts the kid one final time, knocking him out. *I have to go.* Izuku turns and gets ready to take off, stopping.

I guess that could be useful…

Kota heard the message after he saw the fires start. He wasn't all that concerned at first, thinking it was a dumb kid's quirk. It was almost pretty, how blue and red started swirling around each other. He began to daydream about if he were one of the firefighters in his favorite show.

"That's a nice hat you've got there." A deep voice from behind him compliments, somehow sounding like a world-ending threat. His head whips around to see his worst nightmare. That's no exaggeration, Muscular has been in almost all of his nightmares since his family's death.

"Please go away." Kota asks, making sure to back up and away from the edge of the cliff. The man's much bigger than on TV, much scarier. *No one knows where I am, I'd have to save myself.*

But I'm not a hero.

"Is that a way to talk to someone being nice, kid? Why don't you give me your hat?"

"Mama…. Papa…" He can't help but whimper, realizing he doesn't stand a chance.

"Alright, that's enough playing around. See ya kid!" The man's muscles protrude and wrap around his right arm, he reels it back for an attack. Kota shuts his eyes and shrinks in on himself, preparing to join his parents.

It never comes.

Or, it never hits *him.* It's clear it's hitting something, but he doesn't know what exactly. He opens his eyes and wants to cry.

"I-Izuku!" He cries, watching the boy kneeling on the ground, vomiting up blood. *The teacher said it was okay for me to call him that. I hope that somehow, it helps.* Izuku slowly turns and looks at him with a wobbly, bloodstained smile.

"Hey, buddy." He greets with a small wave, other hand holding his disfigured ribcage.

"You're Midoriya, right?" Muscular asks. "You were on our list. Well, Shigaraki put you on your *own* list."

"Why?" Izuku asks, spitting up more blood. He doesn't move an inch.

"Well, he didn't really say. Just that you're not who you say." After Muscular says it, Izuku seems to twitch a bit. "That the school announced you at the Sports Festival with an Analysis quirk. Fighting with you at USJ told him differently." Izuku tenses, before bowing his head and laughing.

"Shiggy's a smart cookie. A crusty one, but a cookie nonetheless. So, what'd he say you'd do with me?"

"Take you alive, or *convince* you to come with us to talk. If you start taking us down, incapacitate you." *Not kill him? Izuku can live?*

“You don’t want to kill me?”

“He gave explicit instruction not to. But I’m no dog…. I kill who I please, including you!” Muscular launches himself at Izuku, who jumps to his feet like he was never injured in the first place! The boy manages to *dodge* the mass of muscle being swung at him. “The hell?!” He swings again, missing as Izuku jumps up and kicks off the wall, landing a solid hit on Muscular’s eye.

“You don’t have a lot of weak points, I’ll give ya that.” *Why are you talking back? Aren’t you scared?*

“I’m going to tear you limb from limb!” Muscular threatens, bringing a dark and pained laugh from Izuku. It sounds like it’s crawling it’s way out of him by force.

“That sounds like a normal Saturday night for me, baby.” Izuku’s hit in the shoulder, popping his arm out the socket. He doesn’t bat an eye. Muscular stares a moment, before smiling.

“So, you’re pretty strong for someone with a nonphysical quirk! I’d like to toss you around like a ragdoll!” Kota hates the mans scary smile, how he’s setting a target on Izuku. How Izuku doesn’t even seem to care for his own safety! “Aren’t you going to tell that brat to scram? You haven’t even tried to tell him it’ll be alright! What kind of lousy hero are you?”

“He’s not going anywhere. The world’s burning around us and he’s safest with me. I don’t have to tell him anything because he *knows* that he’s safe. He’s going to be okay because I’m here.” *Isn’t that kind of what All Might says?* Izuku shouldn’t stand a chance against Muscular, but Kota still doesn’t feel as scared. He doesn’t think he’ll die anymore. At least, not as much as before. “So, are you going to keep yapping or are we going to fight? You trying to up the word

count or something? Shut up!”

Muscular grabs Izuku, who’s unable to dodge in time, and ribs off the dislocated arm. Izuku grunts, but doesn't make a noise besides that. The villain throws the arm off to the side and looks back at Izuku. Muscular frowns in vague horror, grip loosening on Izuku ever so slightly.

“Why the fuck are you smiling, kid.” He seethes, clearly uncomfortable.

“This is the second time I’ve lost that arm in the past few months. Third time I’ve lost that hand.” *But… You have an Analysis quirk! Right? ….Right?* Kota’s hated quirks a long time now, and he’s never found himself intrigued or fascinated at all by them.

Until now.

“The hell did you say?”

“See, if I get super pumped up or angry, hell even *scared,* my quirk works a lot faster than if I’m calm. Pal, I am far from calm.” With the hand Izuku has left, he grabs Muscular’s face and jams a thumb into his functional eye, causing Muscular to scream out in pain. Izuku then shoves the shoulder of his injured side towards Muscular’s open mouth as his arm *grows* back. Kota feels sick as it causes the villain to gag and retch in pain, throwing Izuku. Izuku then picks up his arm off the ground and starts slapping Muscular around with it. “I have half a mind to shove this up your ass, you spoiled piece of sushi!”

“F-Fuck it, Fuck what Shigaraki said. I’m killing you myself!” Muscular throws Izuku into the side of the mountain, who climbs out yet again looking unharmed.

“If you’re going to kill me, why haven’t you yet?” Izuku charges, rolling under all his attacks and pulling dirty moves like shoving stones into the muscle fibers and aiming for the eye Muscular has left.

“I see you’re not playing around at all! I can step up my game!”

Hitoshi stares at Izuku’s back as he runs towards where that kid is. He knows that as long as Izuku’s there, Kota will come back safe. Now, it’s everyone else here that’s going to be an issue. Hitoshi can defend himself pretty well against others his age thanks to his dads and Izuku, but villains? No, thank you.

He runs towards the facility, stopping when he feels a rise in heat. Blue flames shoot out, singeing the leg of his pants as he hurls himself out of the way. A very familiar looking villain. While his face was never shown in the trial, Izuku had shown him what he looks like.

“Dabi.” He hisses, discreetly looking for ways to get out unharmed. Or alive, at all.

“You know who I am?” His smirk is sly and malicious as he steps closer, interested enough not to kill him right then and there.

“You’re a villain, of course I do.” His eyes widen at Hitoshi, as if he’s trying not to laugh at the punchline of a great joke.

“A villain who’s not publicly known for anything yet. So, let me guess: Midoriya lets you in on his vigilante shit?” Out of habit, Hitoshi looks around to see if anyone’s listening. *I forgot that Dabi actually knows his identity. He knew, yet he’s still doing this to us? Why?*

“…..Yeah.” He admits. Hitoshi can’t lie, he knows that.

“You understand the League wants a chat with him too, right?” *Dabi told them he’s Oni? After all he’s done?* “Shigaraki decided he wants to know more about Midoriya after seeing his quirk at the Sports Festival. Wondering how a fraud like him got into UA. More importantly, BossMan wants to speak with him.”

“Isn’t Shigaraki the boss?”

“Of us, yes. Of himself, no, dear Shinsou. Far from it.” *He knows my name.* Hitoshi mentally backtracks on the conversation.

“Too? Wants to have a chat with him *too*?” Dabi smiles and walks until Hitoshi backs into a tree. A warm and scarred hand rests on his neck as Dabi leans in far too close. *I have him in a conversation with me. I can brainwash him whenever I please. I’m in control.*

“Shigaraki and other villains said at USJ that there was a blond bitch with explosions that we could easily sway into villainy. He was beating people left and right with no regard to heroics. When we saw at the Sports Festival that Blondie was pretty calm on third place. Then we saw you.”

“Me?” Hitoshi swallows, growing pit in his stomach. *Izuku, hurry up.*

“You have a brainwashing quirk. Whether or not you can become a villain, we don’t care. We can just take your quirk.” His heart beats in his throat, he’s sweating. *Take it?* He doesn’t want to believe they could do something so impossible, but… The Nomu. It’d make sense that they’d have that technology.

Funny, if it were a year ago, he would’ve gladly given his quirk. Now, he’s terrified.

“You can take someone’s quirk?” *Now. I have to do it now.*

“Ye-”

“ **Be my bodyguard and keep me safe.** ” Dabi’s expression drops as he stands still, backing away from Hitoshi. His heart slows a bit, but not enough. Hitoshi decides that because their lives are on the line, he’s going to think like Izuku and Dad combined. He’s not trained enough to trust his own ideas. Hitoshi moves forward with Dabi following behind. *I wish I had the capture weapon Dad gave me.* INstead, he settles for a rather sharp rock he finds on the ground.

“Oi, Icy Hot, watch it!” He hears Bakugou yelling up ahead. Jogging towards the voice, he sees a massive wall of ice.

“Guys, what’s going on?” He calls, getting their attention. Bakugou turns back to the villain with teeth attacking them.

“The fuck is that?” Bakugou yells, nodding to Dabi. *Does Todoroki know this is his brother? No, I don’t think he got to see what he looked like.*

“I brainwashed him, he’s here to protect me.”

“Mind making him *fight* this fucker?”

“I can’t! If I change the command that drastically, I’d have to snap him out of it. This sort of thing doesn’t get a second chance.” *I won’t get the second chance!* The villain is muttering on about wanting to eat the students, consume their flesh and tear it in his teeth like licorice. “Hey villain! Who’s flesh would you want to eat first?”

“Flesh--”

“ **Stop fighting and surrender.** ” He does as told and drops to the ground, teeth retreating to where they belong. Bakugou takes it upon himself to hit him hard enough to knock him out. Any less would have just snapped him out of it.

“Where’s Izu?” Todoroki asks, clothes a bit tattered by his fire.

“He went to make sure Kota was safe. He’ll be fine.” Hitoshi has to believe it. Otherwise he doesn’t stand a chance knowing Izuku could be hurt.

“We have to get the rest of these assholes and take care of the kids who can’t fight for shit.” Bakugou hisses, already moving forward. *Is that his way of saying he wants to protect everyone?*

“I agree. Izu is capable. I trust him.” Todoroki mutters. They walk forward, never fully prepared for what they have to face.

Kota doesn't understand, he doesn't at all. Every time Muscular gets his hands on Izuku, he gets torn apart a bit more than the last time. Limb from limb, bit by bit. Pretty soon, he might get hit into nothing more than a splatter on the ground.

Yet he keeps coming back.

With a joke, a wink, or a sassy remark. He gets back up as Muscular turns his attention back to Kota and saves him over and over again. It's a nightmare.

"Water Hose.. Did you torture them like this when you killed them too?" Kota chokes out, sobbing as Izuku's face is slammed into the mountainside for the fourth time in a row.

"Oh! You're their kid, ain'tcha? I thought you looked familiar. You sit tight while I make sure this freak stays down. Then I'll have time to play!" Muscular begins ignoring him.

"I'm useless." Kota whimpers, rubbing his eyes.

"No you are not!" Izuku's voice rings out in anger. "You stalled enough for me to regenerate! You're giving me a chance, so please don't give up on me yet." Izuku's smile is still as crooked as ever, just as comforting. He's still smiling. He hasn't given up yet.

Neither will Kota.

Muscular ties all of his muscles around Izuku, crushing him. Kota feels his hands getting wet. *I'm using my quirk…?* Izuku said he just stalling helps him enough. With that in mind, Kota shoots at Muscular with a stream of water. It's not much at all, but it should still help.

"The hell? Kid, I told you to hold on a second!" He can't even see Izuku through the disgusting muscles. He hears shuffling, a vague clicking noise.

Then a gunshot.

The noise would have been far too loud, but it's muffled a bit, sounding like it's from underground. Though, it still makes Kota's ears ring painfully. Muscular stills, muscle slowly being pulled back into his body. The air feels hollow now that he's not taking up so much space. The dust is thrown in the air as he hits the ground with a thud. His blood slowly stains the ground.

Izuku gets off the ground, holding a gun in his hands. His shirt is beyond dirty, but his body is fine.

"I thought you had that Analysis quirk." Kota mumbles after a moment of silence.

"You ought to know something." Izuku turns to him with an empty, tired look in his eyes. Smile still plastered across his face. "I'm a horrible, *filthy liar.* "

Kota cling to Izuku's back as he races towards the facility. *I'm so done for when my body stops making adrenaline.* He wonders how Toshi and Eraser are doing. How Shouto and Kacchan are holding up. He'd rush to their side, but he needs to make sure Kota is safe. *I didn't want to use the gun for a few different reasons.*

Kota never needed to witness someone else being hurt or killed.

That, and the audience deserved a long drawn out fight for the sake of making me look cool. Whoops. Moment ruined with an easy way out!

The forest is up in flames, he instructs Kota to use his quirk and put out what he can while they seek safety.

The one time All Might isn't here everything goes to shit! Yes, Izuku still doesn't like the man, he has to admit that he gets the job done. *Wait a minute.* As he runs, he gets his phone out, dialing.

"What do you want?" Tsuki yawns, "Don't you know what time it is?"

"Tsuki, our classes are under attack by the league! I'll send you the coordinates, dispatch everyone as soon as I send them!" He rasps out, hoping Tsuki doesn't hang up on him.

"I- Okay. On it. Do you know if there are any injuries? Give me a number."

"I've been separated from my class. I took out two villains. One may be a casualty if not treated soon enough." *I'll delete all recordings of this call later. I have no time for caution.*

“Got it. Heading out now, stay safe.” Tsuki hangs up. *This is so serious he told me to stay safe. The world really must be ending.*

Heading to the facility, Izuku hears a voice calling.

“Izuku Midoriya? Where are you kiddo?” *I think I know that voice.* Memories are connected to that voice, he knows they are.

No.

Hitoshi and the others found the hand on the ground before Shouji. Poor kid lost his hand to a friend. Tokoyami is crying as Dark Shadow consumes him, trying to kill any sort of movement. They’re going to use Bakugou and Todoroki’s flames to calm down the quirk. Shouji jumps out as a bait, screaming and waving his arms as Hitoshi and Dabi hide in the bushes.

Dark Shadow screams as he barrels down the pathway, and straight past Hitoshi. He stumbles back and bumps into Dabi just hard enough to snap him out of it.

Awareness returns to his eyes as he reaches to grab Hitoshi in anger. *Too close-range for your fire? You’re not fireproof?* As Dabi reaches to wrap a fire-infested hand around his neck to strangle, Hitoshi wonders what Izuku would do.

It's me or him.

Izuku would make the choice.

The moment the hand touches his neck, Hitoshi's grip tightens around the sharp stone as he swings it to hit Dabi. It swipes across his neck, cutting through the sickly charred tissue with a bit of tension. Blood spurts out onto Hitoshi's face as he stares on in horror of what he's done. Dabi *smiles* wickedly at him, as he starts melting away into nothing.

“So what if I'm a clone? I'd be dead if I were the real Dabi too. You'll carry the guilt of a killer all the same, Shinsou.”

Sludge hits the ground. Dabi’s gone. Dabi’s gone but he was *right.*

God, I’m a killer. I did what Izuku would and killed in self defense. They were right. I’m a villain. Slowly, Hitoshi starts to spiral.

Shouta stares at Iida running out of the woods with Kota on his hip. Kota’s crying, but not as much as he thought.

“Sir!” Iida yells, coming straight to him. “Midoriya gave me Kota to bring to the facility when we crossed paths!” Kota is set down while others attempt to usher him inside.

“No! I’ll go but hold on!” He whines, grabbing Shouta’s sleeve. “Um…” He trails, looking unsure.

“What is it?” Shouta kneels down to ask.

“Izuku saved my life, and I’m scared something was going to happen. He uh, he said he had to talk to someone and let me with this boy. I’m scared he’ll do what he did to save me.”

“Kota, what did he do to save you?”

“He died over and over again!” He sobs, letting Shouta take him into a

hug. “I used my quirk, and on… On the way here he had me put out fires with it!” *Water quirk?* Shouta and Kota go inside. In the room with Vlad King sits the student Shouta was looking for.

“Monoma, are you up for helping?” Monoma looks up with a confused look.

“What’s the task?” He asks, voice lacking it’s usual insanity. He’s calmer, it’s fitting in this situation but unsettling nonetheless.

“Kota here has a water quirk, we need to reduce the fires a little before the emergency services get here.” Recognition settles on the boys’ faces. They know what they have to do. “Vlad, I’m trusting you to keep Kota safe, as well as our students.” He hands Kota off to Vlad King as Monoma starts quietly talking to the boy.

“Where are you going?” Vlad asks.

“One of my students needs me.” Shouta leaves and races towards where Iida said Midoriya was last seen. *Someone he has to speak with. Who?* It’s not like Midoriya to be very vague in times of crisis. Not from what Shouta has seen anyways.

A small clearing is up ahead, maybe he can find other paths to take? There’s only-

“Look at you, Kiddo! Those muscles!” A man cheers. Shouta hurries and watches from the bushes, seeing Midoriya and…

Hisashi Midoriya.

“Imagine my surprise when I saw you at the Sports Festival, you kicked ass! “ He laughs, eyes not expressing that emotion at all. “Now, we have a lot to catch up on, how about you come with and I can explain everything, and in return you explain how your neat little analysis quirk works, sound good? I can even capture Oni for kidnapping you!” *He has no idea.* As Shouta steps out, Midoriya’s face darkens and he pulls a gun out, aiming it between Hisashi’s eyes. *He has near perfect aim.* His hands are shaking. Shouta steps out.

“Midoriya.” He calls, getting Hisashi’s attention but not Midoriya’s at all. “Put the gun down. We can handle this is a better way.” He

bargains, knowing there's nothing he can do once Midoriya decides to do something. Tears fall down the sides of Midoriya's face.

"I'd listen to your teacher, *Izuku.* " At that, Midoriya tenses, grip tightening on the gun.

"Shut up. Both of you." Midoriya whispers, voice breaking at the end. "You killed my mother."

"I did." Hisashi admits, smirking a bit. "You understand why, don't you?" There's no answer.

"Both of you, *stop.* " Shouta warns. "Midoriya, please put down the weapon."

"It's fine, Teach. Though, I can't seem to use my fire-breath right now. I'm guessing you're responsible for it? I want nothing more than to finish what I started all those years ago. To burn this brat to a crisp and make sure there's nothing left of him." Midoriya steps forward, he's going to shoot.

"Your quirk isn't working because I promised Midoriya he'd never have to feel any fire ever again. I intend to keep that promise." He explains, trying to simultaneously calm his student.

"Do you know what it feels like to be set on fire? What you *did* to me? Physically? *Mentally?* YOU KILLED MY MOM!" He shouts, freely crying. The trigger is a milisecond away from being pressed.

"Midoriya." He calls. " *Izuku."* His finger is slowly pressing down. " *MIKUMO!"* Midoriya's head whips around to meet Shouta's eyes, he's

sobbing. Midoriya's gun is lowered, before it hits the ground completely.

"So, you know who he is?" Hisashi snickers at the sight of his son crumbling before him. "An Analysis quirk! I should have known you didn't inherit my fire. No, my son. You inherited Daddy's genius! You can deny it all you want, but the apple *really* doesn't fall too far from the tree. For example-" He moves too fast for Shouta to reach him. He pulls out his own gun. Midoriya can't act fast enough either. The noise explodes into the otherwise quiet air.

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehe
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

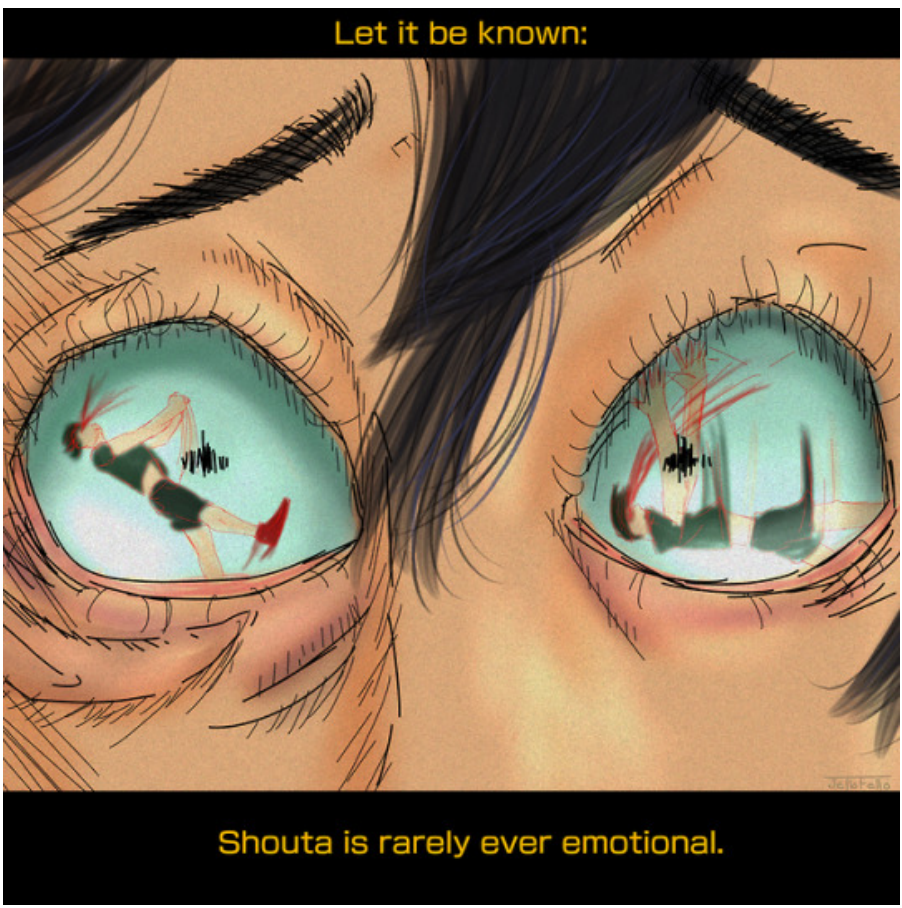
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

I uh... I'm sorry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes



Let it be known that Shouta is rarely ever emotional.

He was *so* close to getting Midoriya out the path of the gun, yet he's failed this child once again. Midoriya's head snaps back as the bullet

lodges itself in his forehead. He hits the ground with a thud and Shouta throws himself at the ground to cradle him.

He promised him he'd never feel fire again. Surely, his promise included gunfire too? No. He's failed him. Midoriya's not responding. *No, please. God, stay with me.*

Please.

Midoriya's eyes are open and lifeless as Hisashi laughs in the background.

"Izuku, please." He begs. "Anything. Give me anything to let me know you'll live."

"The League doesn't know I'm his father. They actually wanted us to take him alive." Hisashi explains. "My plan was to kill any witnesses too and scram." Shouta grabs the gun Midoriya had discreetly. "His name was Mikumo Midoriya, I killed him for being a quirkless runt. I'm still curious as to how he survived, autopsy and everything-" Shouta can see the movement, Hisashi's getting ready to aim his gun and take another shot.

Shouta shoots him first.

The gun falls from Hisashi's hands as he steps back, grabbing the increasingly red spot on his chest. In a matter of seconds, he's down.

After all the chaos he's caused, Hisash Midoriya is dead.

But so is Shouta’s child.

Chapter End Notes

IM SORRY
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Katsuki's tiring out from fighting for long, but he'd never admit it. First that teeth fucker, then Tokoyami, then this weird stabby bitch, and now a fucking *magician* is giving them the runaround. Where the hell is Deku right now? He'd be a lot more helpful than these morons.

The Discount Einstein's fighting has been a lot sloppier since Dark Shadow attacked. When everything was said and done, Shinsou came back to the group without Dabi, but blood on his face. Muttered that he was a clone and said nothing else. His hands have been shaking, he's tripping over his feet.

He's becoming a liability.

A liability with a fucking target on him! Shinsou told the group that the League originally had their eye on Katsuki, but backed off when he didn't lose his mind at the Sports Festival. *I probably would have killed everyone if I won an empty victory or some shit.*

It's apparent that Deku's absence is stressing both him and Icy Hot out. Fine, Katsuki admits he's getting a bit curious too. Where is Deku? There's no way he's still fighting some villain, right? Then again, there's no way he'd save that kid and just go to the rest of the students and not join Katsuki in kicking villain ass. So, what gives?!

He's not worried. No, Katsuki doesn't give a shit about that tweaker.

A portal opens up as the magician makes a break for it. *What, retreating already? Why would-*

"Bakugou! He has Shinsou and Tokoyami!" Icy Hot shouts he kicks the blonde bitch off of him. *What?* The magician gets tackled by Shouji as they make a break for the portal. The marbles they're trapped in fall to the ground as the Magician falls into the portal with a curse. Tokoyami is free.

Icy Hot reaches out to catch Shinsou's marble, only for a hand to reach out the portal and grab it. Dabi, the fuck that was with Shinsou, leans out towards Icy Hot.

"What a shame you've lost. Poor Shouto Todoroki." With that, he disappears into the portal. Everyone stares at the air where it was. Unable to think or move properly.

This isn't fucking happening.

Shouta carries Izuku's body back to the facility, hands shaking as he struggles to keep a grip on him. He shouldn't be emotional, he's a hero. It's not logical. *Nothing* about this is logical.

So why does he feel this way? Why was he happy to shoot Hisashi? Why does he feel such immense pain carrying his child. *How do I explain this to Hitoshi? To Hizashi? What would I… How would they…*

I can't.

He can't break apart now, he still has students to save. Even if he can't save them all. At least he can-

Mandalay's voice rings out.

"Emergency services are here! The villains are being apprehended!" *Good, some good news.* "There has been one kidnapping. Hitoshi Shinsou was taken."

His breathing speeds as his knees give in. Shouta hits the ground and crumples over Izuku's lifeless body, holding him closer than the kid would ever allow.

Hitoshi Shinsou is gone.

Hitoshi is gone.

Izuku is gone.

Both of his children are *gone.*

Something that's never happened before occurs;

Shouta breaks.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to put a super fun story here but I LITERALLY cannot think of any.... BUT
I made the youtube channel! I had a video recorded today but the

footage corrupted so I have to DO IT OVER!
youtube: Jello-fello (it has my jello raven icon)
insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello
no really,,,,,, im sorry... but like, there's a reason there's no 'major character death' warning on this fic. Keep hope! I swear aftr all this is over you'll get fluffiness!

Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

the aftermath of....something. The start of something else

Chapter Notes

THIS IS ANOTHER SET OF CHAPTERS. So keep reading! 45/46 are besties and you CAN separate them, but why would you? ALSO in terms of what happens with Izuku: This is fiction. I don't want to go that far into "which parts of the brain were effected' to keep my ability to move the plot along accordingly

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hizashi was at home when he got a call from Nedzu, explaining that he'd need to go to the camp and talk to Shouta. Why? They never said. It sounded like something was wrong with Shouta.

Yes, there was a villain attack, but why is Shouta of all people affected by something? God, he hopes the kids are alright. Those two classes, especially 1-A, have been through far too much this year.

On the car ride there, he gets a feeling that he has to mentally brace to see the worst. Well, what's the worst? There's no way a kid *died* or something, right? Then again, that may be the only thing that could hurt Shouta like they're implying.

The moment Hizashi pulls up to the campsite, the sky is lit up with flashing red and blue lights, the air smells burnt. *There was a fire?* Some of the villains are in the ambulances, being treated. Apparently, one of them were in critical condition after trying to hurt a student.

"Present Mic." Tsukauchi greets when they find each other, "I'm very glad you could come. "

“So am I, but… What happened? *Why* was I called here like this?” After all, the students don’t know they’re married.

“There’s been some complications trying to get Eraserhead to move from where he is. No students have seen him yet, but we’re getting worried.”

“Are the students alright?!” He blurts out, “Please, tell me they’re okay.” An immense sadness comes over Tsukauchi’s eyes, before the look that he’s being haunted by something he can’t understand.

“Present Mic, we called you here because your husband witnessed things that even he wasn’t emotional built to handle. Well, you know he’s one of the best at separating emotions from the job.” Dread washes over him as he realizes what happened.

“Either one of the kids were taken, or one of them…. Died.” He doesn’t even want to say it. To entertain the idea is to make it reality. “Who was it?”

“Are you sure you can handle this?” Hizashi hates the pitying hand set on his shoulder, the gentle tone of voice, but that tells him enough.

“Which of our kids was it.” He whispers.

“It was both of them.” There’s a crack in the world. “Shinsou was taken by the league.”

“And Izuku? You know his quirk, right? So what happened?!”

“Hisashi Midoriya shot him in the head.” The words are grounding and steady, but the news is not. His world cracked.

But now it’s shattering.

“So, you… You need me to be his anchor. I can do that.” Hizashi swallows down every emotion he’s feeling in order to be a hero for his husband as well. He won’t break.

He’s led to where Shouta is in silence. In a clearing in the woods, he finds Shouta sitting on the ground, protectively hunched over a body. The body’s hands are small and still. Green hair spills over his leg as he cradles them.

Without a word, he approached Shouta and settles two arms around them. He refuses to look at Izuku.

“Shouta, how are you feeling?” Hizashi gets a good look at his face. He’s not crying, but he’s tearing up and he’s never seen such an expression on him. If he were a normal person, Shouta’d be wailing in anguish. It seems, this is his equivalent.

“They keep trying to take him. Saying they have to take the body.” Shouta explains with a strained voice. “That they’ll have to contact his parents. I can’t do this.” Hizashi’s grip around Shouta tightens. “They took Hitoshi. We have to get him as soon as possible. I don’t know what they’d do to him.” *He's shaking violently*.

“I know, Shouta. You need to let them take Izuku.”

“He’s going to heal, there’s no point. No records in the hospital.

Nothing.” Shouta’s hands are shaking even more. “Oh my God.” Shouta whispers.

“What?”

“Hizashi *Look.* ” He does as told, feeling his eyes water with relief. Izuku’s eyes forcibly blink a few times. His jaw twitches like he’s trying to speak, and he settles his hands tightly around Shouta’s arm.

“I..” Izuku tries, not getting anything coherent besides that.

“Wait, he was shot, Shouta. Is there an exit wound?” Hizashi asks as Shouta’s already feeling the back of his head.

“No. Not at all.” It seems like a bit of hope is all Shouta need to start getting his act back together. Paramedics are called over as Izuku starts convulsing, drool seeping out of his open mouth.

“We’ll ride with him to the hospital.” Hizashi mentions, getting a nod from Shouta. Izuku’s taken on a stretcher, and they’re left alone in the clearing. Shouta hugs Hizashi tight enough to hurt.

“Thank you.” He mumbles against Hizashi’s neck. It won’t ever be mentioned, but Hizashi can feel his neck and shirt getting damp as Shouta sucks in a breath. “We have to get Hitoshi back. To do that as fast as possible-”

“We’ll need Izuku.” *No one can hack like Izuku. He could probably locate him easily. I think the kid has a tracker on Hitoshi.* When Shouta isn’t looking, Hizashi wipes the tears off his face. He has to stay strong. They both do.

Heroes can't have families.

Yet they did, and they'd die protecting it.

Hizashi lets Shouta go talk to Tsukauchi as he gets into the ambulance with Izuku. The kid is awake, and terrifying the poor medics. His hands reach up into the air, a tremor plaguing his every move.

"Can't talk." Izuku signs, barely able to make the movements. The only thing he can do easily is breathe and blink. It's a miracle Hizashi can understand what's being said.

"Shouta!" He calls, getting both he and the detective's attention. They run over when they see Izuku moving his hands.

"Is he signing?" Tsukauchi asks, getting a few nods.

"Eraser?" Izuku signs.

"...He's here, kiddo." Hizashi confirms. "You should rest."

He takes Izuku's hands into his own, saddened by how cold they are.

The ride to the hospital was not ideal, Shouta decides. He has a literal breakdown and now he has to look at his brain-damaged intern still

trying to yap on. No one is telling the kid what happened to Hitoshi yet. There's a lot that needs to be done before they can.

Now, they sit outside the room where they're keeping him. They haven't decided the proper route yet. A doctor comes out of the room with a perplexed expression, jogging over to them.

"You two are his guardians?" He confirms.

"For the time being." Shouta answers. "What's the issue?" *I know that look.*

"As you know, the bullet is still lodged in his brain due to his quirk continually healing around it. It's a good thing he's unable to feel the brain, because I imagine with his state of consciousness he'd be very uncomfortable."

"Is he fully aware?" Hizashi asks with a tilt of his head.

"Unfortunately, that seems to be the case. We've had to cut off any and all talk of what happened during the attack."

"Why can't you put him under?" Shouta asks, already having an answer in mind.

"Who's to say his quirk won't cease activation and allow him to give into his injuries?" The doctor sighs, "We'd like to use quirk suppressants of some sort, but that's also out of the question. His quirk is the very thing saving him, but it's also making it difficult for us to help."

“My quirk is called Erasure, I can stop the quirk of anyone I look at. I can give you a moment here and there of forced quirk deactivation.” The doctor smiles at Shouta.

“Yes, that’s just what would work!” He cheers, dragging Shouta to get changed into scrubs and wash the grime off of him. “Now, you understand seeing his condition is not a sight anyone can deal with, correct?”

“I was there when it happened, I know.” Shouta breathes, putting his hair up.

“Oh, well, no time to waste.”

In the room, the other surgeons are holding down Izuku’s hands.

“What happened?” The doctor asks.

“He signed something about us taking too long and that he’s going to do it himself! He won’t stop!” They sound panicked.

“Izuku.” Shouta calls, feeling chills when Izuku’s eyes land on him with an unwavering stare.

“D….ad..?” He manages, choking on some of the sounds.

“Just let them do their job. I’m right here.” Izuku responds with a

strangled humming noise as he lets his hands drop. The doctors carry on with extreme caution. Shouta looks away, feeling a bit sick seeing Izuku like this. *I'm sorry.*

Shouta is acutely aware of the fact that Hizashi is only staying this strong for his sake. He gets it, once Shouta is emotional it must mean the worlds ending. It can't possibly be worse than this.

Hitoshi falls through the portal, hitting a hardwood floor. He's still reeling.

"Get up." Hands wrap around his arms in order to hoist him into a seat.

"You're going to regret this." Is the first thing Hitoshi says when he meets Shigaraki's eyes. *Izuku's going to tear you all apart.* Just like he tore through Dabi's neck-

Stop.

I'm not a villain. It was self defense.

Dabi walks to the front of the room, eyeing Shinsou carefully. *Only the clone knows I know Oni. I have to keep this secret.* The league surrounds him as a taller woman ties him up in a chair and restraints.

“Magne, make sure you tighten them enough.” A lizard man warns.

“They *are* tight enough.” She hisses, moving away from Hitoshi. *Do they know my quirk? Of course they do, it’s why I’m here. Don’t use it unless I have to. It’s my last resort.*

“You don’t seem very scared.” Dabi points out, genuinely curious.

“I’ve been through a lot of shit lately, this is nothing.” It’s true, being with Izuku has prepared him for a lot of fucked up scenarios. While he didn’t imagine this was included in those scenarios, he’ll manage. Without looking too suspicious, he takes in his surroundings. He’s in a bar. There’s a good amount of alcohol on the shelves. He could probably make Dabi light them if he can brainwash.

Kurogiri stands behind the counter, polishing glasses like there’s not a kidnapping going on. Slowly, everyone disbands into their own activities.

“Hi! I’m Toga, who are you?” A young girl bounds over and practically throws herself on Hitoshi’s lap, twirling a knife in her hand.

“Not interested, that’s who.” He huffs, trying to get her off of him.

“I don’t like that answer.” She pouts and starts pressing the tip of the knife closer to him.

“What answer would you like?”

“How about-”

“ **Get away from me and stay away.** ” He whispers, feeling relief as she thoroughly fucks off elsewhere. A TV in the back corner of the bar lights up, saying ‘audio only’ in bold white lettering.

“Sensei.” Shigaraki greets the monitor.

“I see we have our martyr.” A voice booms through the speakers, startling Hitoshi. He can’t place why, but he feels like he’s staring death in the eyes when hearing it. *Martyr? What does that mean?*

“Would you like to take him?” Shigaraki speaks to this man with an amount of respect Hitoshi hasn’t heard from him before. Almost like fear he hasn’t realized.

“No, I don’t plan on taking his quirk.” Nausea bubbles up inside Hitoshi. *It’s not a machine? It’s a person?* “Actually… I would like a chat with this boy.” There’s a crackle in the audio. A ghost of a laugh. A portal opens in front of Hitoshi as they take him out the bindings and throw him in.

He hits the ground and loses the air in his lungs. A small whirring of machinery catches his attention. A man with a disfigured face and no eyes sits in a bed, hooked up to some monitors.

“Who are you?” Hitoshi asks, feeling like he’s asking a centuries old god a riddle.

“My name is All for One.” *I’m going to die. Oh god I think I’m going to be sick.* “You have a rather interesting quirk, tell me, have you ever faced

ridicule for it?" He knows this is a trap, but what good will lying get him?

"Of course. They say it's a villain's quirk. That I can't ever be a hero."

"My dear boy, nothing is a villain's quirk or a hero's quirk. All can be used however a wielder pleases. Though, if you join us willingly, we will accept you." Hitoshi catches the odd use of the word 'willingly'.

"Do I have a choice?" He asks, seeing a echo of a smile come across the man's lips.

"In this world we should all have a choice. Then again, it's *my* world."

"I have people who accept me. I don't need you. I don't want you." He starts. Hitoshi still feels the weight of the stone in his hand. The feeling of blood hitting his face makes him reach up and scrub at the skin. His body shakes.

"I don't recall ever asking what you wanted." The man laughs. *He has no eyes but I feel he's watching my every move.* "I just thought I'd touch base with you before you change." …..*What?*

"You're going to regret this." Hitoshi repeats louder. Speaking it into existance. "All of you."

"Oh? Why's that?"

"There's a force of nature I know who will tear you apart. Touch a

single hair on my head and you're dead." He hisses.

"Do you mean your precious fathers? They won't harm me." It actually startles a laugh out of Hitoshi. A laugh so sincere and genuine it causes All for One to frown. "You're talking about All Might, then?"

"My household doesn't really believe in All Might."

"... Is there a hero I'm no longer familiar with? What are you talking about?" For the first time, it seems like All for One's facade has dropped. He's worried.

"My brother will kill anyone who hurts the people he loves."

"You have a brother. I don't remember that in class 1-A's files." *Do they have someone on the inside?*

"Oh, you'll remember him alright."

Shouta's relieved the surgery is finally over. Whether it was from Izuku being impatient with the doctors, not liking hospitals, or from Izuku having some sort of complication, something stressful was always happening. In the end they put Izuku under after he could confirm his quirk still works while unconscious. It's much slower. When Shouta turns the corner, he catches Hizashi wiping tears.

“Oh, Shouta!” Hizashi greets, sniffling softly. “I was just uh-”

“It’s okay to cry, Zashi.” He starts, holding his husband’s hand. “It’s okay to not be okay. You don’t have to stay strong for me. We can handle this. We’ll get them both back.” *Still no word on Hitoshi. It’s another thing plaguing his every thought.* Hizashi leans against him.

“The other students are okay?” He asks softly.

“Last I checked, Jirou and Hagakure are in comas, and Youyorozu has a pretty bad head injury. Shouji lost a hand but it can grow back so he claims it’s fine. Monoma has a bit of quirk exhaustion but he’s otherwise okay.”

“How’s the little kid?”

“Kota is…. Physically okay.” He sighs, remembering the way the kid held onto him for dear life. “He’ll go through a lot of therapy just in case. He had to face the killer of his parents. Izuku saved his life.”

“Izuku’s a really good kid, Shouta. I’m not surprised.” Hizashi smiles, “So can you tell me what happened?” His stomach has settled enough for him to speak without worry of vomiting. His eyes are still red but he hasn’t cried.

“Hisashi was there. I found Izuku pointing a gun at his father’s head. Where he got a fucking gun, we don’t know. He was losing it. Screaming and he was going to shoot. Zashi, he started pulling the trigger. I yelled his name. Mikumo.”

“So he *is* Mikumo Midoriya?”

“Yeah, the kid told me Midoriya said so himself. That Hisashi and Inko were his parents.” There’s so much to do. Shouta’s restless. They shouldn’t have time to talk but they do and he hates it.

“Where do we go from here?”

“I….. I don’t know. I really don’t.”

It’s been days. No sign of the league or Hitoshi. Izuku hasn’t woken back up yet either. All Might and other students have been visiting, but none have been allowed to see him. Bakugou and Todoroki have been the hardest to get rid of. *Doctor’s orders.* All Might keeps bringing flowers and food for Shouta and Hizashi to eat.

Hawks stopped by, but he had to leave when he got too restless to control his feathers properly.

Oni sightings have still been occurring, but they’re all copycats. Catspiracy, however, has been deathly silent. The world’s noticing, but not connecting anything. Yaoyorozu has woken up and explained something about putting a tracker on one of the Nomu. *We have a location to scope out.*

With the news that UA student Izuku Midoriya has remained in critical condition for days, people are wondering where his parent’s statements are. Along with the announced death of wanted villain Hisashi Midoriya, people are asking a *lot* of questions.

Oni's lack of a proper appearance is intriguing people. They're waiting for some big show. They don't know that Oni is just a hurt child, clinging to life.

Shouta sits in a chair, dozing off as a nurse bursts out into the hallway.

"Doctor! He's awake!" Shouta's on his feet and running to the room. Too bad Hizashi isn't here. In the room stands Izuku, holding onto the IV stand and looking at it with disdain. Not caring for the nurse's warning, he rips it out. His eyes settle on Shouta.

"Hi, Dad." He breathes. *This is weird. There's no sass in it. It feels... genuine . It's gross.*

"Izuku, sit down and let them look over you."

"I'm fine." He protests, still sitting anyways. "Just get it over with." The nurse nods and calls in the doctor, they go over Izuku thoroughly.

Shouta feels nothing but guilt when he sees Izuku's face. There's a large scar on his forehead from the gunshot. A permanent reminder of what Hisashi has done to this child. A reminder that Shouta failed him. *I haven't gotten to properly apologize yet. Tell him that I'm actually happy to see that he's alive.* This wouldn't have happened if Shouta were smart enough to catch Oni early on. If he could get just *one* piece of irrifutable evidence, none of this would have ever happened.

"Everything seems to be okay. Do you remember who you are?"

Izuku nods.

“Where you are?”

Izuku nods.

“You know what?” Shouta interrupts, “I think we should have detective Tsukauchi in here for when he speaks.” The doctor nods in agreement. Shouta makes the call.

“Hello?” Tsukauchi sounds like he hasn’t slept in days. That makes two of them.

“He woke up.” Is all Shouta says before hanging up.

“While we wait for the detective, can you feeling everything? Try moving around the room.” Izuku stares at the doctor for an uncomfortably long amount of time before he gets up and does a backflip.

“Can I go now?” He asks, voice full of irritation. *What’s gotten into him? I know he doesn’t like hospitals but jeez.*

“Izuku.” Shouta warns.

“You’re lucky there are civilians in this room, Eraserhead.” He mumbles. While they wait for Tsukauchi to arrive, Izuku starts going through the cards left by classmates. They didn’t leave until someone brought them into the room for them. Izuku settles on Bakugou’s card, reading it with a slight frown and putting it down. On Shouto’s card, he smiles with a blushing face. *It seems he remembers them at least.*

Shouta doesn't realize he's on All Might's card before it's too late.

"Izuku?" He asks.

"All Might made me a card." He holds it up for Shouta to see.

"And how does that make you feel?" Instead of an answer, Shouta gets a shrug.

"I mean, it's a nice card? I don't mind it?" *I don't like this answer at all.* It's too nonchalant for it to be about All Might. He expected Izuku to throw it away or rip it.

A knock at the door gets their attention.

"Tsuki!" Izuku waves, "Missed me?" It looks like Tsukauchi was prepared to say no, but with what happened no one can deny it.

"How are you?" He says instead.

"Ready to leave." Izuku mumbles, pulling the blankets up when he lays down.

"True." The detective chuckles. "So, do you remember what happened?" *Straight to it? Just like that?* Izuku doesn't seem emotionally compromised at all. His brow furrows a bit and he frowns.

“Not really, no.” ….*What?*

“You don’t remember how you got here? Who hurt you?” Izuku reaches up and touches the scar on his forehead.

“I was shot?”

“Yes. Who shot you, Midoriya?”

“…… I can’t remember.” Shouta’s heart rate going up. *I can’t believe I thought this would have gone well. I had hope that he’d be okay.*

“Let’s try some basic questions. What’s your full name? Your real name?”

“Izuku Midoriya.” He answers, narrowing his eyes at Tsukauchi.

“Izuku, come on. We know that-”

“Eraserhead. I need to talk to you outside.” Tsukauchi interrupts, look haunting his face. Shouta nods and follows him outside. Izuku doesn’t follow. “This whole time, in every interview and interrogation *ever,* my quirk deemed his statement of his name being Izuku Midoriya as wrong.”

“And?” He knows the answer to this. There’s only one answer to this.

“My quirk registered true when saying his name is actually Izuku

Midoriya.”

After the alarming chat he had with Tsukauchi about how to approach this new situation, the doctors decided to have Shouta go into the room alone and make sure Izuku is still calm.

In Izuku’s hospital room, he doesn’t see him. He silently enters, looking around through the darkness. The sound of heavy breathing and running water echoes around the room, coming through the bathroom. The door is open. Shouta looks in through the crack and sees Izuku hunched over the sink, face dripping wet.

Izuku’s eyes shoot up and meet his through the mirror’s reflection.

“What am I?” Izuku asks with a cracking voice.

Chapter End Notes

Me, cackling at all of your reactions to last chapter: I'm..... sorry?
I feel like a youtuber making an apology video
because you and I both know im not sorry
follow me on insta! Jellofello22
Yell at me on tumblr! Jello-fello

Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

ahem did you think I would get straight into kamino?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What am I?” Izuku asks, staring straight through Shouta.

“What do you mean?” Approaching calmly and slowly is best. They don’t know what could set him off.

“I know Tsuki’s quirk. I remember that. So why did he call you outside after I said my name? What’s my name?”

“Does Mikumo ring a bell at all?” Izuku shakes his head. “Hisashi? Inko?” Two more head shakes.

Shouta manages to get Izuku out of the bathroom and onto the hospital bed. He pulls up a chair to the bed.

“Do you know who Oni is?”

“The fuck kind of question is that?” Izuku snorts, “Of course I know who Oni is.”

“...Tell me what you know.” Shouta sighs.

“My name is Izuku Midoriya, I’m Oni, I go to UA and I live with you and Hizashi.” Shouta’s eyes widen at that answer.

“What did you call my husband?”

“….Hizashi? Why?”

“All this time you’ve only called him Mic. You never liked Hizashi because it sounds too much like Hisashi.” *But he doesn’t remember.*

“Oh worm?” Izuku’s expression darkens as he leans forward towards Shouta. “So, Eraserhead. I’ve got a question of my own.”

“What?”

“Where’s Toshi?”

Hitoshi broke down shortly after his chat with All for One. He held it together to try and prove he wouldn’t break. The league knows his quirk isn’t going to be taken. No, All for One wants to corrupt him into villainy.

I just have to hold out.

Every time his thoughts drift, they return to the attack. How it felt to

end the clone's life. It took it's final breaths taunting him and rubbing salt in his wound. *But was he wrong?* No, the clone wasn't. Hitoshi knows the moment he keeps spiraling, it's over.

I was taken because I started to panic. If I do it again, I'll die.

The door opens and Dabi enters, eyeing him cautiously.

"Don't make me do work I don't want to do." He explains, dragging Hitoshi to his feet.

"Why are you of all people doing this?" Hitoshi asks.

"I'm not known for anything, so what are on about?" A smile creeps onto Hitoshi's lips. *I can tell him.*

"Who do you think edited your testimony?" He coos, feeling happy with how Dabi releases him to step back. Rather than hurting him or yelling, Dabi closes the door.

"You're Catspiracy. I should've known, you and Midoriya are attached at the hip." He starts, "Speaking of, Hisashi Midoriya was at the camp, but never came back." *What?* A lump forms in his throat.

"Why did he go with you? He wasn't part of the league, right?"

"We had a goal of capturing Midoriya. He wanted to find out about the kid too. They're curious as to why he lied about his quirk."

“And?” *There’s always more to it.*

“And I owe him. He’s done a lot for me and my family, so I’ll help his own. I’ll see to it that you survive, but don’t expect a friend.” Dabi grabs his handcuffs and begins to drag him forward and down a hall.

“What is it now?” *They haven’t fed me at all. What, they’re going to drive me to villainy via hunger? That’s rich.* In the main bar, they sit Hitoshi down and make him face the TV. A reporter with one horn is announcing a story on UA.

“There have been no student casualties, but there is one last reported to be in critical condition.” *No.* “Kidnapped by the vigilante at the UA Sports Festival, Izuku Midoriya is now hospitalized after being shot in the head by villain.” *He has to come back from that. We don’t know for sure that his quirk is operated by his brain. Iida’s new arm changed to fit him. It has to be the cells themselves.*

It has to.

He has to come back.

“Lookie, Shinsou.” Shigaraki demands. “Tell me, why is this kid running around with an Analysis quirk when he actually has a healing quirk? Why is the vigilante so interested in him?” *Are they really that fucking stupid? Then again, no one has seen Oni’s quirk up close.*

“Leave me alone.” He barks, resisting when they try grabbing him. “I’m not going to be one of you.”

“I don’t recall giving a choice?” Shigaraki laughs.

“You know what?!” Hitoshi yells as Magne and Spinner grab him.

“What-”

“ **Go jerk it with all five fingers, Shiggy.** ” He uses his quirk in a fit of anger, feeling genuine happiness when Shigaraki numbly walks off. Kurogiri and Mr. Compress take off after him to make sure he doesn’t actually do as told.

“Muzzle him.” Shigaraki seethes when he comes back into the room.

Hitoshi has a muzzle on him, forcing his jaw shut. *It’s not even a real muzzle.* Someone just bent some metal scraps together and attached it to a few pieces of fabrics. The metal cuts into his face whenever he tries to move his mouth.

It’s been nine hours since he saw the report. Every second that tics by without Izuku bursting through the wall like the Kool-aid man, the more worried he gets. Shigaraki enters the room with a bowl and spoon, throwing it to Hitoshi. He sits on the floor against the door.

“Eat.” He demands. “If you’re part of us, I need you alive.” The muzzle is removed, and he stretches his jaw.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to die.” Still, he picks up the spoon and starts eating the literal slop. It tastes disgusting, and like it’s some sort of trick. Shigaraki looks at him with an unreadable expression.

“You see these hands all over me?” Shigaraki starts, “When I really hate someone, I now take their hands and lock them away somewhere. I can’t remember why I do it. I just do. Now, you were at USJ when I took a trophy from your precious Midoriya, right?” Slowly, Hitoshi puts the spoon down.

“Yeah…?”

“Well. Never did I think Sensei would instruct me to grind up that trophy into mystery meat to feed you.” At first, the words don’t sink in. Hitoshi processes it and immediately begins throwing up all the contents in his stomach. He’s crying. “What’s the matter? Weren’t you hungry?” Hitoshi kicks the bowl away, seeing a chunk of a finger rolling across the floor. “No, I get it. Really. Seeing a hand and feeling violently sick without knowing why? I understand you, Shinsou.”

There’s nothing left in his stomach, so why doesn’t he feel cleaner? He scrubs his face, puts a hand in his mouth and tries scraping the rest of it out of his molar. *I can’t. I can’t. I’m not going to survive long enough.*

“I get it. It’s okay.”

“Fuck you Shigaraki.” He spits at him, “You’re just a fucking pawn in someone’s game. I’m a player in my own. When Player One arrives, it’s game over for *all* of you.” The villain blinks at him.

“The main boss you’re blabbering about is All Might, isn’t it?” *What the hell is with you people and All Might?*

“ *Fuck* All Might.”

“What?”

“You heard me! I have heroes in my life that will make you regret ever being born.”

“I wonder if you’ll life long enough to see me regret it, then.” Shigaraki laughs as he puts the muzzle back on, locking the taste of flesh into Hitoshi’s mouth. “I think we can break you before your hero comes. Then I’d like to pit you against each other.”

As if I’m that weak, asshole.

Shouto was told he’s allowed to see Izu. He left as soon as he got the news, racing off to the hospital. Outside of the room, he hears yelling.

“ *WHERE THE FUCK IS TOSHI?!”* They haven’t told him? This is bad. Shouto enters the room and sees Aizawa and two nurses trying to restrain him.

“Izu.” He calls, getting an immediate reaction.

“Shouto!’ He smiles, practically tackling him. On the phone, it was explained he’s having memory issues.

“You know who I am, 100%?”

“My boyfriend, right?” He asks, sitting down and leaning against Shouto.

“I uh-” He stutters. *We never talked about it.* “No, but I *can* be if that’s what you want?” He offers, desperately trying not to make it sound like a rejection.

“That’s exactly what I want.” Izu seems a lot more confident than before, like something’s changed. Either way, Shouto’s burning up. “You’re on fire.” Izu points out with a small grin.

Wait.

“It’s not freaking you out at all?”

“Why would it? Yeah your shitbag father has set me on fire a few times but I’m not that scared of it.” *Except you are!*

In the corner of the room, Aizawa writes something into a notebook, eyeing Izuku with worry.

“Look!” Izu grabs his attention, putting a finger to his forehead. “ I got shot in the head and *lived.* ”

“Not easily, you twerp.” Aizawa huffs with genuine anger in his voice.

I heard Aizawa was there when it happened, and that something happened to him.

“But I still did! It kind of looks like a star.” He hums, frowning, “I can’t remember where this other scar is from though.”

“Aizawa?”

“Don’t tell him yet. He’ll be talked to about all this with his doctors.”

“Alright.”

Izu leans himself into Shouto’s lap, allowing Shouto to run his hands through his hair. *He’s too calm. Shinsou is missing and he knows that, so why is he so calm?*

Aizawa sees they’re having a moment and leaves the room. Once fully alone, Izu grabs his hand.

“I’m going to get Toshi back myself.” *There it is.*

“What? You’re not in any condition to-”

“I’m going. I have trackers on him. I just need my computer, suit, and a few dozen weapons.” He thought he lost Izu when he heard the news. He can’t do it again. Maybe Shouto can- “You’re not going with me.”

“He was right there. He was right there and was still taken, Izu. You two have been my only thoughts. I want to help.” Izu squeezes Shouto’s hand a bit with a smile.

“You can help me by staying away. There’s going to be a lot of collateral damage, I don’t want to have to worry about others in the way.” *He’s right, so why does it hurt?*

“Okay. Please be safe. I can’t handle any more of this.”

They talk for a long time, and eventually walk down to the cafeteria for some food. Izu started getting restless, having to sit still for so long. *He seems more hyperactive than before, too. Like his mind is running a mile a minute.* The halls are empty as they walk back with their food. Izu’s quiet, absent-minded singing fills the halls.

“Who said that every wish would be heard and answered when wished on the morning star? Somebody thought of that and someone believed it, and look what it's done so far.” His singing is as beautiful as ever, but feels sadder when the sound bounces off the walls. It feels hollow.

“Hey, Izu. You *do* remember agreeing to a movie night after all this, right?” It gets a laugh out of his boyfriend. *God, that’s weird to remember. I have a boyfriend.* The laugh makes him happy.

“Yeah, I do. I don’t think my memory is being affected that much.” He shrugs. Once back to their room, they find Bakugou on the bed, reading the other cards people left. “What’s up, Bakugou?”

Both Shouto and Bakugou gawk at Izuku.

“The fuck did you just call me?”

Katsuki sits on the bed, going through the nerd’s Get Well cards. They’re so fake. None of them know the real Deku. Then again…

They sincerely think they do.

He has so many questions for the little shit. What happened to him and why he never joined the fight. He knows Deku got shot, but there’s more to it. There’s always is with him.

Icy Hot and Deku walk into the room, making dumb puppy love eyes at each other. *Do I and Shitty Hair look like that? God I hope not.*

“What’s up, Bakugou?” Deku greets. Smoke fills the room as Katsuki’s shocked into silence. He shakes his head and glares.

“The fuck did you just call me?” At that, Icy Hot whispers something into Deku’s ear and kisses him on the cheek. Icy Hot leaves all together.

“...Bakugou?”

“I was told you were having memory issues when they granted me permission to visit you, but what the fuck, Deku?!”

“I just called you your name!”

“It’s *Kacchan* to you, shitty nerd! It always has been!”

“Since when?!” Deku yells, storming up to him. Katsuki grabs him by the collar and flips him into the bed.

“Since you were Mikumo!” Suddenly. Deku stops putting up a fight. “Oh my fucking god.” Katsuki breathes, realizing what’s going on. “You don’t remember being Mikumo, do you?”

“No. I’m Izuku. That’s all I know.” *How do I…. What the hell?!*

“You don’t know why I call you Deku, do you?” He gets a shake of the head. Katsuki has to tell him. About the years of bullying and torment. Ruining his life for being quirkless. Something Deku had no control over. Telling him to kill himself over it.

Then again, he could sweep this all under the rug.

Katuski can’t escape the guilt he refuses to acknowledge either way.

“Because I’m a blockhead?”

“No, you dumb fuck.” He runs his hands through his hair angrily, pacing around the room as Deku begins to eat. *He’s eating a lot of food. Last I checked, he could only eat so much before getting full.* “Your name is Deku because you were a quirkless runt. We made your life a living hell. *I* made your life a living hell. You’re telling me you don’t

remember anything?" This is stupid. Katsuki shouldn't be talking. He should shut the fuck up and leave it to the others. "You were a useless Deku who lost your father because of it! Then the shitbag came back and killed your mother and then burnt you alive! You're wearing her fucking wedding ring around your neck!"

Deku reaches up and feels he's wearing a necklace, before he takes it off and looks at it.

"It's just a ring." He moves to put it on the nightstand, but Katsuki snatches it.

"This is Auntie Inko's ring. If you're not taking it, I will." *He doesn't remember. Deku doesn't remember shit. He thinks he's only Izuku. Hold the fuck up.* "Deku, you're Oni. Why?"

"Because I want to fight crime and save people? Why else?"

"You became a vigilante as a fuck you to All Might and to get revenge on your shitstain father!"

"I don't really care for All Might." ……*Eh?!!?*

"What's your first memory. Think real fuckin' hard 'bout this." There's a long silence that makes Katsuki uncomfortable.

"Waking up one day in a burnt apartment and carrying on with my vigilantism? As per usual?"

“So you don’t remember meeting All Might before UA? No childhood? No growing up with me at all?” He shakes his head. *If he never met All Might, then the man never crushed his dreams. He has no hatred towards All Might.*

If he doesn’t remember being Mikumo, then he doesn’t recall that he used to be obsessed with the man.

He just doesn’t care.

Katsuki has a headache and a half.

“So, Bakugou, where do we go from here?” Deku asks, tossing Katsuki a roll of bread.

“First of all, you’re going to call me Kacchan or die. Second,...” Katsuki would never admit that he can stand Izuku much more than Mikumo. That he wouldn’t actually mind hanging out or sparring together. “Second, we go back to the new normal. Friends.”

Shouta was forced to leave the hospital and go home to sleep. He just left all the meetings regarding the next operation for the rescue.

He’ll do a conference while leaving the heavy-hitters to rescue Hitoshi. As much as he hates the idea, it works. All Might has been quiet, only speaking up about the plan itself. Hizashi is still incredibly upset, but is holding up rather well.

Shouta still hasn't found an excuse for Izuku surviving. The doctor's know he has a healing quirk. He's managed to keep it under wraps so far. The hospital is also holding off on asking about Izuku Midoriya not being a real person, legally speaking.

He shuffles down the hallways, bumping into a woman running away from where he's going.

Apparently, Izuku doesn't remember being Mikumo at all. Hopefully this means his vigilantism has lost the purpose. Well, he could go in the opposite direction and believe he became a vigilante for the sake of fighting crime. *Let's really hope that's not the case.* Before Inko's death, he was taught by her. His soft side is directly tied to Inko and his memories of being a child. So,

What happens to someone who loses their humanity?

"Help!" Another person runs down the hall and yells. *They're coming from Izuku's room.* Shouta picks up the pace and runs into the room, finding a big problem on his hands.

There are eight people unconscious on Izuku's floor, including the officers that were gaurding the door in his absence. The bed is moved and there's one less chair in the room than before. The window is shattered. They're on the 6th floor.

Izuku is nowhere to be seen.

Chapter End Notes

> OKAY STORY TIME:
> freshmen year of high school, I sat with some friends at lunch. this guy named chris was there. turns out, no one was his friend. he was just,,, there. he took a liking to me and started hugging me whenever he saw me. creepy things like that. he was a junior

at the time.
he died his hair a lot and never washed it, so he had a bigass bald spot in the back of his head. it made him a lot creepier because he seemed like an adult pretending to be a high schooler.
fast forward a few months, I'm on crutches. (I got a REALLY bad case of Osgood-Schlatters disease in my left knee. they usually don't put kids on crutches but it was just that severe)
I was In the back of the library, hidden in the bookshelves. because there was a fusebox there. I was using a screwdriver I had to take off the cover and get into the fusebox (for reasons I wont say)
and this bitch somehow finds me back there and thinks hes slick. he grabs my ass and I cant run because of the whole c r u t c h e s thing. so I say 'back off or I stab you with a screwdriver" and he laughed and said 'aw that's so cute, we know you're harmless" and he tries to touch me again so I tried stabbing him. (which, ive been stabbed in the ribs with a screwdriver before, its not pleasant at ALL) and he fucks off for the day
few days later im using the elevator and it opens on the third floor. hes somehow outside the door. I slam the button and go down to the basement floor. THIS FUCKER SOMEHOW RAN DOWN TO THE BASEMENT IN THE TIME THE ELEVATOR TOOK so we do this dance a few more times. So I say fuck it and hit the button for the middle school. the moment it opens I pick my crutches up and s p r I n t down the halls and into another stairwell and slide down the stairs to the basement. I hide around the corner in a spot that the cameras don't pick up on (blind spot) and the moment he comes around the corner I start beating the shit out of him with my crutches and he never talked to me again for the rest of his two years he settled for creepily staring at me but not ever doing anything
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Kamino I: The Fuckening

Chapter Summary

> Scooby and gang are having a rough day due to some brat named Izuku Midoriya

Chapter Notes

> LISTEN UP YALL: You will get a SECOND chapter, which will be the END of kamino before the end of the day. (my time zone lmao, gimme some hours). Im breaking this up on purpose because uh,,,,,, i'd like to, yet again, be a dramatic bitch and make use of this websites uploading mechanic to create tension before ending it. if this were a paperback book or something, I can't stop you from just reading ahead. Now I can. suffer

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last guard is down, that's good. Izuku tries kicking the glass on the window out, but fails when he feels pain shooting up his shin. *Fine, you thick fuck.* Frustrated, he throws an unconscious doctor from a nearby chair and onto the floor. He spins around and hits the chair on the window, cracking it. He keeps going until he can get through. The glass juts out and cuts into his skin. It's not important.

Six floors. I can handle six floors. He jumps with no regard for how he'll land. The air hitting his face exhilarates him. He feels like he's flying.

Or, falling into something he'll never escape from.

He hits the road below him and feels everything shatter. He lays down for dead to let himself heal. A car stops, just barely avoiding running him over. A guy in an ascot gets out the car, rambling.

"Oh my god are you okay?!" He asks, "Where did you come from? A real mystery!" Everyone in the van gets out, inspecting Izuku. There's

a guy with a dog quirk, someone who's radiating energy in a green shirt, a girl with four eyes, all wearing glasses, and a seemingly normal girl.

"Should we get him to the hospital?" The normal girl asks.

"That's like, right there!" One laughs. Izuku waits until they get in close to pick him up and makes his move.

"Fuck off!" He yells, taking them out one by one. In the end it's him and the dog, who lets him do what he wants.

"Jus' go, rike I'd stop you." He dismisses, allowing Izuku to steal the van.

Down the street, he parks and catches his breath. He's in a van titled the Mystery Machine, painted with bright colors. *This van is so out there it might actually be a good disguise.* Not to mention, he can fit a lot in there. *God, it smells like weed in here. Where the fuck is their Febreze?*

He leans back, closing his eyes. *They say I don't know who I am. That my name wasn't always Izuku. Should it matter? It's who I am now. I'm a vigilante for no other reason than to fight crime. Right?*

He feels like he's supposed to be proving someone wrong, but he can't remember who.

Izuku knows Eraserhead was on the verge of tears every time he was in the room. That he was just barely holding it together for Izuku's sake. *But why? What happened?* God, he needs to get ahold of some technology and get planning. He swings by Eraserhead's house and

packs bags full of food and all the technology he can get his hands on. In Toshi's room, he takes his laptop.

I could do something with all these cameras, but he'd be so mad at me.

Would….. Would Toshi notice any change in Izuku that he hasn't seen himself? Would he still love Izuku?

He takes a few backup Oni phones he had prepared, then finds his suit and leaves. It's a good thing Mic wasn't there. He's probably at the school doing damage control.

Down the street, he passes a craft store.

Wait. He gets out and goes in, hoping employees aren't too upset by all the blood on his clothes. Izuku picks up a lot of things like fabric, ropes, mirrors. Anything he can think of. *I won't use most of this, but it's nice to have backup supplies.*

Back in the van, he sends out a message.

Tweeting to let them know I'm alive.

Not that it matters.

On Toshi's laptop, he brings up all of Toshi's trackers. There's a few at the school, and a few at home. Most likely from his gym clothes and some of his jackets.

There are two in an unknown location on the map. *Those are the ones in the soles of his shoes.*

They didn't bother to check him for anything?! This will be much easier than he thought. He sends the location to all of his phones. Then, he gets into the school's Hero Public Safety Commission's database.

They're planning to launch the operation tonight? They didn't tell me anything.

The plan is to apparently have Eraserhead and Vlad King do a big press conference and public apology in order to cover up the real mission. *The question is, can I get in and out without having to confront anyone.* If Eraserhead isn't there to annoy Izuku, everything should go smoothly.

What's odd is the heroes' location for the mission is different from the location Toshi's tracker is in. He doesn't know if this complicates things or not. *Oh, they do have Toshi's location. Then, what is this second one?*

In his pocket, his phone buzzes nonstop.

Several messages from Hawks asking if he's okay, and some from Hizashi. Eraserhead sends some too.

Tweet
You Retweeted
Oni
@Onionioxenfree
I'm not happy. People have royally fucked up and the world's going to pay for their actions.
01:44 PM · 17 Jun 19 · Twitter for Android
1,069 Retweets 4,168 Likes
Hawks @hawksthehothero · 9m
Replying to @Onionioxenfree
God you're okay?! Dont worry me like that
450 260 4,300
1 more reply
Hawks @Hawksthehothero · 6m
Replying to @Onionioxenfree
Please come see me. I dont know what you're going to do but it doesn't have to be this dramatic
12 163 90
1 more reply
Eraserhead @Eraserhead · 4m
Replying to @Onionioxenfree
Oni where the fuck are you?!
6 2 35
1 more reply

Eraserhead:

What did you do to these innocent people? Please just come home. We have a plan. We'll get Hitoshi back.

Oni:

But will you make the League pay?

Eraserhead:

We'll do our best to take them down.

Oni:

That's not good enough for me.

Oni:

They wanted a fight, they got one. I want a slaughter, and they'll sure as hell get it.

[Oni is offline.]

Izuku takes the time to go to his apartment and see what he can grab from there before everything goes down. *Some medical supplies in case Toshi needs them.* He starts filling an extra bag. He walks into the bedroom closest to the door, pausing.

There's an outline on the ground, along with a flower pot neatly placed in the center. The flower is the liveliest thing in this apartment, including Izuku. There's a small paper sticking out from under it.

Dear Mom, I promise your death won't go unexplained. That I'll be the hero you needed. Even if I don't do it in the most legal of ways, I will save lives and stop people like the one who killed you. Who killed us. Mom, I promise that you won't ever be forgotten.

Love, Mikumo.

Izuku thinks that maybe a week ago reading this might have caused a lump in his throat, or the watering of his eyes. Now, though, he feels nothing. He's been told he's Mikumo. There's a small ache in his heart when he thinks that this mean he's broken his promise.

That Inko and Mikumo Midoriya no longer exist. They've been left behind. History moves on without them, not all caring for their deaths.

Bakugou said it was her wedding ring, that's why he took it.

Maybe as long as Bakugou is still around, they still exist. Bakugou is the only one left.

Izuku takes a long shower, eventually sitting at the bottom of the tub and curling up. *Maybe I should ask Bakugou more about what I was like before all this. He looked kind of guilty when we were talking.*

He reaches for his phone from the tub, leaning with his arms hanging out over the side of it. His arms begin to fall asleep from the pinching of his nerves.

Oni:

We really weren't dating before now, were we? You said we weren't.

Shouto:

We weren't. Was your memory of me that fuzzy?

Oni:

No, I just remember how much you mean to me and all the fun we've had and assumed.

Shouto:

You do want this, right? I'm not misinterpreting?

Izuku decides to call.

"Izu? Are you in the shower right now?" Izuku laughs.

"You can hear the water? Yeah I am." Shouto hums on the other end.

"I wouldn't put it past you to somehow end up in a rainy city in less than a few hours." Shouto's laughter makes Izuku softly smile. It's comforting. Something grounding amidst the chaos around him. "Hey Izu?"

"Yeah?"

"Please be safe tonight. I don't like that I can't be your backup, but I get it."

“I’ll be fine.” He whines.

“I’m serious, I can’t keep seeing people I love get hurt.” Shouto scolds, completely unaware of what he said. There’s a long moment of silence before Izuku laughs.

“Shouto-”

Did he just hang up on me?! Izuku wasn’t going to be mean! Instead, he sends a text.

Oni:

I love you too.

Shouto:

Oh…… Neat.

[Shouto is offline.]

I told him I love him back and he sent ‘Neat’. Dear lord, what have I gotten myself into?

What have I gotten myself into? Hitoshi refuses any more of the food he’s given, preferring to starve than to risk anything. Blood drips down his neck from the muzzle. Two long jagged pieces of metal cut

into his face on either side of his mouth down to his chin.

The villain's have taken to calling him 'Puppet' because of it.

Now I really have to change my hero name. If he lives long enough to be a hero, that is.

There's a commotion from one of the back rooms, and Spinner and Twice come into the bar area where he's currently restrained and turn on the TV. Every single channel is being taken over.

"I know I've been absent for a few days, I know there's a lot going on. But let me talk about one thing: League of Villains, You've fucked up." Izuku's in costume as he speaks in front of a camera. Hitoshi almost starts crying then and there. *He's okay. He's alive. He's alive and coming to get me.*

"What the hell is he talking about?!" Shigaraki seethes, turning channels to find that he really *is* on all of them.

"When I find his location, I'm coming and I'm slaughtering every last one of you." Izuku seethes. The way he says it is weird, and Hitoshi knows exactly why. *He's lying. He already has my location.*

"Is he coming for the kid?" Magne asks, gesturing to Hitoshi. "Do they know each other?"

"I don't know…. *Do you?"* Shigaraki inches closer.

“If any of you hurt him, or touch a single hair on his head.” Izuku leans closer to the camera before grabbing it and bringing it even closer. “I’ll know.”

“He doesn’t scare me.” Spinner huffs, sitting back in his seat.

“‘I don’t scare you’, he says, unaware that I’m not against eating Lizard.” Everyone in the room freezes.

“……He has eyes on us?” Kurogiri mutters.

“It’s not possible.” Shigaraki dismisses, “I didn’t know this was a live broadcast.”

“Shiggy, why wouldn’t it be a live broadcast?” Izuku howls, “Since when am I not doing the absolute most? Now, I want you to know that I plan on having a little chat with your *sensei* when I get there.” The broadcast cuts to black. Hitoshi sets his feet back on the ground so the sound isn’t as muffled. *I knew he had trackers in my shoes, but I didn’t know he had microphones.* Hitoshi doubts he has cameras. Then again, he wouldn’t be shocked.

“So what now? The brat is untouchable?” Dabi asks, seeming a bit too relieved with this. *Right, then he wouldn’t have to go out of his way for me. He can do what he wants and go free either way.*

“…For now.” Shigaraki mumbles. “Spread out and check the place for wiretaps.”

For the first time since being imprisoned in this hellhole, Hitoshi smiles. He no longer cares about metal digging into his face, or the

lack of any proper nourishment. He smiles because he knows Izuku's alive and thinking of him.

This isn't how everything was supposed to happen. Shouta was supposed to be the one dealing with the media, now because he's Oni's wrangler, he's going to be on the battlefield. He has to somehow convince this disaster child to come quietly and not murder everyone who's ever looked at Hitoshi.

While somehow managing to fight villains and save his other son.

It's going to be a very long fight.

"I'll do my best to distract the public with my charming words, Shouta." Hizashi tries to joke, almost succeeding in lifting some of the tension from their shoulders.

"You were probably better suited for this than I was anyways." Shouta stares at his husband a long moment. "I'll bring them home. I promise."

"Don't pressure yourself. Don't get yourself killed, neither of them would want that."

Shouta rubs the back of his neck.

"Izuku might want that." He sighs, looking up as he feels a hand snake around his wrist.

“That’s not true and you know that. You two love each other. Go remind him that he’s human and that the heroes can save his brother. Go.”

With a deep breath, Shouta leaves.

Izuku will have to remember to look up footage of him driving in a colorful van blasting “The Day” by Porno Graffitti. *What, do people really think I don’t know my theme songs?*

The Van no longer reeks of weed, after he thoroughly cleaned it. *Turns out those people I beat up were a gang called the Mystery Gang who think they’re solving mysteries, but more often than not end up taking hostages and beating people up.*

Weird.

He had to wait until sundown to make a move, otherwise he risks being seen too easily. Izuku installed a police scanner, as well as a radio that the heroes are using to communicate on.

“Eraserhead, are you in position?” EdgeShot calls over the radio.

“Yes, the coast is clear.” He softly murmurs. *They changed the plan.* At a red light, he pulls his phone up and sure enough, Hizashi is doing the conference in his place. *The question is whether or not he’s solely there to capture me.*

He’s not afraid to use force.

The van is parked in an alley next to the main building. *Toshi is in there. Do I make my usual entrance or do I sneak in?* He gets out the van and looks around the corner. *Dammit. All Might and Friends are there.*

Then where is Eraserhead? Is he on one of the roofs? At the other location? Inside a vent somewhere? Izuku doesn’t know, but he doesn’t necessarily care. As quietly as he can, he unloads all the explosives out the back of the van and line them up against the wall. The blast will take the building down. He just needs to make sure Toshi is out of there and he’s good. Once back in the van, he drives around the back of the building and into another alleyway. There’s plenty of food, blankets, and first aid for Toshi.

Back at the main building, he waltz right up to the heroes. All Might blinks at him, jaw hanging low. Izuku may be wearing a mask, but everyone there can tell he has a mischievous grin plastered all over his face. *I read their plans, I know they’re going to pretend to be a pizza place.*

“ Before you fuckers try and capture me, hear me out.” From behind the wall of heroes, he hears a deeply heavy sigh. Tsuki emerges to the front.

“What. What is it? Time is ticking.” Tsukauchi looks painfully worried as he looks at Izuku. *You're not actually my Dad, you know.*

“Let me be the one to knock. If you guys hide on either side of the door, it’ll work better. Just let me do it. They’ll open the door for me before they would for you.” They have questions. Getting audio from those trackers was harder than Izuku thought it’d be. There’s a long silence from everyone.

“Fine.” He gives up. “Everyone, get out of view. Once the door is open, do as planned.”

“Why are you doing this?” All Might whispers.

“I have family in there.” A sad smile comes across All Might’s face as he gently nods.

“I see.”

Izuku knocks on the door after getting his voice changer out.

“Who is it?” One of them call.

“I’m the prostitute sent for uhhhh Tomura Shigaraki? Do I have the right place?” His voice is much higher than before with the technologies help. He tries his best to sound incompetent. All Might and the rest of the forces tense uncomfortably, staring at Izuku like he's insane. There’s some howling laughter from inside, along with Shigaraki yelling something about it not being true. Regardless, the door opens.

“Oni.” Shigaraki greets. “I didn’t think you’d show up this soon.” Yet he makes no move to slam the door in his face.

“I don’t care about your goals or what you feel. I just want Shinsou.”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

“He’s my brother.” Shigaraki hums, resting a finger on his chin. He turns around.

“We’ll talk. My Sensei would also like a chat.” He looks over his shoulder at Izuku. “Close the door behind you, heat costs too much for you to let it out like that.”

“My bad.” Izuku hums, before diving out of the way so All Might can wreck the wall.

“What the fuck-” Dabi braces himself before looking at Izuku and running in the opposite direction. *You were with the League?!*

“MMM!” there’s muffled yelling near him. Izuku looks up and sees Toshi strapped to a chair with metal around his face. *Did they put a fucking Muzzle on him!? I’m going to kill them.* Izuku rushes over and undoes his restraints and takes the muzzle off. The heroes fight while he gets Toshi. The muzzle resists being taken off for a moment with how imbedded the metal is into his skin. “I knew you would save me.” Toshi begins crying, leaning into Izuku’s hug.

“I need you to stay strong a little longer and escape. I’m blowing up the building and I just need you out of here.” Toshi blinks at him while nodding a bit.

“I- Uh, Oni, what about the heroes?”

“ *Fuck* the heroes.” Izuku curses, flinching at the face of shock he briefly saw from Toshi. The heroes are fighting, yelling. Izuku doesn’t

comprehend any of it, just the sound of Toshi's voice and how he cries for joy.

A hand settles on his shoulder as they escape.

"Where are you going with my friend?!" A girl their age whines, attempting to stab at them. Izuku rolls his eyes and gets his Bo staff out, pushing Toshi behind him.

"You should've let me leave." He breathes, narrowing his eyes on his target. The girl kicks his utility belt, and he winces as he sees the detonator hit the ground. *Please don't step on it, you maniac bitch.*

"Why's that-" Izuku knocks her last knife away and smiles. He rams the Bo staff towards her midsection, not caring when it goes through her. She screams out in pain as he removes it and kicks her face with a spin. He can feel the ribs cracking against the staff. The villain hits the ground and grabs at her bleeding abdomen. "What kind of hero are you?!" She cries.

Izuku helps Toshi up and returns to the girl.

"I don't recall saying I'd ever be a hero."

They manage to escape out the back entrance and make a break for the van. *Shit I forgot the detonator!* It doesn't matter. He can hunt them down in his free time and torture them one by one.

Before they reach the van, a figure drops down from a nearby building and steps out the shadows. Toshi sucks in a breath and finds the will to run faster.

“*Dad!*" He crashes into Eraser’s arms, the man hugging him back just as hard.

“I’m so sorry.” Eraser mumbles into Toshi’s hair. “Are you hurt?”

“Just my face, I’m fine.” Toshi insists. *You look like you haven’t had food or water in days.* Eraserhead takes his goggles off and takes a step back from Toshi, towards Izuku. He grabs Izuku and pulls him into the hug.

The three of them hug for a very long time.

“Why am involved in this hug?” Izuku asks, not happy to be in between them.

“You’re my kid too, now shut the fuck up and just *let me have this.* ” Eraser says almost too quietly to him to hear. Izuku stills, unsure what to do with this information. He knows how broken Eraserhead was at the hospital too. After he woke up, his eyes were bloodshot and his hands were shaking. It was obvious he was trying to give Izuku space instead of smother him. Eraserhead lets go of them and turns. “We have to get out of here. Izuku, I’m assuming this is your van?” Eraserhead starts getting into the driver’s side.

“I don’t feel so well-” Toshi starts, cutting himself off by vomiting a strange black liquid. It surrounds him. Eraserhead gets out the car and sprints towards them. Toshi starts disappearing. *It’s a motherfucking warp quirk?!* He grabs onto Toshi and gets the liquid on him too. As they disappear completely, they hear Eraserhead scream in heartbreak.

Chapter End Notes

Seriously, next chapter is almost done and I'm excited! So for Scooby and gang, Fred and Daphne don't have visible quirks. Fred is 'ghost detection' he can sense when a ghost is nearby but that's literally it. cant see or hear them. its just,,,,,, 'oh hey theres a ghost over there'
Daphne is 'Jack of All Trades", where she is average at anything she tries, and always seems to have an oddly specific set of talents for the situation
Insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello
I DO have a youtube channel, but I lost the footage for my first vid. I just rerecorded and all I have to do is edit and BOOM donzo!: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Kamino II: Revenge of the Oni

Chapter Summary

Kamino II: Revenge of the Oni

Chapter Notes

am I sorry for any emotional trauma I cause? No not at all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They hit the ground hard, getting up to find they're surrounded by villains falling out of the same substance they did. All Might falls out of a puddle too. At the end of the lot stands a man in a suit. *Why the fuck is he wearing a suit, how is that practical?!*

"All Might, rude of you not to introduce me to your friend." The man laughs, gesturing to Izuku. All Might turns and sees them with a furious frown. *He's mad that we're here, he has to hold back while fighting.*

"I never said we were friends, Bozo." Izuku calls, standing protectively between him and Toshi.

"Oni, Shinsou, leave while you can." All Might calls. "You don't know who this is." Even the villains seem to be wary of this man. *Oh, it's him.*

"All for One, right?" Izuku calls, every head in the vicinity turning towards him.

"You know who I am?" All for One asks with the smallest of frowns.

“You’re a legend in the underground. The only being I think All Might would be so worried about.”

“Yet you choose to sass me.” The man scoffs. “You’re a *child.* What is it do you think you’ll accomplish by being here?” Suddenly, he laughs, “Don’t tell me *you’re* this great being Shinsou put so much faith into. It’s comedic, how underwhelming you are.”

“If I’m so underwhelming, then why are you wasting your time with a monologue? Kick my ass and be done with it.” He snickers, walking towards him. He puts a hand behind his back and fingerspells.

Toshi, knife on ground. Escape. Don’t wait for me.

He approaches the man and gets up in his face.

“Kill me.” Izuku demands.

“.....What?” All For One seems genuinely confused.

“If you kill me, you’ll get to live. I don’t want there to be *anything* left of you when I’m done.”

“All Might, don’t tell me this is your successor? I thought Nana was bad at picking people.” All Might shakes with anger.

“Oni, leave. You’re a child.” All Might pleads.

“I know why you’re *really* asking me to leave. Don’t hold back, I can handle it. Now, All for One. May I interest you in a new product called Death? For you, it’s free of charge.”

Toshinori can’t watch this. How this child attacks All For One with his all, only to be killed and get up again. This kid *knows* who stands before him and chooses to fight for Shinsou. For his family. Toshinori surely would do the same, if he had family left.

Toshinori shields Oni from a powerful blast, yelling at him to go. Buildings level around them, countless lives are taken, and he feels like he’s barely made any progress.

It’s so long since this fight has begun, and neither of them have made a dent. Gran Torino has been downed, and Shinsou managed to escape. Oni took care of most of the League. Several of them seem to have fatal or near-fatal wounds from Oni. Dabi, the fire villain, hasn’t even tried to harm Oni.

Like they have some sort of prior relationship.

He can feel the embers of One for All slowing, how it gets just a bit harder to use with every hit. His body can't handle this power like before. Toshinori is scared that this legacy will end with him. That Nana lost her life for nothing. She saved a pathetic person who can’t save even a single child. A child who’s fighting with more vigor than he can physically give.

I’m pathetic. I used to be better.

All for One mocks him in an attempt to rile him up, and Toshinori isn’t sure who’s more disappointed in the lack of performance on his

part.

The Symbol of Peace is going to die without accomplishing his life's purpose.

All for one appears to be a bit worn out as well, falling back on his drawback-heavy quirks now.

"Haven't you had enough?!" All for One yells at Oni, blasting away the child and into a building. There's a large cracking sound, but moments later he emerges from the rubble and tries again. "Did you *stab* me?" The man seems more shocked than mad. This vigilante looks death in the eyes and stabs it. It's insane but it's working. "And *you.* All Might, where is that winning smile your sorry Master died protecting? Don't tell me I've wiped it off your face this early." Despite the pain of his words, Toshinori laughs.

"You simply don't deserve to see my lovely smile." He yells back, wanting to laugh some more when he sees Oni give him a thumbs up for snarking.

"Is that so? I sincerely hope you can smile about this." He raises a hand and rubble moves with it. "Take your time, I'll wait here. I'll give, say, five minutes before assuming you've died." A building lifts into the air, just as it's thrown at Toshinori and Oni.

Toshinori almost doesn't wake up if it weren't for Oni gently slapping his face. He can't move, pinned down by just enough rubble to hold him still. It forces him into his True Form, but Oni doesn't say a word.

“Can you move?” The boy asks, looking around. Dust floats in the air, surrounding them and locking the two into this moment.

“No, I can’t say that I can, my boy.” Oni hums. “Please, just leave me and save yourself. He’ll kill you.” Toshinori tries to plead, being startled when Oni laughs.

“He’s already killed me like, seven times so far. Doing it again won’t change my mind. He hurt my family, so I’m going to hurt him.”

“It’s not…. What led you to this life?” Toshinori wonders allowed, getting a head tilt.

“I can’t remember.”

“You can’t..?”

“Recently I’ve gotten some uh, head trauma. My noggin has been pretty fucked up and I can’t remember shit.” Oni moves to try and get the rubble off of Toshinori, ultimately failing. Civilian blood litters the ground and cement.

“Please leave me. I’m going to die here and I can’t have him take you too. I won’t let another child be hurt because of me.”

“….What child? What’s his name?” *What?*

“Izuku. He’ll be a great hero. In another life, we probably get along much better. I probably wasn’t as much as a bonehead. If… If I could,

I'd spend my last breaths apologizing for all the pain I've caused him." Oni shifts on his feet, looking around.

"I'll leave, but I want to save as many as I can." Toshinori nods in understanding. He has a thought.

"Oni, may I ask something extremely important of you?"

"S-Sure?"

With a shaking hand, Toshinori rips a hair from his head and holds it up. He's tearing up.

"Many people have died wielding the quirk I possess. It is called One for All. I am deathly afraid of letting it die with me. You can either inherent my power by eating this DNA, or you can save the hair for someone you deem worthy and pass down my story. You can find anything by finding my apartment from my name. It's-"

"Toshinori Yagi, I know." Toshinori's rambling is cut short by Oni. *He knows who I am.* Oni's hands shake as he reaches up slowly and grabs his mask, pulling it off his face. There's a pitiful smile and eyes that reflect Toshinori's even more pitiful expression.

“Midoriya…” It makes so much sense. All of Aizawa’s warnings, the behavior. All of it makes sense and it breaks his heart. He remembers Aizawa’s request as Midoriya moves to eat the hair. He cups his hands around Midoriya’s. “I’m sorry, but you can’t. I can’t hurt you any more than I have. Just go. *Please* just live.”

Midoriya moves back and smiles at Toshinori. The most genuine expression he’s ever gotten from the boy.

“It’s okay, All Might…

I don't remember a thing."

Despite Toshinori begging him not to eat the hair, the boy does. He can't help but will One for All to pass over to him. A last minute attempt to make sure he doesn't die the pathetic man he is.

"Now, how do I use this?" Midoriya asks, putting the mask back on and looking at his body.

"Do not use the full power. It needs to digest or allow your body to absorb even a fraction of my DNA to work-"

"Got it." Midoriya punches into the air, grunting at how his arm explodes into ribbons, before it heals itself. *His natural quirk is much faster now.* A news helicopter moves out the wave of surging air pressure and away from them. *He did it on purpose.* "I think, there was a time in my life where you were my favorite hero. I don't think the old me would want you to die." Midoriya uses One for All to get the rubble off of him. "My Regeneration gives me a faster metabolism, so your quirk worked pretty fast.

"Please don't use it's full power, my boy. No sane person should be able to witness a child continually maim himself for others."

"All for One would. Here's the plan." *There's a plan?* Midoriya helps All Might to his feet, pulling an arm around his shoulder as support. "I can use the full power of your quirk and this bullshit drawback just fine. You sit and look pretty and when the fight is over and the helicopter comes back, *you* strike a pose. *You* say you saved the day. *You* take credit."

"....Why, my boy?"

“The people can’t see someone stronger than their Symbol. I can’t be the one to take that away from them.” With that, the vigilante known as Oni runs off towards death before Toshinori can even reach out.

I feel so alive. Izuku’s fast enough to weave between All for One’s hits.

“Did All Might perish? Or is he so weak that a child must fight in his place?” All for One mocks, hitting him into the ground. Izuku bounces back up to his feet, having the time of his life. In all honesty, he could end this right here and now. He’s actively choosing not to. *Why the fuck is the quirk passed down by consuming DNA?* He’s really interested in the history of this quirk, wondering how much of these rumors have been true.

“Oh yeah, he straight up died. Just fucking, exploded.”

“Can’t you be serious for two seconds?! Who let you get in here?”

“Um, no need for the sass, young man.” Izuku coos, jumping on All for One’s back and strangling him with One for All. *If I use too much, it’ll turn my bones to oatmeal and make it hard to get a solid strangle.* All for One flies back and slams Izuku into the wall, causing him to throw up.

“I’m going to kill you.” All for One murmurs, wiping vomit off of him.

“Then why haven’t you?”

“Is this a game?” The Big Bad Villain doesn’t seem to know how to handle someone who just can’t care enough to take it seriously. By the looks of it, All for One has had nothing but deathly serious enemies who think of this as life or death. Now, he's facing someone who doesn't care how many times he dies.

“Yeah, kind of.” Izuku draws a fist back when he hears the helicopter in the distance. “Well, it was nice playing with you-” *He has a quirk that’s been reversing damage. This has to be fake.* He swings a big fist and watches All for One smile.

“You see, I have a quirk that can turn back all damage and inflict it onto the wielder of the destruction, you’ve led to…..your….own… What have you done?” It seems All for One is realizing it’s not working.

“Don’t you know the name of the story? My body isn’t the only thing I can Regenerate. I can Regenerate fate, too. That means your ass gets kicked in *every* timeline, fuckface.” Izuku now uses his new quirk and uppercuts All for One, disorienting him enough to kick him into the ground.

He’s unconscious.

He sprints over to where All Might sits and grabs his hand, pulling him back to the scene.

“You did it.” All Might weakly smiles, “Better than I could’ve ever.”

“You’re right. Now, the ‘copter is coming back. Look pretty for the camera. I’m escaping while I can.”

“Thank you. For everything.” All Might calls after Izuku. Izuku hops over the fence and finds his way into a plaza. Hundreds of people are gathered, watching the big screen and the live footage of Kamino. Other screens show playbacks of Izuku and All Might fighting.

The crowd sees his torn costume, green fabric red and brown from the fight. They stare as Izuku walks through the crowd.

Then they cheer.

They yell for Izuku, and turn their attention to the screen where All Might holds a singular fist in the air. People all around him cry. Izuku doesn’t cry at all. *I don’t think I’ve ever really been a crybaby, have I?*

“Oni!” Yelling catches his attention and arms tightly wrap around him.

“Toshi.” He cries. *Fine, maybe I was a crybaby after all.* They hug for a long time before Toshi speaks.

“Uh, Izuku?” He whispers, making him look at the screen. All Might points to the camera, tired look in his eyes.

“My days as a hero are over. This was my last battle. Things have changed and I’m sorry but…. Whether you like it or not…

You’re next.”

Chapter End Notes

On my discord server we voted for this chapters story! 'urine smuggling stories' won against 'the time I actually thought I was psychic' 24 to 19
so
I do a lot of odd jobs for people. I take pride in being a jack of all trades. I've done a lot of shit, so people are surprised I don't smoke anything. Why?
because I can be paid to take drug tests for people
its rare that I do it, but I have

once I was offered a LOT of money for a drug test. a suspicious amount. so I asked what the catch was. usually its to help people keep their jobs and things like that. it was probably like that, right? no

it was the decider of whether or not they could get a life-saving surgery they needed.

they were almost nicotine free. they proved it. after talking to enough connections in the medical field, they confirmed that yes if someone got that surgery with that low a level of nicotine, theyd be fine. so I did it

the problem was: hospital urine tests have to be a specific temp. they'll know. I cant just give it to them and be done. the room theyd be in where they took it had no entry or exits for me. So I had to get creative. I bought an at-home drug test kit and put it into a cheap purse and entered the hospital. I took the test and now the only issue was keeping it warm enough. you know those hand warmer packs people use in winter? yeah. those. the whole purse was filled. then it was a matter of making sure nothing spilled. stuffed the extra space with paper towels and hid the purse in the bathroom and left.
they got it. they passed. they got the surgery and to this day are fairly healthy.
um. now that that's over..... follow me on insta and tumblr!
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

> I sincerely forgot I have to handle SOME of the aftermath, not just jump straight into fluff/fun stuff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi leans against Izuku as they watch the crowds cheer for joy. All Might is no more, and he looks to his friend expecting some sort of joy at that. *Any* sort of emotion from looking at All Might…. But he doesn't get it. He doesn't get anything.

His legs give out and Izuku grabs him.

"Hey, you okay, Toshi?" He asks, checking him over for wounds.

"I'm uh… Yeah. I just haven't been eating all that much." Hitoshi's eyes linger to the hand around his shoulder and he feels sick. He swallows it down and shuts his eyes.

"I'm going to kill every last one of them." Izuku breathes. When Hitoshi opens his eyes, he sees the conviction in Izuku's and feels worried for the safety of others. Not the league, but anyone who stands in their way. "We should get you to-"

"HITOSHI! ONI!" The yelling grabs their attention. At the back of the crowd stands Dad, severely out of breath. *How far did were we teleported from him?* He cuts through the crowd and tackles the boys into a hug. *I can't breath, Dad, you're killing me.* "Please don't disappear from me again. I can't take it."

The words are so sincere and out of character that the two can't bring

themselves to say anything. Even Izuku can't find a way to sass him.

"We need to bring Hitoshi to a hospital." Dad says after a few minutes. "Let's go."

The way to the hospital is quiet, a little tense. Hitoshi watches Izuku's every move and wonders what's different. They're in the van Izuku said he stole, allowing the two of them to change into some clean clothes. When Izuku takes his mask off, he feels sick.

"That scar is from…?" Hitoshi trails, staring that the star-shaped mark.

"Yeah." Izuku breathes, confirming. In all honestly, Izuku doesn't seem too beaten up about being shot in the head. Hitoshi thinks that maybe Izuku's waiting to be alone with Hitoshi to talk about everything. Until then, Izuku seems content to just be huddled up against Hitoshi as Dad drives. Dad keeps looking at them from the rearview, like he's scared they'll disappear all over again.

Hitoshi feels like he might disappear too.

Izuku's tucked himself into the crook of Hitoshi's neck, already asleep. If Hitoshi still wasn't so on guard, he might've fallen asleep too. *Izuku's so warm. Like he's on fire… why?* His body is practically buzzing, but he can't figure out why.

At the hospital, they have a hard time prying Izuku off of Hitoshi, even in his sleep. In the end, Dad ends up having to carry Izuku on his back while they bring Hitoshi into a room. The doctor's poke and prod at him, thoroughly checking for any injuries. Then they have the on-hand therapist ask him some questions, most likely in preparation to police questioning. Dad sits in the corner of the room with Izuku

draped over his lap, still dead asleep.

It's odd. They'd think Izuku would still be alert and ready to attack anyone who get's too close to Hitoshi. So, what's going on?

The nurses bring him food, and he looks at it and feels nauseous.

"I can't eat it." Hitoshi mutters. "I can't. Please don't make me eat it." The doctor looks at him for a long moment.

"We won't make you do anything you don't want to. Are you able to tell us why?"

"I'm... " He looks over to make sure Izuku is still asleep. "The only time the villains fed me, it was slop. I was almost done with the bowl when they told me…" He tries not to spiral. "They told me it was a human hand I was eating. Then I found the fingers in it to prove it." Dad stiffens in his chair.

"I see…" He doesn't want that pitiful look. "Would it make you feel better if you watched us make the food?"

"A little. Is it okay if I get food from the vending machines?" *They're packaged and airtight. They can't mess with it. It's safe.* The doctor nods and looks to Dad, who is probably going to be the one paying. Dad gently sets Izuku on the chair and accompanies him down the hall. When they're alone, Dad sets a hand on his shoulder.

"Do you know who's hand it was?" It feels like an odd question, but they both know it can mean a lot.

“During USJ they took Izuku’s hand.” That’s all he needs to say. They have a wall of several vending machines. Hitoshi goes through and picks out food and drinks that have no way of being tampered with. “Hey, Dad?”

“Yeah?”

“What… What happened to Izuku?” Dad stills, eyes looking haunted before he blinks away the expression.

“I think you have to ask him that before I tell you anything. It’s up to you two if you want to share your experiences.” Hitoshi nods.

“When is Zashi coming?” Dad smiles at him.

“When he can get away from the media. He took my place in the diversion to allow me to come out and fight. “ Dad answers, helping him carry food back to their room. They got enough for everyone, so they won’t have to keep leaving for more. Dad brings Izuku over to Hitoshi’s bed and sets him down. He’s small enough to fit on the bed without taking up too much room.

“I can’t believe Izuku and All Might teamed up.” He breathes. “I thought I might’ve actually died because I’d never see the day that happens.” Hitoshi jokes, getting a huff of amusement from Dad.

“I’m sure there’s a lot of questions.” Dad agrees, catching a juice pouch Hitoshi tosses to him.

Once Zashi came in and hugged the hell out of Hitoshi, they stayed together in the room and talked most of the night. Dad and Zashi were called out for hero business, leaving Izuku and Hitoshi alone. Izuku is still asleep, even though it's been hours.

"Izuku?" He pinches his brother's cheek, waking him a bit. "Izuku, are you sick or something?"

"No.." Izuku trails, eyes fluttering open.

"You've been asleep for over twelve hours."

"Holy shit." Izuku chuckles, sitting up and immediately eating some of the vending machine food scattered around the bed.

"You've also been burning up this whole time." Hitoshi points out. Izuku hums, setting a hand on either side of Hitoshi's face, staring.

"I've missed you so much, Toshi." He reminds.

"You know, I'd maybe feel flattered if you didn't have a *mouth full of food.* " Hitoshi scolds, pushing Izuku off of him while the other laughs. "You and All Might teamed up, huh?" Usually, they'd wait for them to get over some of the recent trauma, but they've been through so much together that trauma has just become part of their balanced diet.

"You have no idea." Izuku's voice is quiet and tense, but not upset.

“Before I ask what that means, I want to know why you’ve been acting differently.” *They haven’t told me anything yet.* Izuku stiffens, before forcing the tension out of his shoulders. *On the way here, Izuku changed his shirt. I didn’t see his mom’s ring around his neck.*

“I was scared you’d ask that. Someone named Hisashi Midoriya shot me in the head at the camp, Eraser said. I don’t remember.” *‘Someone named’? What the hell?* “When I woke up, they asked me who I was. They were upset I didn’t say Mikumo. I don’t know who that is.” *They found out he's Mikumo, huh?*

“You don’t remember who you are?”

“I remember who I am! Izuku Midoriya! It’s just that… apparently, I wasn’t always Izuku. Bakugou got super pissed off and yelled at me over everything.” *Bakugou. Not Kacchan?*

“What’s your opinion on All Might?” Hitoshi asks, only getting a shrug as a response. So, he’s completely indifferent to the man.

“You remember me though, right?” *Completely?*

“Of course!” Izuku chuckles.

“That’s good to hear. Maybe you just forgot some small things about me? We’ll find out. I just hope your didn’t forget anything important about me.”

“I remember the most important thing, Toshi.” Izuku’s voice is calm.

“What’s that?”

“I remember that I love you.”

Izuku feels the thrumming of energy under his skin. Hyperaware of the foreign quirk his body hasn’t fully decided if it’ll keep. A good distraction is the way Toshi’s face turns red as Izuku tells him the truth.

“I remember that I love you.”

“God, have you always been that mushy?” Toshi laughs loudly, genuinely smiling. “But, I love you too, *I guess. ” You guess? You fuckin’ guess?* “So, what happened after I escaped?”

Izuku holds a hand up, focusing on the energy. Green lightning crackles around his hand, and Toshi bolts upright in bed, gawking at him.

“Izuku?”

“I got a new quirk.” Those words cause Toshi to scramble out of bed and shut the door.

“What do you *mean* you got a new quirk?” He’s panicked but intrigued. “Was it All for One?” *What? Did Toshi talk to that jackass while he was there?*

“No. I actually got it from All Might.” *Wow, who knew your jaw could hit the ground that fast.*

“He gave you a quirk..?”

“No, He gave me *his* quirk. Apparently it’s something passed down from generation to generation. He thought he was going to die, so he gave it to me to keep safe. I kicked All for One’s ass and made him pretend he did it.”

“So All Might’s final pose and shit was fake, and all your idea?” Izuku nods, “Iconic.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Wait, wait! So that speech was definitely for you?! You’re next. You’re like, the next All Might!”

“I’m not a hero.”

“You don’t have to be a Symbol of Peace. But you’re definitely a Symbol of *something.* ” Izuku hums as Toshi rambles on. “I’ve got it.”

“What?”

“Freedom.”

"....Freedom?" *Where is he going with this?*

"Everything you've ever done, you've been free to do so. You do what you want when you want, taking down anyone who tries to stop you. Izuku, you're the Symbol of Freedom."

School's gotten a week off, allowing students to rest from the villain attack and deal with the loss of All Might's career as a hero. It's hitting everyone a lot harder than Izuku thought it would.

The only person who knows about this new quirk so far is Toshi. He hasn't even told Eraser. Luckily, all cameras really were gone during the end of Kamino. They only came back when it was safe to.

Eraser and Hizashi have been smothering Izuku and Toshi lately, and well, they don't mind all that much.

Everyone's noticed that Toshi refuses to eat anything that isn't packaged. If there's no seal on it, he won't eat it. It worries Izuku.

"You kids ready to go?" Hizashi calls, arm around Eraser.

"Yeah." They answer, getting ready to leave.

They've been doing fun activities lately, to try and take everyone's mind off what happened. Today they're doing paintball.

While choosing teams before leaving, Eraser refused to be on the team against Izuku. He never said why, but everyone understands it's because he can't bare to hold a gun to Izuku, even if it's not real.

The night Izuku came home to get spare clothes for Toshi, he went upstairs to see Eraser and Hizashi's bedroom door slightly open. On the bed laid Eraser curled up on Hizashi's side, having a full breakdown. He only held it together long enough to see the boys safe.

Hizashi saw Izuku, but Eraser didn't. Later on, Izuku was told that Eraserhead hasn't cried in around eight years. That the events of the past few days have utterly broken him time and time again. After he finished crying, he fell asleep. By the time he woke up, he was back to his usual self. It was…. Reassuring.

On the car ride to the paintball place, Izuku obnoxiously sings "Prom Queen" by Beach Bunny while kicking Eraserhead's seat.

"Kid, knock it off." Eraser warns. Izuku keeps on singing. "I'm going to kill you."

"Do it, coward." Izuku teases, getting slapped by the capture weapon around his neck.

"I'll turn this car around." Hizashi jokes.

Once there, they have to put on the paintball gear and get fully suited up. They're even allowed to choose what kind of guns they'd like to use! Izuku and Hizashi use two pistols, Toshi uses a shotgun, and Eraserhead uses a sniper rifle and one pistol.

“You know how to use a sniper rifle?” Izuku asks while they walk to their territory.

“I’ve done a lot of things in my life, you brat.” Eraserhead yawns. Izuku’s actually a bit happy to see Eraser slowly getting back to normal. The scream the man made when he and Toshi disappeared unsettled Izuku to no end.

“So have I, you homeless fucker.”

“For the last time, you *live* in my home.”

“Prove it.” Izuku gets hit upside his head and then tripped.

“Don’t think I haven’t noticed you acting even weirder lately. Besides the deal with your memory. You’re being strange.”

“Well, a teenage vigilante isn’t exactly normal-”

“Izuku I swear to god I’ll commit mutiny and shoot you myself.”

“As if you could, dickwad.”

It’s true, he has been acting strange lately. Just because he’s trying to figure out the new quirk he has. He’s even been meeting up with All Might now that the man’s out of the hospital. He keeps hearing about how he should hate All Might, that he crushed Izuku’s dreams.

Izuku wants them to understand it was *Mikumo* whose dreams were shattered. It shouldn't matter now that Mikumo is gone. From what he's been told, no one should even miss the kid Mikumo was.

The only theory All Might had about why Izuku slept for so long is because of how he manifested the quirk. It's never taken such a short time for someone to be able to use it. Izuku's body wasn't properly used to it before he started firing off hit after hit. He has used it since then, but never experienced that kind of sleep after the first time.

One thing is painfully clear: How lonely All Might has been without a family. It's obvious how badly he wants a child to take care of. It's sad, really. To Izuku, it's almost like he's waited his whole life to have a successor that he can also be a father figure to. Like everything else in his life, he didn't get what he wanted.

"Are you listening?" Eraser kicks his shin, tripping him again. "The round just started and I really don't plan on losing."

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were taking this shit seriously. Izuku laughs, watching Eraserhead climb up into a tree to camp.

"I am, because it's basically stealth training. Now stop blabbering and go shoot my husband and son." *Who knew you could make that kind of joke so soon.* Izuku still does as told, sneaking off towards the sound of Hizashi's voice. Out of Toshi and Hizashi, the latter is most likely to talk and giveaway location in a fun setting like this.

"-Where do you think Izuku and Dad are?" Toshi's voice is quiet, but not enough. Izuku uses One for All in his legs to jump to the top of a nearby tree, ignoring the fractures now plaguing his legs. *It's made my regeneration a lot faster.* Some sick part of Izuku wants to test out just

how far he can go with his boosted healing factor.

He aims down, one gun at Toshi and the other at Hizashi. The moment they stop to get a look around, he fires one at Hizashi then Toshi. If he had fired at Toshi first, Hizashi might have enough time to react. Following that, Eraserhead snipes them too.

“This is *not* a fair match up!” Toshi yells in no particular direction.

“Maybe so.” Izuku yells back, shooting him again. Toshi seizes up and hits the ground, convulsing. Panicking, Izuku jumps down to check if he’s alright. He turns over Toshi’s body only to be met with his signature lazy grin. He fires at Izuku with the shotgun, splattering paint all over him.

“Gotcha.” Toshi winks.

“Fuck. You.”

Chapter End Notes

> not too long ago I did lasertag for the first time. I had my life threatened by a girl who was mad because I got 37 'kills' in less than 10 minutes, and physically wouldn't give them the chance to shoot me. When I told her I'd never played before, and didn't know it was considered rude to completely DESTROY them, she got super pissed lmao
>
> OOOO GUESS WHAT: I mentioned making a youtube channel, and I did! I just posted a video called "9/21/12: A tale of tragedy and soggy pants" which is a story! I will make other, more varied videos, but If there's some bullshit you want me to try, literally just tell me to. I can't decide whether next will be 'teaching myself how to dance' , 'if Family Matters' were a horror movie', or 'fuck you I put mustard in my mac and cheese and heres why: cook with me' or shit like that lmao

YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZbtKctFb7WQ&t=
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

Katsuki And Izuku go s-s-s-shopping

Chapter Notes

whoopsie, shorter chapter this time!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuk isn't happy. He's not happy at all. Don't get him wrong, he was at some point, but it's gone down hill pretty fucking fast.

"Katsuki?" Ei asks over the phone, concern lacing his voice. "You okay, bro?"

"We talked about this Ei, calling me bro after calling me a Katsuki with a cuteass tone of voice is weird." Katsuki plops down onto his bed, rolling his eyes.

"My B. So, what do you say?"

"Fine, I'll do it. I'll text you what he says." *Only because I can somehow sense you giving puppy dog eyes through the damn phone.*

A double date. What the fuck did he get himself into? So, he might have let it slip to Ei that Deku actually has a boyfriend. Maybe Ei thinks he meant Shinsou? Either way, no one knows about Deku and Icy Hot. Well, Ei is reliable. He knows when to shut the hell up and keep a secret. Katsuki takes a few deep breaths before any more regret sets in.

Katsuki:

You busy, nerd?

Oni:

Ya

Katsuki:

Doing what?

Oni:

Fucking your mom, hbu?

Katsuki debates blocking Deku and telling Ei he said no.

Katsuki:

Can you be a decent fucking person for two seconds

Oni:

…..No? What kind of question is that?

Katsuki:

Shut up. Literally just shut up. You and Icy Hot are going on a double date with me and Ei.

Oni:

You say that like I have no choice?

Katsuki:

You don't. Listen, I mentioned you have a BF but I didn't say who. You can either bring Shinsou and fake it, or Icy Hot and think of an excuse. It's gonna be at a fancy ass restaurant.

Oni:

I'll bring Shouto.

Just like that? The hell?

Katsuki:

You're not going to look like a homeless fucking creep like your Dad, so come over to my place and I'll get clothes for you.

It's about all the human decency Katsuki can manage in one day. Deku sends back a thumbs up emoji and goes offline. Katsuki sends Ei a text saying they'll come too. Twenty minutes pass by and there's a knock on his window. Katsuki turns to see Oni attached to his window like a fucking spider. Rolling his eyes, he opens it.

"Why the fuck did you come like this?!" Katsuki yells, glad his parents are at work.

"I was on patrol when you texted me. I just sent Eraserhead and Shouto a text to explain what's up." In the costume, Katsuki can see his frame a bit more clearly. *Fuck, my clothes might be way too big for him.* "Yo, Bakugou, why are you checking me out right now?" Katsuki clocks Deku in the jaw, getting a laugh out the boy.

“Again, it’s *Kacchan.* Whether you like it or not, you have an act to keep up. Also, I wasn’t checking you out, you freak! I was wondering if we had to go buy some clothes for you to wear.”

“Probably. For now, let me borrow some civilian clothes.”

“I don’t know why, but you calling me a civilian really pisses me off, Deku.”

“ *Kacchan,* please, be civil-” Deku gets pinned to the ground.

“Don’t you fucking dare.” Katsuki hisses, getting up and throwing clothes at him. Deku immediately begins stripping down, causing Katsuki to avert his eyes. “Deku, we have a bathroom, you fucking weirdo.” Katsuki sees himself out of his own bedroom to let Deku change.

“I’m hiding my suit under your bed!” Deku yells through the door. “Be a good boy and make some lunch, will ya?”

“We’re going to literally get food! Fuck off!” Katsuki screams, kicking the door. Apparently, the memories of being Mikumo were what kept Deku at least a *little* humane. Now, he’s a fucking maniac. He’d never admit it, but Katsuki doesn’t really mind it as much as people’d think.

“Don’t tell me to fuck off.” Deku mumbles, coming into the kitchen and going through Katsuki’s cabinets.

“Oi, stop that. We’ll stop somewhere for a snack if you leave my groceries the hell alone.”

“Good!” Deku cheers, walking out of the house without Katsuki. Once he catches up to Deku, they walk towards one of the busier blocks. Hopefully, he doesn’t have to babysit the nerd. “So, am I going to wear a suit or something?”

“Nah, we agreed on stuff like dress shirt and jeans.”

“You called him Ei.” Deku points out with a dumb grin.

“Shut. The fuck. Up.” Katsuki warns, ready to throw a punch.

“It’s cute!” Deku stops midstep, looking up.

Katsuki follows his gaze and sees a large screen replaying what footage it got of All Might and Deku fighting. The world wants to know if Oni can actually be a hero. If this mean All Might approves of him.

“I don’t know what to do.” Deku mutters, averting his eyes from the screen the crowds of people watch. “I’m not a hero.”

“We fuckin’ know.”

“No, you don’t! *You* know I’m not a hero. Those masses of people think I’m one of the good guys now. I know I live to disappointed but *Jesus,* I can’t do it.”

“Why can’t you?” The question causes Deku to stare at him with a panicked expression, before he swallows whatever emotion that was.

“I don’t do this shit for good or evil. I know I had an actual reason. I just…”

“Can’t remember the purpose.” Katsuki offers, getting a nod.

“I don’t know if I want to remember. If I want to know my reason. I don’t give a singular shit about letting people down, but I can’t take letting the people I actually care about down.” *That’s it. That’s the difference. He only cares for the people he remembers. Everyone else is just a fucking pawn in his game.* That’s what makes him more dangerous now. Civilians are no longer safe just because they’re civilians. Heroes are enemies to Deku whether they want to be or not.

“They’ll steer you in the right path.”

“Woah, Kacchan, are you being *nice* to me? Holy shit.” Deku gets tripped and hits the pavement, face planting. When he gets up, he sniff a bit. “Ah….Ah.. ACHOO!” Katsuki’s eyes widen as he sneezes, green lightning shooting around Deku a moment. Deku stares at his hands, not believing what happened either.

“The fuck was that?” Katsuki narrows his eyes, stepping closer. “That’s not your fucking quirk…” Deku tenses, taking a step back.

“You see, what had happened was-” Katsuki snatches the boy’s collar and throws him into the nearby alley.

“You tell a lie and I fucking kill you. What was that?!” Katsuki yells,

holding up a crackling hand, forgetting that Deku no longer has any care for being set aflame or burned. It's…. Concerning.

"I uh," Deku looks around, before swearing to himself and pulling Katsuki further into the alley. *He's checking for cameras.* "All Might retired." He starts suddenly.

Why? What does this have to do with anything?

"…What's your point, Deku?"

"All for One is about 200 years old. He can take a give other quirks. Except for one."

"All Might's?" Katsuki answers, trying to put this fucked up puzzle together.

"As it turns out, All Might got *his* quirk from someone else. He used to be quirkless. It was passed down to him-"

"Don't you fucking lie to me." Katsuki blurts out, feeling way too many emotions as he prepares to live a new truth. Katsuki feels something close to dread. *I hated this nerd for being quirkless, and you're telling me my fucking idol used to be quirkless?* Katsuki might need to sit down.

"Kacchan, All Might said he wouldn't survive. He *begged* me to take his quirk and keep it safe. He was terrified of letting it die with him." All Might being scared of something genuinely gives Katsuki chills. "So, I took it. I have two quirks right now. Only you, All Might, and Toshi knows. Not even Shouto."

“All Might knows Oni has his quirk, and is running around going batshit crazy?” Katsuki tries to clarify.

“No, I uh…. I took off my mask at Kamino to take it. He knows I’m Oni.” *Wait.*

“Deku, how did All Might react to you being *you?* ” Deku laughs at that a bit, as if remembering a fond memory rather than a historical event.

“He saw my face and begged me *not* to take his quirk. He kept- He kept going on about being sorry and that he can’t hurt me anymore than he has. I told him it’s chill, took it, and beat All for One’s ass while All Might rested.” There’s so much for Katsuki to process right now.

“All Might never had lightning though?”

“Lots of energy in a smaller body causes it to leak out, or whatever.” Deku shrugs walking back out of the alley and down the street.

“So, you make lightning because you’re short as fuck.” Katsuki laughs, giving Deku a noogie when he tries to retort.

They make it to one of the shops and go inside. Deku looks a bit overwhelmed. *Right, he’s never really shopped before.* Katsuki has recognized some of the shirts Deku wearing being from when they were in middle school, too small for him even with his lack of growth. Katsuki’s parents both work in the fashion industry, so he’s gotten some of their eye for what looks good. Well, the Muppet tie in Deku’s hand does *not* look good.

“Give me that, fuckin’ nerd.” Katsuki barks, snatching it and setting it back on the rack.

“But…. Kermit….”

“Say something stupid like that and I’ll make *you* Kermit.”

“What was that thing you mentioned once? Taking a swan dive off the roof?” Deku calls with a low tone of voice, aware it gets under Katsuki’s skin. *He doesn’t even remember. It’s not worth it.* In moments like this, Katsuki regrets telling the fuckface about their shitty past.

Would Katsuki have felt bad about their past if the nerd didn’t end up like this?

In his pocket, Katsuki’s phone buzzes.

Sparky:

Yo Kacchan! Who’s going on that double date with you? Kiri said that it was Midoriya but like,,,,,,,, he doesn’t have a mans, does he?

Katsuki:

Yeah, he does. It appears that everyone but you can get someone, Sparks A Lot.

Sparky:

Keep talking like that and I'll still your man

Sparky:

Sike, I want to live. Kinda?

Sparky:

So, who is Midoriya dating?? Shinsou?

Katsuki:

No. Don't ask, dunceface.

[Katsuki is offline]

"Kacchan, how 'bout this?" Deku holds up a dark green dress shirt and some black ripped jeans. It's actually not bad at all. "I picked out what you'd wear." *That makes a lot more sense.*

"Okay, you won't look like complete shit in it, so it's fine."

"I want more jewelry with it." Deku announces, going to the jewelry counter and talking to the employee. He's pointing through the glass at a few things. *Now that I think about it, since when did Deku start wearing that cuff on his ear?* On the nerd's left ear sits a green metallic cuff, as if to help balance out how much shorter his hair is.

"Oi, don't think I'm paying for you." Katsuki reminds with a punch to Deku's shoulder.

“I got all this covered.” Deku says, not hiding the $300 price tags on some of the jewelry he’s getting.

“You’re broke.”

“ *I* am, but Endeavor is not.” The laughs that Deku gives is the furthest thing from the old Deku Katsuki has ever heard. Another reminder that Mikumo is gone. He holds up a debit card that has ‘Enji Todoroki’ engraved in it.

“Deku, what the fuck?” Katsuki harshly whispers as they check out. Katsuki get a new chain, recalling Sparky and Ei saying he can pull off whatever the hell an ‘E-Boy Aesthetic’ is. Katsuki admits, it’s not a bad look for him.

They leave the store and walk back towards Katsuki’s house, stopping at a milkshake shop on the way.

“You stole Endeavor’s card?”

“He doesn’t need it.”

“Jesus, I’m with a fucking maniac.” Katsuki runs a hand through his hair.

“Willingly, might I add, *Kacchan.”*

Shouto got a text from Izu saying they're going on a double date with Bakugou and Kirishima. It's Shouto's first official date with Izu. Even if they're not alone, he's excited.

Not too long ago, Shouto might not have really known what it feels to be excited for something.

He was told it was going to be business casual? Dressy but not, something Shouto knows how to dress for. He's wearing a teal button up, rolled up to his elbows. His hair is parted a little bit more to the right, allowing more of his red to be covered up with white. His jeans are black.

He's very aware of the fact this means one of their classmates will find out they're dating. He'll leave explanations to Izu, in case he has some elaborate cover up story planned.

"Shouto, someone's here for you!" Fuyumi calls from the living room. Shouto thanks her as he approaches the door.

On the front steps stands Izu with a rose in his mouth, dressed up for the first time Shouto's met him. He has several different earrings on, and even a lip ring. He has a little bit of eyeliner too.

"Hey, Shouto." Izu greets, handing him the rose with a wink.

Shouto catches on fire.

Chapter End Notes

No story this chapter, but I think I know next chapter's story. Still

want entertainment? But not *good* entertainment? Look no further! I have g o d a w f u l c o n t e n t :
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8mi-ykIDbQE&t=2s
Y-You know the DRILL YO!
Insta: Jellofello22
Tumblr: Jello-fello
YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

EVERY TIME WE TOUCH I GET THIS FEELING
EVERY TIME WE KISS I SWEAR I COULD FLY

Chapter Notes

Um, listen,,,,,, I've gotten comments and also private messages asking me or T E L L I N G me to draw specific things for chapters. Here's the deal: I do what I want when I want, and if I don't feel like making a drawing, I won't.
BUT
lots of people make amazing fanart and I like leaving some of the fun stuff for other people to interpret
That said..... I made two drawings for this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eijirou hears knocking on his front door as he fixes his Crimson Riot bowtie.

“Honey, Katsuki’s here!” His Mom yells from downstairs, presumably getting the door.

“Oi, Shitty Hair, can I come in?” Katsuki asks through the door.

“Yeah!” The door to his bedroom slowly opens, as if Katsuki thinks it’s a trap. Rather than on Eijirou himself, Katsuki’s eyes zero in on the bowtie.

“Absolutely not.” He starts, marching over.

“But I love this tie!” Eijirou laughs, putting arms up to defend himself.

“It doesn’t match what you’re wearing at all! You look like a fucking mess!” Katsuki yells, the smile clearly affecting Eijirou’s ability to take him seriously.

“I look great and you know it!” All he gets is an eyeroll, meaning he’s backing off for now. That is, until he lowers his guard and gets tackled by Katsuki. Katsuki takes the bowtie off of him and puts it in his pocket. “Katsuki…” He whines, knowing he won’t get it back any time soon.

“I fuckin’ warned you.” His boyfriend chuckles, going through his draws to find another bowtie for him to wear. “Wear this, we can match and show up those nerds.” Katsuki tosses a black bowtie to Eijirou, to match his dark red dress shirt. Katsuki wears a black shirt but bright red bowtie. “Do you still have those suspenders?”

“You’re…. Going to wear suspenders?” Eijirou sputters at the thought. “What are you, Steve Urkel?”

“Shut it, they match the outfit and they can kick ass if used right.” *Right, because you’re going to make nunchucks out of them. Sure, Katsu, sure.* Still, Eijirou gets the suspenders for Katsuki, who puts them on without another word. “Uh, Ei?”

“What’s up?” Rather than answering him, Katsuki gets a phone out and points it at Eijirou, no doubt taking a video. The camera pans down, and Katsuki inhales as it gets closer to the floor, signaling what’s happening.

“WHAT ARE THOSE?!” Katsuki shouts, holding back a laugh.

“These….. Are my…. *Crocs.* ” Eijirou answers in the same tone from the vine. He’s acutely aware that anything the Bakusquad posts on twitter is destined to be viral, including any and all roasts of each other. *Can't believe we're famous as memes before being heroes.*

“Seriously, though, wear those on the date and I’ll force myself to choke to death.” Katsuki deadpans.

“Katsuki, you know I chronically dress like an idiot.”

“Yeah, but you’re *my* idiot, so I expect you to have at least *some* knowledge of fashion by now.”

“Boys! You’re going to be late!” Eijirou’s mom yells from downstairs, reminding them of the time.

“We should run. By the way, where’s your other mom right now?” Katsuki asks, grabbing Eijirou’s hand and leading him to the door.

“She’s working another double. There’s been a rise in crime since All Might… You know.. So the police have been giving out longer shifts to people who want them.” Katsuki nods, looking deep in thought. “Hey, is something the matter?”

“‘S nothing, Ei. Don’t worry about it.” Katsuki mumbles as they walk down the stairs.

“Shoot, honey, you forgot to do your hair!” Mom exclaims when seeing them turn the corner. *Oh, she’s right!* With a squeeze of Katsuki’s hand, he says he’ll be back. In the bathroom he brushes his hair and puts in some leave-in conditioner. After, he grabs a black

scrunchie from Mama's drawer and ties his hair back, a small side bang hanging over his forehead. Having his hair parted like this tells him it's almost time to re-dye it. Maybe Katsuki can help him next time?

Back out the bathroom, he returns to the kitchen, stopping when he hears them talking.

"-'m glad Eijirou found someone like you, you know? He affectionately calls you a gremlin, but it's obvious how happy you make him. I think he's balancing out you too." Mom tells Katsuki, who huffs in response.

"Let it be known, old lady, I'm going to marry the fuck out of your son." There's a long period of silence where no one speaks. "Or at least, I *thought* I would marry him, until I saw him in crocs."

Eijirou has to hold in a laugh.

"That's pretty fair, you've got a point." Mom agrees, causing Eijirou to storm into the kitchen.

"Mom!"

"What?! We told you no one like crocs!" She laughs, high-fiving Katsuki. Katsuki stares a moment, face turning slightly red.

"So, guess I can't call you Shitty Hair tonight, huh?" *He's blushing?! Do I actually look good? Oh my gosh.*

They leave for the restaurant.

Eijirou and Katsuki get out his Mom’s car, taking in the sight of the restaurant.

“Katsuki, this seems like the kind of place you’d get kicked out of for swearing too much.”

“I know when to watch my fuckin’ language, Ei.” *I really don’t know if that was a joke or not.* At the front doors of the restaurant stand Midoriya and…..

“Todoroki?” EIjirou asks, getting a look from Katsuki. Midoriya turns to face as they approach, and they can see he’s decked out in jewelry and-

“Deku, you’re wearing fuckin’ eyeliner?”

“Yeah? I’m a bad bitch, I know I look amazing, Bakugou.” Midoriya answers with a voice of authority Eijirou never heard from him before. He’s swearing, and calling him Bakugou. There’s a fresh scar over Midoriya’s forehead, Eijirou knows it's from the villain attack. *Something isn’t right.*

“Deku.” Katsuki sighs, reminding the other boy of something. Katsuki puts his hands up and signs to Midoriya. *Katsuki knows sign language?*

“Oh, sorry, Kacchan.” Midoriya apologizes with a wink.

“Hey, Todoroki!” Kirishima greets, getting a smile and nod from Todoroki.

“I think we might have to separate these two at some point.” Todoroki jokes. Todoroki *jokes.* Eijirou’s starting to feel like he stepped into a parallel universe.

“Wait, really?” Eijirou asks, wondering if he’s actually joking. He gets

a slow nod in response.

“Alright, losers, let’s go get some fuckin’ nom noms!” Eijirou turns prepared to remind Katsuki not to swear so much, but he turns and sees Midoriya with a… *kazoo* to his mouth, mimicking Katsuki’s voice.

“Deku, I swear to fucking god.” Katsuki sighs. Todoroki moves over and whispers something in Midoriya’s ear, and the boy seems much calmer. *So, they’re actually together?*

“Fine, Fine, I’ll behave.” Midoriya breathes, sticking his tongue out at Katsuki the moment Todoroki turns away. *He hasn’t stuttered at all since we’ve gotten here.* Eijirou feels nervous, as if there’s something else going on.

Once inside, Todoroki talks to the employees and gets them shown to a private booth in the corner of the restaurant. It’s the most closed off. *That’s good, less likely to get us in trouble somehow.* In the booth, Eijious sits next to Midoriya, across from Katsuki. Katsuki sits next to Todoroki. Midoriya and Todoroki get the window seats. Why, Eijirou doesn’t know. He doesn’t mind, but he figured the one who’s the most volatile should get the window, to restrain if needed.

So why does it seem like they want Midoriya there?

Looking over their menus, Eijirou decides it’s a good time to speak up.

“So, Midoriya and Todoroki, are you guys together?”

“Yeah.” Midoriya answers, smiling.

“It didn’t work out with Oni?” The vigilante declares how much he adores Todoroki almost daily on twitter.

“They’re fine too.” Midoriya answers when Todorki opens his mouth. *What?*

“So you three are together?” Eijirou noticed the narrowing of Katsuki’s eyes.

“I’m Oni.” Midoriya nonchalantly says, causing both Todoroki and Katsuki to choke on their drinks. Eijirou stares at him, before laughing.

“Right, sure!” He laughs, “It’s fine if you don’t wanna tell me what’s really going on, as long as you’re happy.”

“Deku, you’re an idiot.”

“Maybe so.”

The waiter comes over to take orders, and Midoriya freezes a bit when eyes land on him.

“Kid’s menu?” The waiter offers.

“Yes, please.” Midoriya exhales. *Was he really that stressed about*

ordering?

“Oi, you could’ve said you didn’t like this boujee ass food.” Katsuki seems like he’s scolding, but Eijirou can pick up on the concern. He asked Katsuki to invite Midoriya because it seemed like they had a lot of bad blood between them. Maybe they somehow worked it out? Either way, Eijirou has never seen Katsuki interact with someone like this.

After all, the class knows that Katsuki has history with Midoriya’s family, but has only known Midoriya since the start of the school year. Eijirou gets the feeling they really did grow up together.

“I just don’t know what half these things are!” Midoriya whines, profusely thanking the waiter when the kid’s menu is brought over. Something about the way he thanked the waiter felt off. As if he didn’t actually care. Insincere.

“Izu, I’d gladly explain things to you.” Todoroki chimes in.

“Tell me how the economy works?” Midoriya doesn’t miss a beat, startling Eijirou into laughing.

“Shitty Hair, don’t tell me you’re entertained by him!” Katsuki groans, gently kicking Eijirou’s shin under the table.

“It sounds like something Kami would say.”

“Kami is a comedic genius, then.” Midoriya hums.

“No, you’re both just fucking stupid.” Katsuki disses.

“Izu’s smarter than all of us combined and you know it.” Todoroki intervenes, smirking at the rising smoke coming from Katsuki’s hands.

“Half N Half, I’ll kick your ass too.”

“Katsuki, take one step towards Shouto and I’ll ram an entire Baguette up your ass. It’ll come out your mouth *seasoned.* ” Midoriya threatens, causing Eijirou to lose his shit.

“Yeah, Yeah, at least my boyfriend can actually dress himself.” Katsuki quips, pointing a finger to Todoroki.

“It’s not his fault, I made him so flustered he burst into flames, he had to change his shirt.” Midoriya explains as Todoroki hides his face a bit. Todoroki’s wearing a mint green shirt that matches Midoriya’s dark green. They look good together.

“Why’d you have to tell them?” Todoroki mumbles, trying to conceal his embarrassed expression.

When everyone gets their food, they dig in. Eijirou got steak, Katsuki got a chicken-based dish. Todoroki got…. *I don’t know what that is. At all.* Midoriya, as happy as can be, eats Mac and Cheese.

“Deku, that look’s gross.” Katsuki glares at Midoriya’s bowl.

“I’m just a Chef Boyar-Bitch trying to live my life, chill.” Midoriya

doesn't even look up. *I don't know if this kid is actually Midoriya, but he's hilarious.* The two go back and forth until Eijirou and Todoroki exchange looks and decided to break it up.

"So, what do you guys think about the dorms?" Eijirou asks, getting their attention.

"The Old Hag signed off pretty fast on it." Katsuki admits, "She thinks being with kids my age oughtta be better for me, like she actually knows shit."

"My sister signed off too, she's put up with a lot lately so I don't think a villain attack fazed her as much as it would other people." Todoroki shrugs. Eyes turn to Midoriya, who looks at his food, avoiding their gaze. "Izu?"

"Fuckin' dorms? Since when?" The table grows quiet. *Was he never told about them?* "Was this during the fucking coma? When the hell did this happen?!" Midoriya's starting to get a bit riled up.

"It was after you woke up, we thought you knew." Todoroki explains with an even tone of voice. Midoriya's still getting worked up, breathing speeding.

"They're going to trap me. I can't be stuck with a bunch of people-" Green lightning starts to crackle around Midoriya as he starts freaking out. Eijirou gets out the booth to allow Todoroki to drag Midoriya away.

"The heck was that? Was it something I said?" Eijirou asks Katsuki. His boyfriend gives a small shake of his head, voice laced with genuine concerned.

“No, there’s just… A lot going on with Deku right now.”

“Was that lightning somehow his quirk? What’s going on?” *He has an Analysis quirk.*

“Ei, I can’t.”

Shouto doesn’t know what he just saw, but his only goal right now is to calm down Izu. When they left the restaurant to get some air, Izu started pacing back and forth, before mumbling something to Shouto and hooking an arm around his waist. Next he knew, they were on the roof.

“Hey, Izu, look at me.” Shouto cups his hands around Izu’s face, happy his breathing is slowing a bit. “How’d you get us up here?”

“I jumped.” The boy deadpans, usually he knows it’d be a joke, but something tells Shouto he’s not joking.

Against his hands, he can feel Izu’s burning up. Like he’s trying to burn too much energy for his body to handle. He uses his ice to cool his face down a bit.

“I’m sorry. I don’t wanna ruin dinner.” Izu apologizes, pulling Shouto into an embrace. *I have so many questions. First and foremost…*

“Are you alright?” Shouto asks.

“I dunno.” He mumbles against Shouto’s neck.

“Is there anything you need?”

“I dunno.”

“Do you want to finish your Mac and cheese?”

“Yeah.” Izu pulls away, giving Shouto a kiss on the cheek. “I think it’s a good thing you set yourself on fire, you look good in mint green.” Izu says with a wink. The sky is full of stars behind them, one of the lights on a nearby building lighting up Izu’s face. Despite the difference of time of day, it reminds Shouto of how they met.

“Wow, *funny*. ” Shouto deadpans, allowing himself to be scooped up into Izu’s arms. “What, you have super strength in addition to healing *and* your ‘analysis quirk’?” Shouto sarcastically asks, feeling bad when he gets a look of uncertainty from Izu.

“Not tonight, but soon I’ll explain everything to you.”

“Don’t pressure yourself to talk about things you’re not ready to.” Izu nods, jumping down from the roof with Shouto still in his arms, there’s no visible effort behind it.

“After dinner, come back to Eraser’s with me. We can have a movie night.”

“Sounds great.” Shouto smiles, being set down.

When they return to the table, Kirishima apologizes if he said something wrong.

“It’s all good. I just… I’m not good being around a lot of people.” Izu admits, getting a pat on the back from Kirishima. “That’s probably why I haven’t been told about the dorms yet.”

A waiter comes by and asks if they want dessert, to which Izu responds by ordering half the menu.

Shouta’s been mentally figuring out how to break the news about the dorms to Izuku all day. Honestly, he’s more than glad the boy said he’d be out with friends. Hitoshi actually took the idea pretty well. Maybe, he can help convince Izuku to accept it. The last thing they’re trying to do is set him off. Tomorrow he plans on taking Hitoshi and Izuku out to breakfast and offering the adoption papers he has prepared for Izuku. All Complete with the option of legally changing his name from Mikumo to Izuku.

He gets out of bed and stretches, careful not to wake Hizashi. *Coffee.* Shuffling downstairs, he stops before getting to the kitchen.

The movie ‘Wendy Wu: Homecoming Warrior’ is still playing as Izuku

and Todoroki are passed out on the couch. Izuku's in his own pajamas, and it looks like Todoroki is wearing Hitoshi's. They're tangled up together with Izuku's upper body awkwardly dangling off the side of the couch. Shouta approaches them and sets Izuku back onto the couch, before pulling a blanket up over the two of them. He shuts the TV off and goes into the kitchen.

How did I get here?

Chapter End Notes

As promised: A story
SO my first name is Raven, and what do most people think of? That's So Raven! Psychics! Where am I going with this?
So
in middle school, at some point, I genuinely thought I was psychic. It had nothing to do with the show, it was a major coincidence, but people often made the joke. I was really good at guessing people's emotions and sometimes e x a c t thoughts, to a point where I once got into a fight because I went up to someone and said 'I know you're upset, but Jim's gonna live, you know' (jim was this kids grandfather) and he started freaking out cuz ig no one knew what was up with him. And I was like ??? Idk what to tell you bro I just said what I said. Idk why man
and
I was very good at guessing numbers, and especially good at locker combos, and would take money to open other people's lockers
and do you guys remember the missing Malaysia Airline plane? I had a habit of zoning out in class and writing something over and over without noticing. One day, I wrote the word 'airplane' over and over all day and a few days later, the news came out
my classmates were not happy about that one
and then over the years it just kinda,,,, stopped? I mean sometimes I get serious deja vu moments and I'm like 'oh Ik what to do' and people are like ??? Wdym you know what to do? This isn't one of those things you can just fuckin guess?? and I just gotta shrug and say 'hey I saw it in a dream, lets find out how wrong I was?"
Now I just kinda,,,, try to rationalize everything the best I can. like 'oh the dream I had where this same light fixture falling has nothing to do with this, I mustve just felt the change in the air and moved in time'

annnnnnd that's all folks!
Insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

ahem Sero, I'm sorry

Chapter Notes

read the ending notes for a bit of an announcement/explanation/apology??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi hears a knock on his door, waking him up.

“Come in!” He calls, pulling himself into a sitting position. The last person he really expected to open the door was Todoroki. *He never went home after their date?*

“Sorry, did I wake you?” Todoroki asks apologetically.

“Yeah but it’s fine, I was going to be up soon anyways. So, what’s up?” Todoroki comes into the room and closes the door, taking a seat at Hitoshi’s desk. The boy looks around at the countless camera equipment.

“Huh, it must take a lot to be Catspiracy.” He hums.

“Being a known presence in the world is expensive.” Hitoshi admits. “It’s fun, though.”

“I see. So, you’re aware of the dorm system, correct?” Hitoshi nods, “It may have slipped to Izu, and he had no idea…” *Oh no.*

“You told him?!”

“I didn’t, Kirishima mentioned it. Then Bakugou and I talked about it because we didn’t know. He uh, didn’t take it well.” *We’ve been trying to figure out how to convince him to accept the dorms.*

“He finally got used to living with a few people, he’s not going to handle twenty very well.” Hitoshi explains, agreeing with the heavy sigh Todoroki gives. “You look like you have a lot on your mind.” Hitoshi points out, watching Todoroki spiral deeper into thought. There’s a faint smell of smoke, and Todoroki’s face gets incredibly red.

“I uh…. So. Last night Izu was wearing a lot of jewelry, and he looked really good in it. I mean *really* good-”

“I get it, Izuku’s hot. Keep going.” Hitoshi teases.

“I was wondering if he’d want any jewelry from me.”

“He wouldn’t ask for it, but he won’t be opposed to you giving him something. What were you thinking?”

“A ring.” Hitoshi freezes. *Are you going to propose to my fucking brother? Oh god, he’s asking for my blessing, isn’t he?! They’re too young. Oh no. We can’t-* “To thank him for all he’s done for me. I think it’d be the easiest thing he couldn’t lose.” …... *Oh.* Hitoshi can relax, no longer worrying about being Izuku’s best man.

“I think it’d work.” Hitoshi admits. Todoroki thanks him before leaving.

Just as Hitoshi drifts back into sleep, there’s a crash downstairs and loud yelling. He scrambles out of his room and downstairs into the kitchen to find Izuku standing on the table with the pot of coffee in his hands. He’s ready to dump it. Dad stands in front of him, hands up in the air to show he means no harm.

“Izuku?” Hitoshi asks, staring between the two.

“Did you know?!” Izuku yells.

“About?”

“The dorms!”

“Yeah, they told me yesterday while you were gone. Get off the table.”

“No!” Izuku shouts. Hitoshi knows Izuku won’t ever tell him to fuck off so directly, but the feeling’s the same.

“Izuku?”

“Wha-” Hitoshi feels the ability to reach out and grab away Izuku’s will. He mentally twirls his hands around the strings of Izuku and *pulls.* Izuku freezes.

“ **Gently put the coffee down and get off the table. Come over to me.** ” He commands, relieved that Izuku somehow didn’t bullshit his way out of this one. Dad visibly relaxes. Izuku moseys over and Hitoshi wraps his arms around him, taking away the effect of his quirk.

“I’m not happy.” Izuku mumbles, still accepting Hitoshi’s embrace. “At all.”

“We’ll figure it out after breakfast.” Calming Izuku down was actually a lot easier than he thought it’d be. He practically throws the boy into a chair and he sits quietly, tapping away at his phone.

“We were going to tell you over breakfast.” Dad starts, Zashi comes downstairs, yawning. “It was going to be calm and simple.”

“Until your friends beat us to it.” Hitoshi chimes.

“Then we got stuck dealing with you being a gremlin.”

“I’m not a gremlin!” Izuku huffs. *Yes you are, and you know it. Izuku, you're literally freaking out because you're scared of being a caged animal. You're a gremlin.*

“When you guys are feeling up to it, get dressed. We’re going out for breakfast.” …..*Why?* Was the news of the dorms so touchy that Izuku has to be bribed? No, there’s something else. Something more.

As long as Izuku doesn’t get hurt because of this, it’s alright.

They're at a very quiet diner, Hitoshi has hot cocoa mixed with coffee, and a plate of waffles. He didn't want to order anything, for the fear of it being tampered with. Izuku and his dads offered to try some of the food before him and tell him if it was alright. It made him feel better. Well, enough to try eating it. He can only take a few bites before remembering why he shouldn't eat it. Still, he progresses. Since living with Dad and Zashi, he's been able to eat a lot more and put on more weight. It's made training easier, too. Being kidnapped has just sent him a few steps back.

"Does your scar bother you?" Izuku asks, sitting closest to the window, across from Dad. Honestly, Hitoshi forgets about it until he sees it again.

"Does yours?" Izuku reaches up and feels the scarring.

"No."

"Then no, it doesn't."

"That's a load of bull-"

"Izuku." Zashi quietly cuts in, to remind they're at a public restaurant.

"Sorry." *He apologized? Huh. That's interesting.*

They continue eating before Dad clears his throat and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out some papers. Izuku stills, staring at Dad's every move.

"Izuku, you and Hitoshi have been living with us for a long time now, and whether I like it or not, you're family." Dad starts, "We're going to the dorms after breakfast so you two can see them and fully decide if you're okay with them. Until then, read these." He hands Izuku the papers. The kid's eyes move so fast he isn't sure if he's actually processing anything. *He's always been very fast with reading and making choices.* He gently sets the papers down and asks Hitoshi to let him out the booth.

"I need a minute." Is all Izuku says before leaving. Hitoshi glances over, seeing the same wording on his own adoption papers. *They want to make it official.* Then, why is Izuku so upset?

"I'll talk to him." Hitoshi offers, following after his brother.

Outside, Izuku's nowhere to be seen. Though, in an alley there's a fire escape. *The roof.* Hitoshi climbs up as quietly as he can. Which, to his dismay, isn't quiet at all. On the roof he finds Izuku sitting on a billboard a few buildings away. *How did he get there so quick? Right, he has All Might's quirk now too.* Hitoshi walks to the edge of the building and sees the distance between them. He gets a running start and trusts in his own abilities, landing the jump. *I barely made it. How the hell does Izuku make these jumps when he's so much smaller than me?!* He clambers up the billboard and sits besides Izuku.

"I don't understand." Izuku doesn't waste any time.

"Understand what? That we all love you?"

“No, I know that. I just….” Hitoshi wasn’t prepared for the redness in Izuku’s eyes. “They’re just papers! Why do I feel like this? They’re just words and they shouldn’t mean anything but they do!” He shouts, running his fingers through his hair. Hitoshi knows what he means. He felt the same way when he saw his own adoption papers. He knew they were already family, but something about making it official was so hard-hitting that it broke him down. It was one of the happiest moments of his life.

“Of course these words means something. They mean they love you enough to be legally stuck with all your bullshit.” It gets a laugh out of Izuku. “It’s okay to be emotional about this, you know.”

“Did you see what the other paper was?”

“No?”

“It was a form to change my name from Mikumo to Izuku.” Izuku sighs, “I don’t remember being Mikumo at all. I don’t remember a family before you guys. I don’t know what to do.”

“Whether you remember or not, you chose the name Izuku for a reason. You’ll still have us as a family no matter what you chose. It’s okay.” Hitoshi rubs Izuku’s back, not looking at how the boy has tears streaming down his face.

“I’ll do it.” Izuku announces. “I’ll only live at the dorms if you’re next to me.”

“Of course.” They get up and Izuku picks Hitoshi up with no trouble at all, effectively jumping down from the building. “Jesus, you gotta

warn me before doing that.” The feeling of cocoa sloshing around his stomach isn’t exactly pleasant.

“My bad.” They walk back towards the dinner until Izuku stops. He looks across the street, in a trance.

There’s a woman and her child at an ice cream truck. They’re happy. The woman and her child have green hair, much like Izuku’s. Hitoshi freezes, watching Izuku’s reactions.

“Sorry, I don’t know why I stopped. Let’s go.” Izuku dismisses, walking away from the sight without another word.

At the dorms, Dad lets them wander around the building. No one’s things are even here yet. They move in tomorrow morning. Izuku is obviously looking for any and all cameras and ways to escape.

“What do you boys think so far?” Zashi asks, ruffling Izuku’s hair.

“I like it. As long as it’s quiet like this.” Hitoshi admits, already dreading the obnoxious classmates. *I'll probably spend a lot of time in my room.*

“Well, you guys can spend the night here if you want and we’ll bring your things in the morning. It’ll be your only peaceful night in this place.” Dad offers, getting nods of approval.

“Where’s our rooms?” Izuku asks, jumping on the couch and doing

backflips.

“Come on.” Dad walks towards the stairs and into the boy’s dorms. At the very top floor, all the way down the hall, are two doors. Izuku’s rooms is in the back corner, Hitoshi’s is next to his. When they open their doors, they’re beyond happy.

It’s a joint room. There’s still a middle wall to separate them, but it’s more of a giant sliding door. It can grant privacy but give access to each other at all times. It’s perfect. Hitoshi can already see a nice spot to set up all his camera equipment.

“Izuku, we’re letting you decide who you want in the rooms closest to you.” Zashi explains, leading them back out into the hall. Izuku points straight across from him.

“Shouto,” Then across from Hitoshi, “Bakugou,” Next, “Kirishima.” *Is he picking Kirishima just for Bakugou? Who knew he could be nice.*

Izuku agreed to everything thrown at him today. He’s restless. He just wants to go out there and beat the shit out of people. Is that really so bad? Whatever, it’s not like Izuku cares for how someone may answer that question. Hitoshi gave him a worried look when he said he’d be sneaking out of the dorms. *It was easy to get rid of camera feeds that picked up my movement.* He’d think UA would be aware of how easy it is. *Maybe they’re not easy but I’m too fuckin’ good for them.*

He even manages to get his Oni suit and weapon without alarming anyone. Then again, he really didn’t think Eraser or Hizashi were home.

Hopping from building to building makes him feel at home. The wind

surrounding him gives him a sense of freedom he almost forgot about.

A sense of freedom that's almost been taken from him.

With One for All behind every movement, he's practically flying. Adrenaline pumps through every part of his body. His heart practically beats out of his chest.

There's a scream in an alley. He hops down from his place in the air, feeling no emotion towards the sick snapping noise of his leg.

"What's up, doc?" Izuku asks, getting a good look at the scene. Four men are brutally beating another man into the ground. The victim is crying. He's shouting to be let free.

"Get lost Oni!" A man yells, talking a step towards him.

"Aw, you know my name? Truly, I'm flattered."

"This ain't got nothin' to do with ya, kid." Another points a gun at Izuku. He feels nothing. Whether that's his adrenaline or just his current emotional state, he doesn't know.

"See, as a vigilante that *loves* to fuck with people, it's kind of my job to butt in where I shouldn't. Don't you think, Richard?"

"Who the fuck is Richard?"

“Oh, I thought that was your name. Seeing as you’re being a real big dick right now.” All at once, they pounce.

Katsuki knows being next to Ei was somehow Deku’s doing. The same way all of them are pushed into the back corner together. They probably let the fucker do it as some sort of peace offering. Today they all move into their rooms and get comfortable, then tomorrow school resumes.

The students gawk at Deku and Shinsou, not able to tear their gaze away from their new scars. It seems like Shinsou doesn’t care, but the more people who ask Deku if he’s alright or how he’s feeling, the more on edge he seems. They’re going to push him over that edge.

Katsuki takes a seat next to Deku on the couch.

“I’m getting pissed off.” Deku doesn't hesitate to start talking.

“Can’t you go to your room?”

“I don’t want to! I just want to be left alone, not driven away!”

“Maybe, and I’m really just throwing this out there, they’d stop asking if your face wasn’t half red.” It looks like someone stained his face with paint.

“I was patrolling last night, and some dickwad had one of those sprays that can mark people if they got away. Seeped right through my

fucking mask. I'll be stained a few days." Deku explains, and Katsuki doesn't feel bad at all for laughing. *Wait a fucking second.* Katsuki saw on the news that some gang members were all beaten within an inch of their life. They suspect it was Oni, but only because of the words of the criminals. The victim hasn't confirmed nor denied if it was Oni.

He left three of four of them in critical condition.

"They're all staring and I wish they weren't." *Where the fuck is Icy Hot or Shinsou to get their fucking demon?!* Deku's practically shaking in anger. "I'm going to my room." He gets up and starts making the way to the exit. Every step he takes is angry and full of violent energy.

Katsuki sees it but is too late to act.

He sees Sero saying something to Deku and moving to set a friendly hand on his shoulder.

He can hear the snarl that escapes Deku's lips as he spins around and latches onto Sero's arm and flips him to the ground.

He can see the way the bone protudes as Deku stomps on the boys arm while pulling up on it. How Sero's tape dispenser is busted open as blood pours out onto the carpet.

Katsuki can hear the bloodcurdling scream that leaves Sero's writhing body as he's reduced to a sobbing mess on the floor. Katsuki's out of his seat and running to Deku. Deku has a cold look in his eyes as he moves to injure Sero even more. He's not aware of what he's doing. Katsuki tackles him to the ground as the kids scream for Eraserhead and Shinsou to stop Deku.

Sero screams through it all.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY so I live in the basement of my house. It's uh, it's summer and there's a lot of moisture. It ended up getting my room infested with Spider mites and I had to buy a whole new mattress. (Which, is the first new mattress I've had since I was like 5 so Im not really THAT mad at it)
and My dog just went to the vet for a whole bunch of diff issues and she gave me a v BIG vet bill. I'd say how much it was, but I don't want it to feel like 'oh poor me here's a guilt trip'. among all the issues they said one of them is that she has a collapsed trachea (which, idek HOW that happens??) BUT that she's still in fairly decent health and she'll prob live another 6 or so years. (she's currently 9) even tho she'll be on meds the rest of her life.
why am I telling y'all this?
Cuz I'm poor. I'm saying this because I'm probably going to update fics way less often because I'm trying to get more hours at my job and even try and get a second job. I just feel like I owe you guys some explanation for If I disappear at some point. I'm going to try my fuckin best to stay active tho!! But, like I said, Sorry
You guys can DM me on tumblr or insta if you want to commission me for art or writing, we can discuss things! I also have a ko-fi and paypal link but like,,,,,,, I don't think you're allowed to list them cuz s p a m so I won't. You can find all info on my tumblr/insta
insta; Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 53

Chapter Notes

s h o r t e r chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi heard the commotion from their room, coming down when he realized the shouts were also Izuku's. He clears most of the stairs with jumps, heart pounding when he hears Izuku yelling too.

"GET OFF OF ME!" Izuku screams. Someone else is wailing and crying. He turns the corner and steps in blood.

Bakugou has Izuku pinned face down. Sero is on the ground writhing in agony, arm very much so deformed.

"Did you fucking *bite* me?!" Bakugou growls out, slowly failing at subduing Izuku. The class surrounds them, unaware it's making everything worse. Iida shouts at them to back up.

" *GET OFF OF ME!"* Green lightning encases both Bakugou and Izuku, and in a matter of seconds, Bakugou is slammed against the wall on the other side of the room. The class grows silent and stares at Izuku, wondering what exactly just happened. Hitoshi clears his throat.

Izuku meets his gaze, eyes like a wild animal. The class saw this inhumane creature and rather than help it, they poked at it with sticks.

"Izuku?" Hitoshi asks softly.

“I just want to be left alone-” Hitoshi seizes control of his brother, saddened by the relief that courses through the class when the boy loses all expression.

“What happened?” Dad enters the room with Recovery Girl, eyes zeroing in one Izuku and then Sero. Recovery girl rushes to his side and begins using her quirk.

“Midoriya just lost it!” Kaminari tries to explain. Sero still cries, but speaks up through it.

“It was totally my fault. I saw he was tense and I still tried to touch him. It was me.” He sounds genuine.

“The fucker bit me.” Bakugou snarls, joining the class. Dad does damage control after telling Hitoshi to take Izuku outside. Ten minutes later, Dad comes back out. Sero is long gone, taken to the nurse’s office.

“I told them he’s still on edge over Kamino. No one knows what happened to you two besides Bakugou and Todoroki.” Dad starts, “Let Izuku go.” Hitoshi does as asked, feeling sad when the animalistic look resumes.

“….you put me in mental time-out.” Izuku mutters, hands fidgeting. He’s bouncing on one foot to the other.

“You’re going to properly apologize to Sero and Bakugou. Then you’re spending the night in the teacher’s dorms.”

“What? I don’t wanna be stuck with you!”

“You’re in time-out for the rest of the night.” Izuku just got grounded?

“Like hell I am!” Izuku stomps away. Hitoshi doesn’t move, because Izuku stomps right back over.

“Izuku, you’re a UA student. I am your teacher. I can still fail you.”

“And what, stop me from being a hero? As if that’d stop me? As if I *care*? ” The two stare at Izuku.

Without memories of being Mikumo, he doesn’t care for being a hero.

Dread hangs over Hitoshi and his father as they stare at an uncaring Izuku. *Oh my God.*

Dad grabs Izuku by the ear and leads him away after saying goodbye to Hitoshi. *I’d go with them, but I think they need to talk about some stuff.*

Back inside, he’s bombarded by questions. The only ones who hang back are Bakugou and Iida. Todoroki comes down the stairs and looks around, eyes settling on the spot of blood. Kirishima gives Todoroki a pitying expression.

“Shinsou, where’s Izu?” Todoroki asks, not caring for who hears. Kids asking him what happened. What’s wrong with Izuku.

“LISTEN UP FUCKERS.” Bakugou silences them. “Deku was fucked up by Kamino in ways you *can’t* imagine. You all knew he was on edge.

You all saw how pissy he is lately. Did that keep you freaks from bothering him? Hell no! You pushed him too far. Just leave him alone and he'll be fine."

"It almost sounds like you care for Midoriya." Kaminari tries to lighten the mood, "I've only ever heard you talk like that about Kiri." *It's true.*

"Fuck off. I owe you nothing." He grabs Kirishima's hand and retreats upstairs. *Last I checked they weren't open about dating either. Then again, the dorms would have people find out one way or another.*

"Shinsou, can we go somewhere private?" Todoroki asks. The class gives a few 'oo's and 'ah's.

"Wait, are you too also dating?" Hagakure asks.

"No, I'm dating Izu." The class stills, mumbling about Oni.

"But… Oni doesn't shut the fuck up about how much he loves you?" Kaminari's brain can't handle this.

"I can have both, can't I?" Todoroki shrugs, walking outside. The class erupts into talk, showing that was definitely not the right answer to give in order to stop gossip. Once outside, they walk a bit. Sitting on a bench, Todoroki asks what happened.

"He mauled Sero after he touched him. Snapped his arm and apparently tried to finish the job. Bakugou subdued him but Izuku started biting."

“I see…” Todoroki’s sinking into thought. “I’m worried.”

“We all are.”

“I don’t just mean of his own safety. It’s selfish, really.” Hitoshi tilts a head, trying to figure out what Todoroki means by that. “What if this new Izu is too different from our Izu? *My* Izu?” The boy’s hands are tight fists.

“You’re scared this isn’t the one you fell in love with.”

“-he’s just so… *forward.* I’m glad he’s more confident but his impulse control is nonexistent and I’m scared of losing him somehow. I don’t… I don’t know why I feel like this.” Todoroki sighs, staring at the ground. Todoroki sees how independent Izuku's being. How he'd do anything for his own freedom.

“We’ll get through this. He’s going to remember. He has to.”

Shouta walks down the hallway, no longer holding Izuku’s ear but making sure he’s in sight at all times. From what he heard, and the state he saw Sero in, Izuku isn’t letting something like ‘morals’ stop him from doing what he wants.

“Are you even remotely sorry?” Shouta asks softly.

“For what? Defending my personal space?” *What?*

“He was trying to make a friendly gesture, you know.”

“Fuck that.” Izuku huffs.

It was rather hard to convince Izuku to apologize to Sero, even if it’s obvious he didn’t mean a word of it.

In Shouta’s new apartment, he and Hizashi agree Izuku can sleep on the couch. There’s room for Hitoshi in case he wants to spend the night, but it feels like Hitoshi is purposefully lingering back from Izuku. Why, he can’t tell yet.

Eraserhead:

Is there a reason you’re not with us?

Catspiracy:

1) I have to film a video tonight. 2) You and Izuku need to talk. Without me. Parent to child, hero to vigilante. Whatever.

Eraserhead:

What video?

Catspiracy:

It’s,,,, not something I can currently talk about.

Eraserhead:

Don’t do something stupid…. Better yet, don’t do something your brother would do.

Catspiracy:

Big YIKES gotta go. Bye Dad!!

[Catspiracy is offline.]

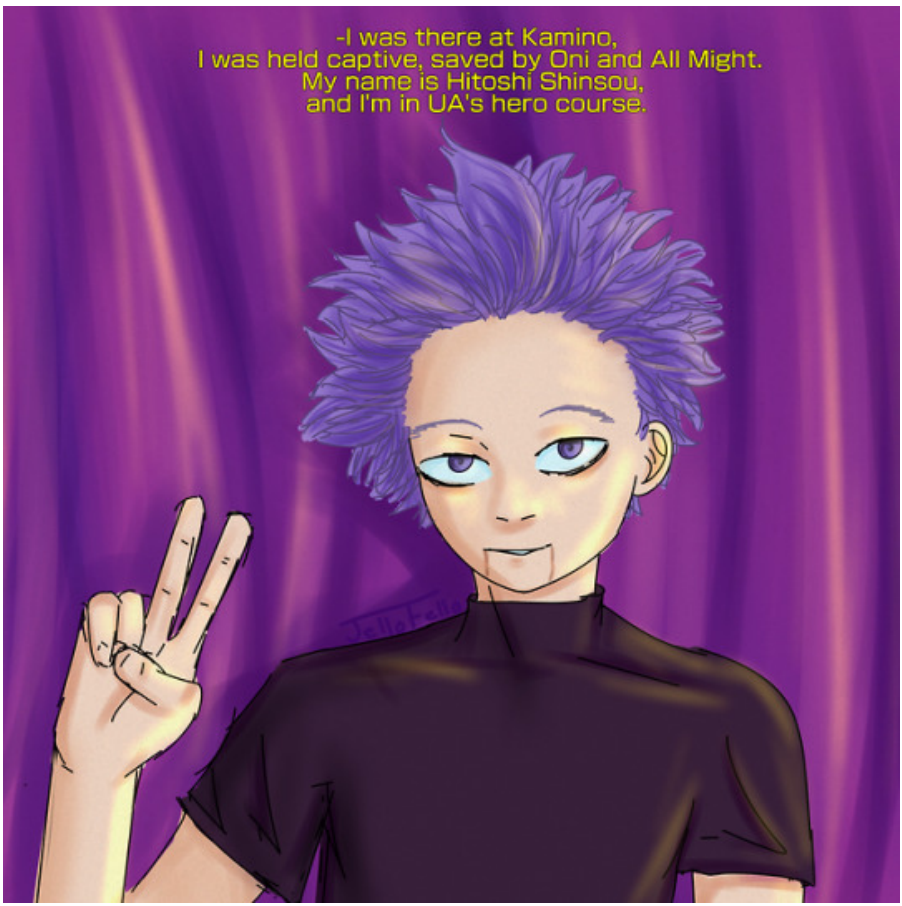
Shouta thinks Hitoshi plans on doing something he might regret. Then again, it’s not his choice to make when it comes to his videos and the content he puts out. Putting his phone down, Hizashi wraps and arm around his waist, dead asleep. It's agreed they'll talk about everything in the morning. After both sides have had the chance to calm down and think. *Sleep sounds like a good idea.*

Hitoshi locks the door to their room and puts a chair under it. He pins a blanket to the wall to mimic a backdrop. In all honesty, he just doesn’t want to set up everything yet. With a deep breath he puts his Catspiracy mask on and hits the record button.

“I know I’ve said the last change of scenery would be the last. I was wrong. I know I disappeared without answers, only to come back when it was announced All Might is retired. Listen, you guys have so many questions, and you care so deeply for me in a way I didn’t think anyone would. I uh..” He trails. *Am I really going to do this?* “I want to say that I had nothing to do with All Might. That I wasn’t there at Kamino. But then I’d be a liar.”

His heart pounds in his chest, and he considers shutting off the camera and pretending he never thought of this. If he admits to being Catspiracy, they still can't touch him. Oni's making sure of it. *He's* making sure of it. Every line of the student handbook has been thoroughly searched, showing there's no rules against anything he's done.

"I was there at Kamino. I was held captive, saved by Oni and All Might." With shaking hands, he removes his mask. "My name is Hitoshi Shinsou, and I'm in UA's hero course." He cuts the camera off. *This is stupid. This is a mistake. I can't do this. I can't.*



He has to. There's too many questions for him to just sweep it all under the rug. He can't afford to be lumped in with the villains. This is, unfortunately, the best way he can think of that'll clear his name.

He sneaks into the dorm kitchen to make coffee, bringing it back up to their room so he can edit. Holding his breath, he hits the publish button and hopes the world will go easy on him.

It's the first time his dreams haven't caused any sort of stress in a while. Shouta barely registers the crashing noises taking place outside in the horrible real world. He jolts awake, sprinting into the living room.

"No…. I can't. Please don't leave me…" Izuku's having a nightmare, arms in front of his face to defend himself. He's sweating and looks like he's burning hot to the touch. "Mom, please. Come back. *Come back."* His voice cracks, tears run down his cheeks. " *I'll kill you." Does he remember?*

Is this proof that his memories aren't fully gone? They're just locked away. That brings relief to Shouta. Now, how to go about waking the boy? He's not thrashing like last time, but it's still just as scary. Just as foreign to Shouta.

"Izuku?" He calls quietly. He approaches, using his stealth training as a way not to wake this sleeping, suffering child. Within feet of him, he shakes his shoulders.

"I'm not quirkless anymore. Bring her back. Bring her back!" He sobs, clutching onto Shouta. He's settling down a bit from the human

contact, but he's not free of his nightmare.

Panic surges through Shouta when the boy starts sparking off lightning. *What the fuck is going on?!* Worried it may be hurting him, Shouta cancels the quirk and watches Izuku fall back into a peaceful sleep.

The nightmare was stopped by cancelling the quirk. Cancelling the quirk tells Shouta it *was* Izuku's quirk. Again, there's something Shouta would love to ask the universe:

What the fuck is going on?

Chapter End Notes

I HAVE A ***NEW**** fic based on the horror movie carrie! It's called "God is DEAD, I made sure of it" !!! It'll be shorter and darker! GO read it yo!

OKAYOKAY OKAY so I go to my job and ask for more hours and theyre like sure! and then they IMMEDIATELY cut my hours in half. I have FOUR days off this week. The fuck??
ANYWAYS

Want to hear more dumb stories or just random thoughts this noggin o mine produce? GUESS WHAT I MADE A TWITTER
and y'all I wanna do a cover for a song on youtube, but idk WHAT to sing. Throw songs at me
Twitter: Jellofello2
Insta: Jellofello22
Tumblr: Jello-fello
YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

ex-po-si-tion?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Green. It's all green.

He's surrounded by green hair and red flames and he can't figure out why. Izuku feels like every inch of him is on fire. That someone's burning him alive and he'll actually die. *Where's my Regeneration? Why don't I have it?*

Within seconds, he's thrown into the center of his apartment. *What the fuck is happening?* There's the sound of a slamming door, followed by a man's laugh. The voice is familiar, buried deep and inaccessible. *I know this sound.* The sound of a building going up in flames. Every crackle echoes through Izuku as he leaves his bedroom. Wandering down the hall, he makes a break for the door.

"Mikumo? Mikumo?" Someone sobs in another room. He turns towards the bedroom and feels the bile trying to leave his throat. "Mikumo, remember when we used to play heroes?" A woman with green hair is pinned to the ground, skin melting off of her. She reaches out a hand, and Mikumo- Izuku doesn't hesitate to grab it. The flesh pools in the crevices of his hands.

"No, sorry. I don't remember. I don't know who you are." He admits, not caring for the tears running down his face. She feels familiar. She feels familial. Even with her skull showing through and musculature charring and chipping off of her being, he can still tell they're somehow related.

“You’d hide in your All Might onesie and burst into the room saying ‘I am here!’” She laughs.

“Wh-Why are you telling me this.” Izuku- Mikumo- Izuku asks, feeling cold despite the world dissolving into hell around them.

“Do you know what I’d say?” The woman’s grip loosens on his hands. Swallowing down the dread he feels, he shakes his head. “I’d say to save me, Mikumo!”

“Please, stop.”

“ *SAVE ME, MIKUMO!” Make her stop.*

There’s footsteps behind him, but he doesn’t process the noise. All he can hear is his mother’s -this woman’s voice. This stranger screams a name he doesn’t know.

“Izuku.” A sneering voice calls his name behind him. He turns to face a barrel of a gun. The gunshot echoes in the air as he feels it piercing into his skull. He hits the ground and falls through the dream, floating back into reality.

He wakes up screaming.

Izuku shoots up straight, caught and held secure by someone.

“It’s okay.” The voice soothes. *Who is this?* His heart is pounding. He feels energy all around him, so why does he still feel numb? “Izuku, can you hear me?”

“Dad.” He breathes, holding onto the arm around him even tighter.

“It’s weird to hear you call me that so sincerely.” Eraserhead sighs, clearly amused.

“What happened?” Izuku asks as Eraserhead lets him go and moves back.

“I’ve been up all night using my quirk on you. You’ve been having nightmares for hours but we couldn't get you to wake up.”

“….Oh.” *There’s more going on. Why does he seem so stressed?*

“Izuku. We need to talk.” Eraserhead sits beside him. Izuku remains quiet. “Do you want to talk about your nightmare, first?” Actually, Izuku isn’t too sure if he wants to.

“There was a woman with green hair. Like mine.” Eraserhead tenses, enough for Izuku to keep going. “We were in an apartment and she wouldn’t stop calling me Mi-Mikumo and then there was this man. Everything was burning and he *shot* me.” In the end, it comes out as a jumble of words.

“What do you think it all means?” Eraser asks.

“I’ve been told. I know these are my apparent memories. I just… They weren’t…”

“They didn’t help you.” Eraser offers, getting a nod.

“They just scared me. Like, why the fuck would I want to remember things if *that’s* what it is?” He asks, genuinely unsure.

“Life isn’t kind to you.” Eraser has a sad expression, like he’s upset he hasn’t been there Izuku’s whole life.

It’s not kind. You’re right about that. That’s why I’ve got History in an armlock, ready to carve my name into its chest, for the entire world to witness.

“Izuku, tell me something.” Izuku hums in response. “Why the fuck were you covered in green lightning?!” Eraserhead is already pinching the bridge of his nose. Rather than answer, Izuku makes a break for the exit. “Not so fast!” Eraserhead yells, using his quirk on Izuku and tripping him with the capture weapon. Izuku’s dragged back to the couch, feeling the capture weapon tighten around him. “Either you’ve been hit with another quirk, or you *have* another quirk.”

“I-”

“Think very carefully about your answer.” He warns, “After all, I was told that you shattered Sero’s arm and threw Bakugou into a wall with very little effort.” Izuku forces himself to stop grinding his teeth, rolling his eyes and sitting up in the scarf.

“At Kamino, All Might was terrified of dying.” The child starts, eyes on the pained look in Eraser’s eyes. The man tenses even more, head down. *I know you don’t want to think about it either.* “He begged me- *Oni-* to take the quirk and keep it safe. Not to let it die with him.”

“So you accepted his quirk without a second thought, didn’t you.” Why does Eraserhead sound so disappointed with him? He tried doing the right thing! He tried to save lives! He did!

“The fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“If you suddenly remembered your life before all this, you’d probably hate yourself for what you’ve done.” *Right, we’re back on the ‘Izuku hates All Might’ bullshit, aren’t we? What, is this Chapter One all over again?* Izuku isn't dumb. He knows.

“Pretty bold of you to think I won’t hate myself regardless.” He snarks.

“Did you tell the man who you were before taking the quirk?” Eraserhead asks after a moment of silence. He meets Izuku’s eyes with an intense gaze.

“I took my mask off to take his quirk. When he saw my face he begged me not to take it anymore. He kept apologizing.” Kamino is still fresh in his memories. A big part of Izuku thinks he’ll remember Kamino that vividly forever. There’s something about witnessing an important part of history that engraves every detail of a memory into a person’s mind. Even when they don’t know how important the event is. There’s just something different. A person knows that the world will never be the same.

The two discuss everything for half an hour, coming to an agreement of confronting All Might about it all together. Eraserhead agreed not to be too harsh on the man, considering he didn't want Izuku having the quirk once finding out he's Oni.

"Now, there's another problem on our hands." Eraserhead explains as they approach the dorms.

"What's the sitch-" There's screaming coming from the dorms, cutting Izuku off.

"Your brother, for whatever reason, revealed to the world that he's Catspiracy." Eraser looks like he's mentally bracing to open the doors. *What did Toshi do? That's rad!* Now Eraserhead will have *two* headaches to deal with today!

They open the doors to find Toshi fleeing, hiding behind Izuku the moment they see each other.

"Help. They're trying to kill me for not telling them." Toshi word-vomits, holding onto Izuku for dear life.

"I got it."

"Izuku, don't you dare." Eraserhead threatens, knowing exactly what comes next. The class comes towards them. Most of them, anyways. Iida, Bakugou, Sero, and Shouto aren't in the angry mob of people with questions. With a shit-eating grin, Izuku inhales.

“LISTEN UP FUCKFACES!” Izuku shouts, giggling as the class comes to halt, staring at him with wide eyes. “If a single one of you make Toshi uncomfortable, I’m kicking your ass.” His classmates don’t know the real Izuku very well, but they know he’s serious. There’s no more of that stupid act he’s been putting up.

“Izuku.” Eraserhead scolds. “Alright, everyone into the common room. We have some things to talk about.” The class shuffles in. Toshi tries to avoid Eraser, only to get his hair grabbed. With a nervous laugh, Toshi waves.

“Uh, Hi dad.” Toshi tries.

“Don’t ‘hi dad’ me, you’re going to explain to all of us exactly what your plan was.” The voice is firm, unmoving. Toshi nods and they join the class. “Hitoshi will explain as much as he wants to.” Eraserhead doesn’t cover the fact that he’s calling Hitoshi by his first name.

Izuku makes sure to stand with Toshi, knowing his presence gives his best friend comfort.

“I know you all saw the video. I knew you would.” Toshi takes a deep breath. “Listen, Kamino was one of the hardest things I’ve ever experienced. None of you should ever go through what I went through. Catspiracy went quiet the moment I was taken, only to reappear when everything was over. So many people made it out to seem that it was because Catspiracy was a villain.”

The class listens quietly, attention solely on Toshi and his words.

“I… Growing up with my quirk, I was called a villain. Treated like one by even my own parents. Do you know how it felt being called a villain by the people who support me? It hurt. I had to do something.

Make them change their mind- *anything* to make it feel like I'm not accused of being a villain." Izuku puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder to remind he's still here for Toshi.

"You okay?" Izuku whispers, getting a nod in response.

"You will never know the things those villains did to me." Toshi snaps to the class. Some flinch back, not used to hearing a louder tone from him. "Being called a villain hurts far more now than it did my whole life. Now that I know what kind of freaks they really are, the word 'villain' doesn't do it justice."

"Why didn't you just say you *knew* you , as Catspiracy. That you went quiet like Oni did to save Shinsou?" Kaminari asks, confusing himself a bit trying to word it right.

"In my videos you can hear my voice. See my hair peeking out from the mask I wear. It's only a matter of time before my competitor channels make theories to out me. Then I'd lose in every meaning of the word. Come on, a theory channel making so easy to give himself away? This was the only way I could clear my name completely."

"You can tell them whatever you like, *Hitoshi.* " Eraserhead cuts in.

"You can tell them about the family." Izuku offers.

"What family, ribbit." Tsuyu asks.

"My parents treated me like a villain, I said. Aizawa witnessed it and adopted me. I call him Dad." *I don't think he'll mention Eraserhead and Present Mic being married.* The public doesn't know they are because it

can be seen as a weakness. Marriage and families are a rare thing in the world of heroics. “Izuku was also adopted by Aizawa.”

“You’re a foster kid?” Kirishima asks with a tilt of his head.

“My mom was murdered by my father, who was then killed by Er-” Toshi and Eraserhead cover Izuku’s mouth.

“Don’t tell them that, dumbass.” Eraserhead hisses, getting a laugh out of them.

“That’s why you were called his intern?” Hagakure chimes in, “‘Cause you were always together and needed a fake reason for being so close?” *Yeah, let’s go with that.*

“Sure!” Izuku cheers, aware of just how fake he sounds. The class whispers on about Izuku and his family. Several kids look over to Kacchan, who watches Izuku’s every move.

“Can we ask something else we’ve all been wondering?” Mina quietly interrupts the chatter. She gets some nods. “Midoriya, you haven’t been the same since Kamino. I- We get that trauma can change a person, but it’s like you’re *not* the same person.”

“Wowie, I was wondering when someone would properly call me out.” He snickers, getting glared at by Kacchan and Eraser. “Like Toshi here, Kamino royally fucked me up.” He points to the scar on his head. “I received some…. Trauma to the head. I can’t remember most of my life anymore.” There’s a few gasps and pitying expressions from the class. “I don’t act like the same person, because I’m *not.* ” As he says it, he sees the way Shouto’s eyes hit the ground. *Wait a second.* Izuku’s not the same person. He’s not the one Shouto fell in love with. *Fuck.*

The class asks the three of them questions, and they take turns answering with little trouble. If something is too personal, they simply say they won't answer. Kids ask if this really means Toshi knows Oni, but they haven't even begun to catch on that Izuku is Oni. It's weirdly infuriating. *I know you can't find out because of the plot and all that, but this is somehow getting unrealistic.*

Shouto looks at his phone with a content sigh.

Oni:

Open the door?

Shouto does as asked, weight of the ring in his pocket suddenly increasing. Izu stands at the doorway, looking a bit down. He shuffles into Shouto's room, collapsing onto him. Shouto barely manages to brace for Izu's weight on him.

"Hey, you alright?" Shouto softly asks, closing the door and leading Izu to his bed for a seat. Izu doesn't get off of him, just leaning his weight further onto Shouto, burying his face in his neck.

"I don't know. Am I?" It's a genuine question, but Shouto senses a bit of sass behind it. *Did I do something?* "You….." He feels Izu's breath on his neck as the boy sighs in frustration. "You still love me, right?"

The question is so sincere that it breaks Shouto's heart.

"What kind of silly thing is that, Izu? Of course I still love you." He wraps his arms around the boy. "Did something happen? Why do you

ask?”

“I’m not the same person. I said I wasn’t and I- And I saw your sad face and then *I* got sad and then I started to panic. I just thought ohgodwhatifhedoesn’tlovemebecauseI’mnotthesame-” Shouto chuckles, moving back so he can meet Izu’s eyes.

“You’re rambling again.”

“I am .”

“You have nothing to worry about. I promise.” Shouto retrieves the ring out his pocket. “Actually, I got you something. To say thank you for everything you’ve done for me. I love you, and I want you really understand that.” He holds the ring up. Izu remains silent, eyes on the ring.

Izu beams at him, leaning forward and kissing him softly. Shouto smiles, cupping his boyfriend’s face. *What is this?* His hands are wet. He pulls back, seeing Izu’s tears streaming down his face.

“Are you crying because you’re upset? Or happy?” He cautiously asks. *I’ve been told you were always a crybaby.* Which is admittedly adorable to Shouto. Scrunching his nose a bit, Izu reaches up to touch his face.

“Huh, I didn’t know I was crying.” He whispers. His eyes remain on the ring in Shouto’s hand. “The night you saw me at the hospital, Kacchan was there right before you left. You remember, right?”

“I do.”

“He yelled at me over wearing someone’s ring on a necklace and took it when I took it off.” *Oh my god. I’m an idiot.* Shouto didn’t even think about the ring!

“I’m so sorry if I triggered something-”

“Like I said, I don’t know why I’m crying.” Izu reassures. He takes the ring from Shouto and slips it onto a finger. It fits perfect. “How’d you know my size?”

“You have small hands. I just went half a size down from what I would wear.” He could watch the way Izuku makes faces and expressions all day. He’s so expressive without having to say a single word. Well, Shouto can definitely tell saying he has small hands wasn’t the right thing to say. “Okay, you don’t have small hands, but you have small *er* hands.” He tries to correct.

“Wow Shouto, I didn’t know you were using your quirk right now.”

“...What?” Shouto’s confused.

“Oh, you’re not? Thought you were, with all this *thin ice* you’re on.” For the first time in a very long time, Shouto laughs. No, it’s more like howling with absolute, gut-busting laughter. By the time he settles down at the horrible joke, he sees Izu’s face.

He’s looking at Shouto like he just gifted Izu the sun itself.

“You’re beautiful.” Izu breathes, genuinely unable to look away.

Shouto feels his ears heat up. The smell of smoke fills the air a bit. “You know, I really like that you embarrass easily.”

“What? Why?!” Shouto scoffs, somehow offended by that statement.

“I dunno, it makes me feel like I’m finally doing *something* right, you know?” Oh, that hurts.

“Izu, you’ve done so many good things. Yes, your methods may be questionable, but you’ve always done it to protect the people you love. To keep people safe. I know you probably don’t believe it, but you’re a good person and you’re going to be a great hero.” He holds Izu’s hand in his own, happy to see the ring finally on Izu’s hand.

“A hero, huh?” There’s an unfamiliar tone of voice Izu uses with the word hero. It’s almost like…. Boredom? No, that can’t be it. Izu wouldn’t get bored of heroics, right?

He’ll keep an eye on it.

The two talk and eventually put a movie on Shouto’s laptop. Izu picked the movie Spirited Away and Shouto was captivated. Izu cried during the movie, and Shouto honestly doesn’t blame him. As the credits rolls, Shouto turns.

“Maybe we should grab some food-” His sentence dies off, finding Izu asleep on his left side. *You know, this seems like a great idea too.* Shouto sets a timer on his phone to wake them for dinner. Without waking Izu, he shuts his laptop and moves it to the nightstand. He settles back down and pulls the blanket up over them, drifting into sleep easily.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, 1) I just bought howls moving castle and imma watch it tomorrow. I might tweet my reaction instead of posting it on my insta story like last time
2)

WANT MORE ENTERTAINMENT? NO? TOO FUCKIN BAD HERES NOT ONE NOT TWO BUT T H R E E YOUTUBE VIDEOS IVE MADE SINCE THE LAST CHAPTER

"The Shrek Version of 'Holding out for a hero' but I can't take it seriously (a cover)":
https://youtu.be/ISpmRe_XuEY

"Look ! I finished my first sketchbook!!":
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WpUwJ0vghgk

"Dancing at 3am but to youtubes music":
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HpoDOShkyVc&t=5s

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insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello
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Chapter 55

Chapter Notes

another short chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto wakes up to the sound of sobbing, not his alarm. He opens his eyes without moving, seeing Izu sitting up and hunched over. *Why are you crying? What happened?*

“I know you’re awake, Shouto.” Izu sighs, turning ever so slightly. “Your breathing changed and you moved your leg.” *Did it? I didn’t notice.* Then again, Izu’s on edge right now. Noticing every minor detail because he feels he’ll be attacked.

“Are you okay? What happened?” The shrug he gets isn’t reassuring at all. Izu lays back down, back facing Shouto. He probably doesn’t want to show his face. He curls in on himself, and Shouto wraps his arms around him. *I’m here for you.*

“Have you ever had a super weird dream, and it feels completely normal when you’re in it, but when you wake up you can’t really remember what it was?” Shouto hums, vaguely understanding what he means. “I only remember bits and pieces about the dream, but I remember what it feels like.”

“What does it feel like?”

“It’s fear.” The voice is low, sending chills through Shouto. It’s devoid of hope.

“Fear?”

“I’m a coward.” Izu spits.

“You’re not-”

“I’m nothing but a fucking coward!” Izu darts out of bed and begins pacing the room. “I know I can be doing something to remember who the fuck I am or what happened to me. I know I can make some small effort to at least remember my family. I *know* I can, but I can’t! I’m a dirty coward!” The boy snarls, shoulders tense and full of fury. “I’m scared of what I’ll find out! So instead of swallowing whatever pride I have left, I ignore it and run away. Shouto, that’s a coward.” He meets Shouto’s eyes with an animalistic gaze. Every word is a snarl.

“You’re human. It’s okay to be scared.” Shouto moves closer to Izu, approaching slowly.

“If I’m human, then why don’t I feel like it.” *That…. Hurts.* The moment Shouto is within an arm’s reach of him, Izu collapses into his arms, sobbing. Shouto sits down with him, allowing Izu to cry as much as he needs to.

“You know, I’ve been told that you were a big crybaby growing up. It’s cute.” Shouto points out, running fingers through the boy’s hair in a calming manner.

“You think my gross crying is cute? I’ll rub my runny nose on you, Shouto.”

“P-Please don’t.”

Shouta watches Izuku shuffle out of the dorms, ready to talk to All Might with him. The boy's eyes are red and puffy. There's a ring on his hand.

"Did something happen?" Shouta asks, seeing the tremor in Izuku's movements.

"I had another nightmare." He mumbles, trailing after Shouta with minimal sass. "Shouto gave me a ring."

"Are you happy about it?" Izuku nods, "What was the dream?"

"I can't remember. Probably has to do with the rest." Whatever it was about, it's completely subdued Izuku.

Once at All Might's door, Shouta knocks. The man calls to come in and have a seat. The apartment is sparse. More minimalistic than Shouta's. The only things in the apartment that hold real value to the man are a few awards he's won, and pictures of him with a woman. He's very young in the pictures, and the woman is older than him. She has black hair and was probably a hero who met a tragic fate. Izuku stares at the woman's picture with a look Shouta can't figure out. Like there's something the child recognizes in this woman.

"Aizawa, Young Midoriya." He greets upon seeing them. Izuku looks annoyed at the lingering sadness in All Might's eyes. "What brings you here?"

“Eraser found out.” Izuku bluntly says, causing All Might to pale.

“O-Oh. Well, I suppose it’s lucky that it was another pro hero finding out about this. What happened, if I may ask?”

“Kid had a nightmare and started sparking green lightning.” Shouta shrugs, making sure to watch both of their reactions. “I made him tell me what the hell was going on, and we decided to come to you for answers.”

“He used the quirk in his sleep?” All Might asks, genuinely confused. “I…. My master didn’t live long enough to teach me everything about this quirk. I’m afraid I don’t have all the answers. I’m not even sure if there *is* an answer for that sort of thing…” He trails. Shouta knows that tone of voice.

“But?” Shouta and Izuku say in sync, aware that there’s more.

“But, I have a theory.”

“Literally anything would help, Old man.” Izuku chuckles, leaning back into the sofa. Shouta pulls his ear, reminding him of his manners.

“Your regeneration has gotten much stronger since inheriting my power. What if your healing is now also trying to extend itself to your mind?”

“You think his quirk is trying to bring back his memories?” Shouta clarifies. “I guess it could make sense. A quirk probably can’t distinguish between what it can and can’t heal. It’s probably trying to heal it regardless.”

“I think you’re right.” Izuku mutters, tugging on his bottom lip. “I keep having these dreams. They’re like memories, but nightmares. There’s *some* truth to them, but I can’t tell what it is.”

They ponder in silence.

“Do you know why it only happens in your sleep? Why your quirk doesn’t do that during the day?” All Might asks. Shouta notices the uncomfortable shift in Izuku’s posture. He’s hiding something.

“I think it’s because my mental guard is lowest when I’m sleeping?” That seems sincere enough but…

“What else are you leaving out?” Shouta cuts in.

“Fuck off.” Izuku hisses, trying to get up. Shouta holds him with his capture weapon.

“Izuku, we can’t help you if you keep things from us.” The boy snarks under his breath before plopping back down into the seat.

“I saw a woman and her child. They had green hair. “ *Oh, I know where this is going.* “Seeing them, I froze. I don’t know why but I felt like I was remembering something without the memory itself.” Izuku pauses, fiddling with the ring on his finger. “Same with this. I uh, I felt like I was remembering something super important, but I couldn’t see or hear anything. I just *felt*.”

“It’s progress.” Shouta points out, ignoring the look of annoyance his

son gives him.

They continue to speak for another hour, discussing the events of Kamino and the history behind the quirk.

Izuku didn't need much to sneak out of the dorms. He explained to Toshi, Shouto and Kacchan that he was leaving. While Kacchan never said he cared, Izuku could tell he appreciated the heads up.

Wondering from roof to roof, Izuku feels the need to get his fill of adrenaline. He's sick of everything he's feeling. He just wants to stop processing emotion for a little while and just do whatever his instincts tell him to.

"S-Stop! Wait! Somebody help!" An elderly man calls from a street. Izuku hops down and sees he's a vendor of a stand. "They took half the stock I had out and ran!" He laments, "If I can't make this months quota, I'll have to go out of business. Please help me."

"Sure thing, gramps." Izuku salutes the man and heads off in the direction he points. With One for All it's laughably easy to catch up to the gang of thieves. Since All Might's retirement, there's been a spike in violence and crimes. Gangs suddenly forming and doing what they want. As if All Might would've been the one stopping them before. No, it was always Oni who was destined to strike them down. The rise of crime means Oni can operate a bit more freely. There's more for him to solve.

More for him to destroy.

Oni feels a grin spreading across his face as he tackles the slowest runner. He smashes the man's teeth in, watching the night lights shine off the wet tooth chippings on the pavement. He watches in awe as the boss's skin turns darker and protrudes like Kirishima's. It's a hardening quirk.

"Well Oni, come at me and see if you can handle my quirk: Cast Iron!" The man beats on his own chest, sure of his victory. Cast iron? *Isn't that like, super brittle?* It's not easy to break, as far as Oni knows, but it has no give. No chance at being malleable. It's like snapping a bone.

"You fucked up, telling me the name of that quirk." Oni starts, giggling at the wide-eyed expression he gets in response. "You might as well said 'hey my quirk is having glass bones and paper skin'!"

"Yo, what's he talking about?" One of the low-level thugs wonders aloud.

"I mean, all this time he's been a fragile little vase on display." Oni approaches the man, who backs away cautiously. "His words and false confidence have been the glass keeping him safe. Now that I see through it, there's no other option but to shatter the vase."

"What the hell is he talking about?" Another man laughs. In a swift movement, Oni snaps out his bo staff and knocks the man out, eyes remaining on the Boss. The boss opens his mouth to speak, but Oni is already growing too bored. The vigilante darts in between their collective attacks and grabs the man's arm, snapping it like a pencil.

There's been a spike in crime, Oni mentioned. More to do in the world. Less reason to just watch on and do nothing. More people deciding they no longer want the title of 'civilian' being their defining feature. Restrictions and laws are becoming less appealing to more people. Oni decides,

He's excited.

Oni brought back the stolen goods to the old man. With tears in his eyes, he said Oni was free to stop by for free snacks whenever he pleased. Where was this kindness before UA when he lived off popcorn and junk? It would've been helpful if he weren't starving back then- *Stop.* It's not a random old man's fault that this didn't happen sooner.

Oni leaves and continues on his mission to have a good night. His suit is covered in blood, none of it is his.

He left them battered and beaten with a note for Tsuki explaining the situation.

Unable to find any crime, he resorts to listening in on police radio chatter. Nothing exciting enough to pique his interest.

That is, until he hears screaming in the background of one of the calls.

"SOMEONE PLEASE SAVE MY FAMILY!" A man screeches over an officer talking about a fire. "PLEASE MY WIFE AND CHILD ARE STILL IN THE BUILDING." Something in Izuku wants to go, needs to.

Izuku heads to the location in time to see countless people littering

the streets. People are crying, watching the large apartment building go up in flames. The man still screams to anyone who will listen about his family. *Would my family have acted like this if it were me?* While he hopes so, he feels that it's not true.

"Where are all the heroes?!" The man shouts, "Why are all of you just standing there?!"

"Sir, the firefighters have yet to arrive and there aren't any heroes suited for this-"

"It shouldn't fucking matter if they're suited for it." Izuku cuts in, fists balled up. He doesn't know why cares. Why he's saying any of this. "A hero is someone who'd do *anything* to save lives." Not that he'd know. He's no hero. He's not anything.

"What, you'd risk your life and career marching into certain death? It's not logical." An officer tries to argue. Izuku saunters over to the officer, staring into his soul.

"Fuck your logic. You just watch."

Chapter End Notes

OKAY I'm in the middle of a heat wave and I'm actually melting? It's..... terrible. Will I drink water? NO, fricc that
I'm in the middle of reading Oyasumi Punpun and I'm super stressed out and scared

ALSO HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW CATS TRAILER? It's freaky and not in the freaky fresh sorta way, you feel?
So naturally
I made a video

"Memory from cats but its me in bad cat makeup and no uncanny valley"
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0co2G3dVda8
if you want to skip straight to the shitty singing, it's around 7:19ish

I'm still trying to think of more interesting life stories I have that are long enough to be worth putting here. shorter stuff like 2 line stories will prob be on my twitter
there is ONE story I want to talk about, but I feel like its too serious to put here. it has to be a video to properly convey the gravity of it. it's basically 'in the time of a school gun threat, I was the only who didn't say goodbye to anyone'

ANYWAYS
THANK YOU so fucking much for all your support so far. No one's pointed it out yet so I will: Months ago when this all started, I popped out of fucking nowhere, huh? I literally just showed up and was like 'here's a crazy vigilante story along with stories from my actual life that rival this fictional story' lmao
just
thank you guys for being so sweet and caring. but I still wont drink water lmao
follow me on schtuff
insta: jellofello22
twitter: jellofello2
tumblr: jello-fello
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

Short,,, painful,, chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku stomps towards the flaming building, ignoring the pleas of the officers and civilians to stop. They know Oni's just a child, yet they do nothing to stop him. There is no stopping him once he's decided to do it.

That's what the world has come to know.

Okay fourth floor, six doors to the right. Heat rises, the stairs might have already collapsed. He's running out of time before he even starts.

He enters the building, stepping back a moment at the flare of heat hitting his skin. Izuku's heart pounds in his chest, mistaking fear for adrenaline and the need to protect. The air is thick and he knows he shouldn't breathe it, but he has confidence in his healing. He makes it to the second floor before encountering his first issue.

Halfway down the hall, a wall collapses. It startles him, but there's something else. Something more.

It hits the ground with a thud and he's thrown back into his memories.

The apartment is on fire. He can see the smoke from down the street as he sprints home from school. There's no way Mom set a fire. She's too careful and tidy for this. The smoke fills the air, it smells different from what he's used to. It's not the same kind of smoke that comes from Kacchan's quirk.

Izuku- Mikumo- Izuku makes it to his apartment, flying up all the stairs and barreling down the hall as people pass him. They look back and tell him to stop. They recognize him but don't say a thing. They don't stop him. They don't stop this poor child from seeing the corpse of his mother and dying.

Izuku snaps out of whatever the hell that was, cursing himself for getting distracted. He crawls under the collapsed wood and ignores the searing sensation on his back. It's just fire.

Izuku makes it to the stairs and moves towards the third floor. The stairs on the fourth floor gave out halfway, creating a mass blocking the climb from the third floor. The air is heavier. Denser and full of emotion Izuku didn't know could linger in the air. Unless, it's just him.

The door knob was hot, it was enough of a clue not to go in. That it was already too late for Mom. Still, what kind of hero could Mikumo-- Izuku be if he can't save even a single person because of his fears. Pulling his hand into his uniform a bit, he used it as an oven mitt to open the door. He reeled back as the flames threatened to consume him. No, this can't be real. *"MOM?" He screamed as loud as he could. The fire was too loud. Too much.*

The pattern of the fire was odd. It was the worst at a specific height, and burned more towards the ceiling. The floor was only catching on fire due to things falling and the natural spread of the flames. That's Dad's height, Isn't it? *Now's not the time for analysis. It's not the time for upsetting realizations or investigations of the scene. It's a matter of life and death, and poor Izuku- Mikumo was never given a proper chance at life.*

Izuku grips his hands around the wood supports in order to get a proper grip. With a bend of the knees and a kick off the wall, he clears the obstacle. The roll of his ankle is a bit annoying when it comes to getting up the rest of the steps, but he can manage. There's a distant scream from within the building, but he can't make out what they're

saying. It's young. Too young to know a tragedy like this.

Still, he carries on. He's almost there. The sounds of sirens in the distance don't reassure him at all. It's hard to hear them with the vicious beating of his heart drowning out even the crackle of the fire.

He's made it to the fourth. Just a little further. The screams are louder. *Six doors to the right.* The fire is the worst over here. Was this where it all started? It's difficult for him to breathe, meaning he has to act faster. He jumps over the gaps in the floor, cursing when he almost falls through one of them.

Izuku stands in front of the door, feeling the scolding hot metal. Bracing, he opens the door.

"Hello?!" He calls, searching the scene. The crying is coming from nearby.

"O-Over here!" It's a woman's voice. It's strained and harsh, cutting through the fire and grabbing hold of Izuku's heart. With a deep breath, Izuku ignores the feeling that something's going on within him and moves to the voice. He opens a door to a little girl's room. "Thank god the heroes are here." The woman begins crying, arms practically melted as she holds up a support beam. The little girl sits on the ground, arms tightly around her mother's legs as she cowers.

"I'm not a hero, but I'm going to save you."

"My daughter. Save her first. I don't care what happens to me as long as she lives. *Please.* " Izuku sees the look he gets, it's a look of pity.

Right, it's a well known 'fact' that Oni is terrified of fire. While Izuku doesn't know where they got that from, he can't say he *likes* the stuff. That, and because he's a kid being forced to put this girl's life above her mother's. Izuku nods, eyes on the window. The path is a bit obstructed but it's the best way out. With his movements as gentle as he can manage, he moves to the little girl.

"Hi, we haven't met, but your mom trusts me to save you. Can you come with me?" He asks, unsure of how to talk to kids. Kota was different.

"What about my mommy?" She asks, eyes not moving from Izuku's mask. *I can't lie.*

"I'll try my best to save her." He offers. Slowly, he unwraps the girl's arms from her mother's legs and scoops her up into his arms. He shields her as he makes it to the window, greeted by a familiar face. The window is opened as feathers fly in and take the little girl to safety.

"Funny seeing you here." Hawks smiles, expression not quite reaching his eyes.

"Just when I thought I drove you away." Izuku chuckles, giving Hawks a brief rundown of what's going on. "You use your feathers and shit to make sure everyone else is out the building. I'll get the mom." It's clear Hawks is opening his mouth to make a vague objection, but Izuku's gone before he can even finish it.

The mother is no longer where she stood. She never made it to the window, no, instead she wades through the apartment looking for something.

“Lady, what are you doing?! We have to go!” Izuku calls, more of the building crumbling around them. There’s a panic surging in him, and he can’t figure out why. He’s blindly reaching and chasing after this mother that he doesn’t know. His heart hurts.

“I’m searching for my husband!” She yells back, legs of her pants burnt off, revealing more melted and burning skin.

“He’s already-” There’s a loud cracking sound before the world itself crashes down on them. Izuku sees the woman pinned down by a support beam.

……

……

……

“Mom?” The body is charred and burnt, broken beyond repair. Mikumo thinks he’ll die in here too as he watches the flames reflect off his mother’s ring. It’s almost beautiful, if it weren’t attached to the corpse of someone he once loved. It’s wrong. Everything is wrong and Mikumo can’t breathe. He has to evacuate. As he begins to run, the support beam pins him down. He can’t see out one of his eyes at all. The world is dimming around him and he can’t tell what the actual cause is. Mikumo feels the start of the fire catching onto his clothes, tearing through his flesh. He feels like he’s dissolving, like a sand castle meeting a crashing wave. He screams, mouth as wide as the position of his face will allow. Mikumo didn’t have regeneration then.

Mikumo didn't have anything.

"Kid, get out of here." A voice shakes him out of whatever the hell that was. Izuku looks up and meets the eyes of the woman, engulfed in flames yet acting like she feels none of it.

"I'm going to save you." Izuku announces, feeling off.

"Don't. Just go."

"But-"

"I set the fire." The words hang in the air. They stick to his skin and leave him shivering. "My husband was cheating on me and I thought this would be perfect payback."

"Your *daughter* was in here. Your neighbors were in here. What the fuck is wrong with you?!" He screams, feeling more of the smoke getting to him. *My quirk is slowing. I'm too emotional. I have to snap out of it.* His lungs feel like they rattle with every word.

"I didn't mean for them to be involved! It was just our bedroom! I didn't… I didn't think he'd make it out. I didn't think it'd spread that far." Izuku gets up and marches to the window, opening it. "W-Wait, you're a hero, aren't you? Please, just put me out of my misery. Just end it. That's all I ask." Now her voice shakes, realizing the fear of death she's always harbored. Izuku climbs out the window and meets her eyes one last time.

“I remember everything now. I’m no hero, and I’m *never* going to be one.” With a final movement, he shuts the window behind him, sealing the woman into the fire.

Chapter End Notes

A F E W things Y'all!
1) I'M MAKING A CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE STORY! The one I'm working on is for my OC's, and I'll link it when I'm done. But it means if it goes well I'll do a BNHA one where Deku's quirk is literally the readers choosing for him. For example: "Izuku stopped, unsure if he should fight or stay back in protection. His gut twists and the world comes to a standstill. He looks up, feeling the eyes of thousands watching. They beg him to make a choice. In the end, when he can't bring himself to, they make it for him. He's pushed towards his future by invisible hands"

2) I'M MAKING MY COMIC STILL. I plan on posting the first chapters around my birthday, which is Sept 19, so I have SOME time

3) THANK YOU for 300 subs on youtube! I know this means I have to drink water, but I keep my word
(if you're not familiar, our discord server has water discourse. If you join it you HAVE to say if you're Pro water or Anti water. I'm anti water. That's also why I get water-related tumblr asks lmao)

Like I said, posting less often because of my job and trying to get money for my doggo and other stuff I need (who the fuck let me be an adult??) if you want more chapters posted more often, here's what you can do to f r e e my schedule: My social medias have my Ko-Fi link and you can commission me for either writing, art, or both! Feel free to slither into my dms for literally anything, yo!

also, you're 100% fine to fill my tumblr inbox with asks that are completely random. I don't mind!
twitter: Jellofello2
insta: jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 57

Chapter Notes

> Yo, long time no see. Much to everyone's surprise, I'm still alive. Mostly?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hawks got the call. He heard that Oni himself decided to run into a burning building without a second thought. That no adult at the scene decided to stop him. They knew he and Oni are friends, so they woke the hero up to get him. *Had he been an adult, they would have let him burn.*

Now that he's the number one hero, he sees how much worse the view is from on top. Did All Might know this is how the world worked? Did he see this and accept? Did he try and change it? There's so many questions he has about this title he never asked for.

He can see the smoke from the building from across town. A few blocks away and he can smell it. His heart pounds, even knowing Oni's going to survive.

The moment Hawks go to the window, he can see the fear on the kid's face even with that mask on. Oni is terrified and his movements are stiff as he carries the girl to the window. Hawks uses his quirk to open the window and get the girl out.

"Funny seeing you here." Hawks greets, smile faltering at the way Oni shivers.

"Just when I thought I drove you away." It's clear the vigilante is joking, but Hawks can feel the slight hint of worry. Since Kamino, Oni hasn't been the same. Even civilians know something happened that

day. Hawks just thought it'd be best to keep his distance and let Oni rest. They talk about what move to make next, and when Oni announces he's getting the last civilian, Hawks tries to speak against it. He doesn't even get to open his mouth before Oni is gone.

Back on the ground, he reassures the citizens that it'll be alright, even if he feels like a dirty liar. *Why is it that every time Oni and I interact, there seems to be some sort of fire?* Every minute that passes, the crowd gets antsier. He can tell that even with the sudden attitude change, the public supports Oni. Teaming up with All Might did wonders for his approval, apparently.

After a few minutes, Oni is seen crawling out the window. He looks in and says something no one can hear. He closes it.

He doesn't bring the woman.

Besides Hawks, a little girl screams.

It took a lot of convincing to get Oni to follow Hawks back to his agency. A hospital was hard enough to even mention. Once in his home base, Oni is brought into the living room, crashing onto the couch and getting ash and soot everywhere. *It's fine, I'll get it cleaned.*

Oni takes his mask off, and Hawks feels overwhelmed with sadness seeing the new scar from their training camp. He saw it when visiting at the hospital, but it's still hard to accept.

"We have to talk about it." Hawks points out, making a new pot of coffee.

“Don’t you need time to wind down? Keep your mind from going too fast?” Midoriya counters with a finger point.

“Coffee. I’ll be good.” Hawks takes a seat on the floor in front of the couch, rocking a bit. It may be a bit hard for Hawks to pay attention right now, but he's trying his best.

“What do you want to talk about?” *Really.*

“You left that woman.” Hawks doesn’t look at the kid’s face.

“You didn’t see her. A beam pinned her down, she was already on fire. There- There wasn’t anything I could do!” He snaps at the end, startling the hero.

“She was a lost cause to you, huh?” *Not everyone can be saved. It’s tough and disgusting but it’s true.*

“She set the fire, Hawks.”

“….What?” *There’s no suspect yet. They were going to look into accidental causes.*

“She wanted to get back at her husband. She didn’t think it through. Her daughter was almost killed because she didn’t think a divorce was more suiting.” There’s less sass in his voice. He’s drained. “I need to go home. I need Eraserhead.” Hawks looks up, seeing Midoriya’s face hidden by the couch.

“Do you want me to call him here for you?” *It’s the least I can do.*

“I just want my Dad.”

Shouta has no idea how this brat managed to sneak out of the dorms and get so far away from the school in such a short amount of time. *Right, All Might’s quirk.* Now the kid is actually unstoppable.

He got a call from Hawks asking to meet him at his agency. That Izuku is asking for him. It’s odd for the kid to outright ask for Shouta.

Once there, he’s tackled. Izuku holds onto him for dear life, sobbing. *Something happened.*

“Izuku, it’s alright. Come on, we can go sit on the roof and talk.” He tries after a few minutes, getting a nod. On the roof, Izuku looks over the city, tears still flowing. “What happened to you?”

“I remember everything.”

“…..Oh.” the pain on Izuku’s face breaks Shouta’s heart. They were hoping he would remember everything at a gradual pace. They didn’t know how it would affect him.

“A woman died. I closed the window and left her to die. She set the fire to the building. She was- She was stuck and burning alive. She

wanted me to put her out of her misery but I didn't."

"Didn't, or couldn't?" There's a big difference. If Izuku couldn't, that means he wanted to help, that he couldn't bring himself to directly end a person's life. If he simply didn't, that means he wanted her to suffer.

"I couldn't do it. I couldn't kill her. She didn't have much longer left but the panic was there. I'm a monster." *No, you just remember you're human.*

"You're not a monster, you know that."

"I shattered Sero's arm. I beat criminals within an inch of their fucking lives- Actually, I don't really feel bad about that one. Sero, I do feel bad about." *It's about time.*

"Well be nicer to him and your class. Take a break the next few days." Izuku settles a bit, but one thing is very clear to Shouta.

He's hiding something.

Izuku is feeling a lot right now. Like shit, mostly.

I remember everything… So why do I feel like this? He knows why, though he refuses to acknowledge his emotions like a responsible and

healthy human being. *Eraserhead killed Hisashi.*

That night is still a bit fuzzy, but he remembers bits and pieces well enough to figure it out. *Hisashi tried to kill me and Eraserhead saved my life.* What a fool Eraser is.

Izuku climbs up the side of the dorms, sitting on the roof. He stares at his hand and watches green lightning dance around it. *All Might gave me his quirk. Fucking All Might!*

In all honesty, he can't be too mad at All Might for this. The man begged him not to take it. It's Izuku's doing. That, and the loss of his memories have helped him see All Might without the grudge. As much as Izuku hates to admit it…

All Might is still a good man.

He's made a few fucked up mistakes. All Might is human and Izuku understands that he was being way too harsh on him. In order to be his successor now, he'll have to actually work with the man. There may never be a day where Izuku fully forgives All Might. There may never be a day where he can say he likes the guy. Though, as of right now, Izuku finds him to be tolerable. *He's okay, I guess.* Crawling back into his dorm room, he's met by a flashing red light and the back of his brother's head. *He's recording.*

"Oni!" Toshi hisses. *Good thing I have my mask.*

"Hey Catspiracy." He greets with a small wave to the camera.

"What are you doing here?!" The fake annoyance in Toshi's voice

almost sounds real. A way to let the viewers know Oni isn't actually welcomed here at UA. A nice touch.

"I miss you." Izuku coos with his hands in a heart shape. "I wanted to watch a movie, but since you have…. What is it, twelve mil? Twelve mil watching, I guess it can wait."

"Not all my subs watch my videos, you know." At this point, whatever video Toshi was making is put on hold for the sake of talking to Izuku. "Besides, didn't you just burst into a burning building with Hawks? You smell a bit burnt."

"I assure you, I am."

"What the hell's up with you and fire, anyways?"

"I don't know. at this point it's pretty safe to say fire is a motif in my life's story. A very shitty story."

"Jesus, can you not get so existential for one second?"

They eventually cut off the camera. Izuku showers and retreats to his room. In the hall, he sees Kacchan opening his door for Kirishima. The two make eye contact. Kacchan's eyes seem to scan him over for injuries.

"I'm fine." Izuku signs, getting a brief but doubtful nod in response. Back in their room, he pushes Toshi over and crawls into his bed rather than his own.

“Izuku, it’s too hot for this. Get off of me.”

“But I have emotions.” At that, Toshi quirks up an eyebrow and moves a bit over.

“Well I’ll be damned.”

“I remember.” The sarcastic expression drops, and Toshi looks happy.

“Oh thank god. I was worried I’d have to leash you or something.”
Okay, I wasn’t that wild.

Was I?

“Yeah, yeah. I’ve thought about a lot of stuff and I’ve made a few decisions.” He begins explaining, reaching up to absentmindedly touch his necklace before realizing Kacchan still has it. Instead, he plays with the ring Shouto gave him.

“You can ask Bakugou for the ring back.” Toshi points out, watching Izuku remember.

“I have a feeling Kacchan needs Mom’s ring more than I do right now.” He’s been kicking himself about everything that’s happened. Before I didn’t care about him. Now, I think I consider him a friend again. Not how the pathetic old Mikumo would chase after him and call that friendship. No, this is real. It’s *something*. “He misses his Auntie Inko and no one has reached out to ask if he was okay. I’ve been alone this whole time, but he has too. It’s not fair to him.”

“Jeez, how much trauma did it take for you to think of stuff like that?”

“Look who’s talking Mr. I’m-Catspiracy.”

“You know why I did that!” Yes he does, but Izuku huffs all the same.

“Hey, Toshi?”

“Yeah?” They stare at the ceiling.

“Can we go do something this weekend? Or tomorrow?”

“Like what?”

“Anything. I want to go roller skating or something. Anything fun. It feels like, if I had a creator, they’ve been spending way too much time making me suffer for the sake of development. I’m sick of it and I just want *fluff*. ”

“I’m going to ignore that literal crisis you’ve had and say yes. There’s a carnival like, three cities over. We can take a train.”

“Yes please.” *Okay, this is it. A big reveal. A turning point in the plot, if you will.* “Toshi, I uh…”

“What’s up?”

“Don’t try and change my mind on this, and I promise I have a good reason for it, but…” He trails yet again, nervous for whatever backlash he may get for his next words.

“Izuku?”

“IdonʼtthinkIwanttobeahero.”

Chapter End Notes

BET YOU WEREN"T EXPECTING THAT!

There's been uh, a LOT going on with my life rn omg. This week I had to plan a giant family bbq and watch my 32 younger cousins and im TIRED. and one of them is living with me rn. he's 13 and I feel like a big sister and its WEIRD. I'm also going to NY next week and Im pumped. its fun causing chaos in a place you're not known in. SO in our discord server I asked a question about if I JUST SO HAPPENED to have been... lets say... stabbed. Well, not stabbed. More like deeply cut with a broken beer bottle. Is it more dangerous if it was like, a glass water bottle? Well that reminded me of a story I haven't told yet so HERE IT IS

In sixth grade I was on the bus to school. Normal day and stuff. You know how if the bus stops too fast you get kinda thrown forward in the seat? Well that happened to me. I feel something wet and looked at my hands cuz I used them to brace.

They were covered in blood

it took me a sec to realize none of it was mine. But... who's was it?

I freaked out and told the driver and instead of her doing her fucking job, she threw me one of those Lysol wipe bottles and made ME clean it. Then gave me some dumb bath and body works sanitizer to use. in school that day I realized something terrible.

at the time I had a hyperfixation on sewing. My hands were COVERED in cuts from needles and stuff. and I got mystery blood on me!!!! what!!!!
so at home I told my mom and shes freaking out. We get into contact with the bus company and shes going off and the driver gets fired for making a child clean up someone else's blood. but that leaves the question.... who's blood was it?? Since I was in sixth grade, that means it would have had to been someone from the high school, right? NO!! the company goes over every single shred of footage and no one was in that seat. not the driver, not a student. not the days before this happened. to this day no one knows whos blood it was or what happened to them

so I had to spend the next two weeks in and out of hospitals getting tested for EVERYTHING because of the cuts on my hands. I was fine, but I had a bit of an issue with needles for a while after that, just because I was so sick of them and they stressed me out. I'm fine now tho

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Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

ooo longer chapter? yes? YES

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi looks at his best friend's face, looking for any sign of a joke. A lie. There's nothing but a serious expression that's masking Izuku's underlying fear of being rejected.

"You don't want to be a hero." Hitoshi slowly repeats. Izuku nods, guard still much higher than Hitoshi wants. "Why not?"

"I've been thinking about it a lot. Growing up, I always wanted to be a hero. I don't think that's what I *really* wanted, though. I want to save people. That's what I want."

"And to do that, you're scared of having restrictions."

"They wouldn't let me do half the shit I do! How am I supposed to work if I have to consider the lines I'm crossing? If it means I can save the most people, I'm willing to not get my license."

"Izuku, that's noble and all, but you can't exactly get paid for being a vigilante?" *Not like a hero, anyways.*

"See, Toshi, that's where you come in-"

"I'm not marrying you." At that, Izuku sputters and gently shoves Toshi away.

“I don’t wanna marry you, you dork!” Izuku laughs. Toshi smiles, missing the sincerity in Izuku’s laughter. At least, how it’s no longer as cynical.

“So let me guess: You want to work as a vigilante and help me on underground cases, getting a cut of whatever you help me solve as your weekly paycheck?”

“I know you work as a conspiracy theorist and all, but I can’t help but feel super predictable when you guess like that. Yes. That’s it. That’s the thing.” Izuku looks at the ceiling. Hitoshi reaches out and ruffles his hair.

“What can I say, I’m good at what I do. So, if that’s actually the case, I don’t mind helping you. Or at least helping to take credit for your work in order to give you a secure income.”

“Thank you-”

“If you tell Dad.”

“...What?” Izuku looks genuinely confused, as if he planned to never mention this to their Dads. They have to know, they deserve to.

“I’ll help you, but you have to tell Dad and Zashi. It’s not fair to them.”

“Don’t you think I know how this isn’t fair?” Izuku crawls out of bed, sitting on the floor with his knees curled in. “All the trouble I went

through to get into the best hero school, only to find I'm happy without officially being a hero." Izuku sighs, "It just feels like I've wasted everyone's time."

"What did you just say?" Hitoshi asks him.

"That it feels like I've wasted everybody's time?" Izuku asks, getting a shake of the head.

"Before that."

"That I'm happy without being an actual hero."

"Isn't that enough? I know I can safely speak for our Dads when I say that you being happy is enough. It's not a waste if you realize what you want out of life. It's alright, Izuku." Hitoshi explains, lazily reaching out from under the blankets and setting a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Maybe you can also pick up a less….. Heroic hobby too."

"Like what?"

"Well, you can open a coffee shop and give me free coffee whenever I want. You can be a wandering musician since you sing pretty well. Anything. It's not healthy when you don't have anything to do *but* your career. You get burnt out and start to feel like you hate what you're doing. In reality, you just need something else to occupy your time and take the burden off your shoulders."

"Toshi, when did you become creepily wise?"

“I’m not creepy.” He protests. “I’ve just had a lot of time to think about your situation when I was with the villains. Now, go to your bed instead of the floor and sleep.”

“Yes, Mom.”

“I will ground you.”

Eijirou is worried. Katsuki has been acting differently and more closed off lately. It’s almost how he acted when they first met. In Katsuki’s room, they lay on the bed in a comfortable silence.

“Are you alright?” Eijirou asks, expecting to be brushed off in the same manner Katsuki would probably respond to other classmates with.

“No, I’m not. Listen-” Katsuki sits up, head in his hands. Eijirou sees the light reflecting off the ring he now wears. Eijirou feels like he’s seen it before but he can’t figure out when. “I know I’ve been a bit distant lately and this isn’t fair to you. I know I’m being shitty and I’m just trying not to fuck things up more than I have already.” *He’s trying to make things right?* Only, Eijirou doesn’t know what exactly those things are.

“This is about Midoriya, isn’t it?” It has to be. That night they had the double date raised a lot of questions, and with everything else they’re finding out, he has even more.

“Yeah.” Katsuki sighs. Eijirou sets a hand on his back in an attempt to soothe him. “Am I a bad person?”

“Katsuki, what? No, of course not! You’re trying to be a hero. Sure you’re pretty rough around the edges, but you’re trying.”

“Am I a bad person if I fuck up someone’s life and then butt into all their shit as if I deserve to get the answers I want? Is it selfish?” Katuski doesn’t meet his eyes. Eijirou thinks it over a bit.

“It’s selfish, sure, but everyone’s a bit selfish. When I was in middle school, I couldn’t save someone and I fell into a bit of a dark time. Mina saved them instead and I couldn’t stop thinking about how if I had only been a little better, I would’ve been the hero. I wasn't thinking about how that person was still saved, even if it wasn't by me. I think it’s like that. Good intentions that also have selfish reasons.”

“I never fuckin’ said my intentions were good-”

“You said it was about Midoriya. Whatever is going on with you two, you clearly care for him. Your intentions towards him are good whether you like it or not.” Eijirou huffs, hugging his boyfriend. Katsuki leans into the touch and settles a bit.

“Thanks, Ei.”

“I’m here for you, just like you are for me. Plain and simple.” Eijirou considers all the questions he has, deciding to see how much he can learn. *I can’t help Katsuki if I’m kept in the dark.* “Hey Katsuki, can I ask you something?”

“What’s up?”

“Is… Well. I don’t know how to phrase it, I guess,” He chuckles, “The Midoriya we all knew in the beginning of the year, the one that stuttered and never swore and had a clean sense of humor… He didn’t exist, did he? He was never the real Midoriya?” Eijirou knows Midoriya got some Trauma from Kamino, but he thinks that this new Midoriya was always there. Every once in a while there would be no stutter, a glimpse of a nihilist would show through his usual cheery self. The Bakusquad has talked about it without Katsuki and just brushed it off as Midoriya having an off day, but now he’s not so sure anymore.

“That’s not true.” Katsuki sighs, getting Eijirou’s attention. *It’s not true? Was I wrong?* “It’s an act, yeah, but the act used to be the real Deku.”

“Are you actually allowed to tell me this?” To be entirely honest, he expected Katsuki to put up more of a fight than this.

“I don’t think the fucker would mind me telling someone like you, Ei.” Katsuki’s eyes are the tiniest bit red, when did that happen?

“So, you’re telling me that this act, used to be just how he was?” Eijirou changes the subject back before Katsuki changes his mind. Determined to get answers, or at least some vague idea of what’s going on.

“He was such a fucking dweeb. Deku was the biggest nerd I’ve ever met.” Katsuki chuckles a bit, voice sounding strained. *Wait.*

“I thought you guys didn’t meet until this year?”

Katsuki's shoulders stiffen before he gives a heavy sigh.

"That's an act too. His name isn't even Izuku Midoriya."

Eijirou shouldn't be hearing this. This is already much bigger than he thought it would be. It feels like something that not even the government knows. So, why is this information that his boyfriend has? Why is he so willingly giving it up?

Oh, I get it. It's because Katsuki probably never had anyone to talk about this with besides Midoriya. It'd probably feel good to vent to someone who doesn't know anything, as a way to help him put the pieces together.

"We've basically known each other since we were babies. Inseparable, actually. Until I developed a fucking ego because of my shitty quirk and decided Deku wasn't good enough for me."

Eijirou doesn't fully understand what he's hearing. Katsuki also thinks less of his own quirk? Eijirou began to feel like he was one of the only people, besides maybe Shinsou, who had some issues with their quirk.

"Katsuki, do you not like your quirk?"

"I do! It's just… Fuck!" He viciously runs his hands through his hair, messing it up even more in his frustration. "What good is having a quirk if I couldn't even save Deku!?"

"Midoriya is right here. He's okay-"

“Do you know why I call him Deku?”

“You said it was because that’s what you called his cousin?”

“He *is* the cousin, Ei!”

That can’t be right. Didn’t the cousin die? Why would Midoriya fake his death and change his name? That, and the literal hunt for Hisashi Midoriya created by Oni. If Hisashi Midoriya is Midoriya’s uncle, and Midoriya *is* the cousin.

It was his dad Oni wanted to kill, wasn’t it?

The other day in the dorms Midoriya was silenced after Shinsou talked about them being adopted by Aizawa.

Midoriya said his father killed his mother-

“Midoriya’s Oni. Isn’t he? Back at the restaurant, he wasn’t actually joking. That’s why he and Todoroki are together despite Todoroki being with Oni. That’s why Shinsou and Oni are so close. They’re the same person.” Eijirou word-vomits. Katsuki doesn’t meet his eyes. He doesn’t say a word. The silence is just as damning as any answer he could’ve given. *He didn’t fake his death. He actually died.*

Eijirou is starting to get a headache.

Izuku wakes up on his own. For once not jolting awake due to a nightmare or life-threatening emergency he has to attend to right away.

“It’s about time you got up.” Toshi teases, tossing a pillow at him. “The class already left. It’s like 10am.”

“We aren’t going to school?” *No wonder my alarm didn’t go off.*

“No, I talked to Dad about it and he said we can take the day off, so long as we keep our activities mostly legal.”

“So a vigilantism-free day?” Izuku asks, getting a nod. “I’m surprised Eraser is letting us have a day off when the license exams are so close, though.”

“Speaking of, what are you going to do about them?” Toshi asks, picking out clothes to wear.

“I think I’ll get the license, legally become a hero as Izuku Midoriya, and then disappear after graduating and only work as Oni. That way if I get caught and *really* need to get out of a situation that’s above me, I can flash them the license.”

“Fuck, Izuku, that’s literally a ‘get out of jail free’ card you’re describing.”

“Oh my god, you’re right and you should say it.” Izuku snickers, watching Hitoshi come to his side of the room and pick out clothes for him too. *If he doesn’t like how I dress, he could just say it. You know what? No, he shouldn’t.*

“You know, I’m shocked no one has figured out you’re Oni, considering you literally made it your hero name.” *It's true, my classmates are incredibly smart, they should at least suspect* something *is going on, right? No, no one's made any crack theories about us being the same person. It's like they don't even care about what I do enough to notice! While it's great for keeping the secret, I'm a tad bit hurt.*

“Listen, this story kind of relies on the ignorance of our classmates, so don’t you fucking dare try and be logical about this.”

“Every time you refer to our lives as a ‘story’ I fear death just a little more.” Toshi deadpans, tossing clothes to Izuku.

“As you should.”

They draw the divider across the room, giving each other the privacy to change. After, they head for the bathroom and finish getting ready. The second they leave the door, All Might is waiting for them. Izuku stiffens a bit, remembering fully how this man was actually involved in his life. *He doesn’t know I remember.*

Before, he saw All Might as a cruel and evil man who cared more about himself and the title of Number One hero than actually saving people. Now, he sees just how little All Might has. All for One killed his master, who he thought of as a mother. The closest thing to family he’s had in a long time. His shot at family and friends were taken away from him, along with his health.

In short, All Might is a sad, sad man.

Izuku doesn’t feel bad for the way he treated him, but he feels as

though he understands it a bit more. *He told me I can't be a hero as a way to protect me. He didn't think it'd ruin me, he thought it'd save me from a life of doom.* Yet look where he is now.

"Young Midoriya, Shinsou! I was sent to properly escort you to the train station!" He explains with a wave. "Aizawa seems to think you two now need to be babysat. Which, with the latest events of our lives, I can't say I completely disagree with."

"Yeah, right, old man. You just want to cut class too." Izuku snarks.

"I love my classes dearly! Yes, sometimes I can't understand any of the slang you kids use and I have to look it up, but when I *can* understand you it's a pleasure." All Might explains with a nervous smile, "Anyways, let us be on to the train station! I understand you want to have a day free of the world of heroes and villains!"

"Yeah, and being escorted by the ex-number one hero doesn't exactly suit the mood." Toshi adds.

"Well, I'd say it'd be hard regardless, considering you also have the number one most wanted vigilante along with his apparent accomplice and number one youtuber that's involved with this life."

"Oh, he's got you there!" Izuku laughs, elbowing Toshi's ribs playfully. Toshi gives Izuku a knowing look. *You want to know why we're still acting buddy-buddy, huh?*

"Do you boys want to stop for breakfast? My treat." All Might offers, pointing to a coffee shop down the road.

“I legally and morally cannot say no to free coffee.” Toshi explains, already dragging Izuku towards the shop. Inside is aesthetically pleasing, like the outside. They sit down and let All Might go up and order their food. Toshi stares. “Are you not going to tell him?” He finally asks.

“I don’t know. I won’t anytime soon, I can tell you that.”

“Izuku, why not?” Toshi’s voice almost sounds pleading. As if he has more of a grudge against All Might than Izuku himself does.

“Look at him! You can tell he hasn’t just forgotten how he fuckin’ traumatized me, so right now that’s good enough for me. He’s clearly trying to atone. I think, for now… that effort is enough for me.”

“I’m actually pretty proud of you for being mature about everything. Or, at least attempting.” Toshi smiles softly, before it settles into a frown. “Izuku, please get the napkins out your nose.”

“But if I pull them down like this it looks like a funky mustache!” *Now I’ll sound and look mature!*

“That’s great, but cut it out. You’re scaring the civilians.”

“Blah!” He exclaims, still doing as asked. “Isn’t kind of funny how we now call people civilians, like we’re not?”

“I mean, most of the time we aren’t.” Izuku hums at that, thinking.

All Might returns with coffee and doughnuts, allowing them to eat with some conversation here and there.

Izuku takes in the cozy feeling of the shop and how the smell of the coffee makes him feel just a bit safer. He watches Toshi relax a bit more while drinking the coffee. *He's come far enough to be able to eat things he can see being made.* While he's not entirely comfortable with restuarants that prepare food in the back, this is still progress.

Izuku's mind wanders back to the suggestion Toshi made last night. The one about opening a coffee shop when he's older. *Actually, I have an idea for that.*

It's not a bad idea at all, considering the new future taking shape in his mind.

All Might said his goodbyes at the train station, and the ride was short enough. Izuku helped Toshi brainstorm and script video ideas during that time. Now, they walk across the city towards the carnival. They hear whispers of people who recognize them. Whether from the Sports Festival, being victims of the latest villain attack, or because Toshi came out as Catspiracy. They brush it off as they keep walking.

"Making my way downtown-"

"Don't. You. Dare." Toshi seethes, no malice actually in it.

"Duhduhduhduhduhduhduh- and I need you-"

“You’re not even singing the song in order!” He groans, shoving Izuku away. The boy laughs and jumps with a bit of One for All behind it, landing on Toshi’s back and forcing him to carry Izuku. “You can’t use a quirk for that, it’s cheating!”

“Hey, I’m just walking with a little more *pep* in my perky-ass *step,* okay?” As retaliation, Toshi lets go of Izuku’s legs, expecting him to fall off rather than clinging to him like a sloth.

“I can’t believe I’m not the one being carried, considering that you’re the one with literal super strength.”

Izuku jumps to the ground and they continue walking. *Sneak attack.* Izuku runs behind Toshi and picks him up, using his quirk and leaping far into the air. Toshi screams like he did on the first day of school. *That obstacle course feels like it was so long ago.*

“Look! Up in the Sky!” Izuku begins shouting, “It’s a bird! It’s a plane! It’s-”

“A fucking dumbass, put me down before I barf!”

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION: How do fics get those Tvtropes pages?? I really want one for this fic so I can see what tropes it has !! So like, if anyone wants to hook me up :))))))
(also yes fluff and fun next chapter I swear-)
so I tend to go to bed around 3-4am and I have to get up for the train to NY around 6ish tomorrow. did I think through my sleep schedule? no not at all

ALSO FUN FACT I HAVE ANOTHER FIC, some of you have read it but it's called "God is DEAD, I made sure of it" and it's basically an au where Deku is carrie from the Stephen king story! It's kinda shindeku https://archiveofourown.org/works/19721383

also here's a link for a super sketchy sketchbook tour that will NOT enrich your life whatsoever: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uzFvIFZAk8k&t=399s
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Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

one fluffy boi of two

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hitoshi might vomit on his brother. Then again, at this rate he doesn't know if he'd actually feel bad about it. After all, he told Izuku to put him down, yet here he is. Hitoshi's totally airborne, not even attached to Izuku anymore. *He's literally tossing me around like a ragdoll.*

"Izuku, you gotta stop!" He calls, being caught and set down. Hitoshi leans on a nearby wall a moment. "You can't just come out of nowhere throwing me in the air. Remember, Izuku Midoriya has an *analysis* quirk."

"Boo!" Izuku whines, still giving a nod. They keep walking towards the carnival. "Maybe I was preparing you for all the sick nasty rides we're going to go on!"

"Now I know there's no way in hell you just said the words 'sick nasty' to me. What year did you escape from?!"

"Toshi, would you really think time travel is something I wouldn't be capable of?" *Oh no. No, no, no.*

"I beg of you, please don't take this as a challenge."

"Fine, but only because it'd be another complex storyline that nobody needs right now." *What the hell does that mean?!* Hitoshi decides it's a

smart decision to hopefully never find out what Izuku means. “Hey! I can hear the music from here!” Izuku grabs Hitoshi’s hand and makes them pause. Faintly, Hitoshi can hear it too.

“You have pretty good hearing.” *It’s very faint.*

“I have to.” Right, all this vigilantism has given him pretty good senses. To a point where he can’t turn it off. The other night Hitoshi got up for a midnight snack and stubbed his toe on the way out, Izuku was out of bed within three seconds of the sound. *I didn’t even make a noise yet!*

“See, you hear the music, but I can already smell some of the food.” Hitoshi points out.

“Are you going to be okay to eat it?” Izuku asks. Hitoshi meets his eyes and considers the question.

“Logically, I know there’s no way the villains knew we would come here and have time to sabotage any and all food. Logically, I know that.”

“Yet you can’t bring yourself to accept it, huh?”

“I’ll try it. I’ll eat some food. If I feel like I can’t, I won’t. That’s simple enough.”

“It’s good. I’m really proud of you for trying.” Izuku announces, beaming.

“Thanks.”

They walk the rest of the way, joking about things and making small conversation. The thing is, when you love someone, you don’t feel the need to always fill the silence and have their full attention at all times. Their presence is more than enough when you know they won’t leave your life anytime soon. *Let’s face it, Izuku pretty much swore to destroy the world when I was taken. If we were separated again, I feel he’d follow through with that same plan.*

The moment they reach the front gates, Izuku yells something about fried oreos and runs off. Hitoshi’s happy to see him all excited, but the man holding the bracelet that was *supposed* to go on Izuku’s wrist isn’t all too pleased.

“I don’t think he’s ever been to a carnival before.” Hitoshi admits to the employee. “Sorry, I’ll bring him his bracelet.”

“You two are the kids from the Sports Festival, right?” The man asks, and Hitoshi knows he’s asking several other things with that very same question.

“We are.” Hitoshi answers, staring after where Izuku ran off.

“From what I remember, he was a lot different on stage, right? Brutal fighting but otherwise super chill kid?”

“People change, man.” Hitoshi takes the receipt and chases after Izuku.

“Here!” Izuku calls from behind him. *How did you…?*

“Where did you come from?”

“I was in a tree.” Hitosh blinks again.

“Izuku, there are no trees near us.”

“No, but there are across the street. I wanted to surprise you! So I hid and jumped when I saw you.”

“Oh…. lovely?”

“I come bearing gifts, Toshi, and this is how you treat me?” Izuku still hands over the fried oreos. “I watched them make it, they’re safe.”

Not that Hitoshi was actually worried about that. He admits that he forgot about his newfound caution towards food, having a good enough time to not mentally dwell on trauma right now.

“Sho wha’ do you wan’ to do firsh-”

“Please don’t talk with your mouth full.” Hitoshi scolds, laughing the second Izuku turns away and swallows his food.

“I was thinking something easy on the stomach.” Izuku announces, pointing at the teacup ride.

“I’m pretty sure that ride gets people sick very easily.” Hitoshi corrects with a head tilt, watching Izuku shrug.

“Ferris wheel?”

“That sounds good.” They wait in line, ignoring more people who recognize them.

“They keep talking about us skipping school, as if we’re not teenagers.”

“We go to UA, they have high standards for us.”

“Well I don’t! I’m still a teen no matter where I go!”

“That’s not true, Izuku. You’re not a teen if you time travel.” It’s amusing to watch the gears spinning in Izuku’s head. That is, until Hitoshi remembers their earlier conversation. “Wait, this is a joke too. Seriously, *please* don’t invent time travel.”

Izuku blinks a bit and turns to Hitoshi, walking closer to whisper something in his ear.

“It’s already done-”

“Cut it out!” Hitoshi laughs, elbowing his best friend in the ribs.

“Next in line, please!” A person calls, ushering them to get into the

carriage. Other people begin walking into the carriage, but Izuku quite literally snarls at them, and they decide to wait for the next one.

“I could have used my words, I know.” Izuku says the moment Hitoshi opens his mouth. “I want to have fun with you today, and if being around a bunch of strangers limits that, then I’d rather have as much alone time as possible.”

“I know what you mean.” Hitoshi feels his phone buzzing, he takes it out and sighs. “Hey Izuku, do you want to do something else tonight too?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“I’m scheduled to film a Q and A tonight and a lot of my viewers want it to be Oni and I answering questions-”

“I’M IN.”

“I wasn’t done! It could be very-”

“YES, I WANT TO. THERE’S NO STOPPING THIS HYPE TRAIN ONCE IT LEAVES THE STATION, BABY!”

“Uh, noted?” Hitoshi chuckles, “Okay, you can swing by Dad’s house to grab at least your mask and-” Izuku holds up a hand to hush him, before lifting his shirt to show he has both his mask and a knife tucked into his waistband.

“I’ve um, I’ve been carrying my mask with me almost everywhere since Kamino.”

“Hey, wow, that’s not healthy at all.”

“You are definitely not one to talk, Toshi.”

“Maybe so.”

“So do we need to swing by and get your Catspiracy mask?”

“Probably not. They know who I am now, so I don’t think going to get it really does anything besides give us more work.” The Ferris wheel brings them around to the top. Izuku sits with his gaze out the window the whole time.

“I miss this.”

“Miss what? Isn’t this your first time on a Ferris wheel?”

“It is, but that not really what I mean. It’s this view. This feeling that I get when I jump from building to building. It’s like…” It seems he can’t put it into words. “It’s a feeling of being in control, in a way. Like ‘Yeah! I chose to get up here! I chose to see the world from this high up! This is it, baby!’ or something?”

“Most people get scared from this high up.” Hitoshi probably would have been scared before all this too. Now, he feels fine looking out over the city.

“Oh, and I don’t think I’m that fucked up around fires anymore, Toshi! It makes me nervous and junk, but I think I could handle it if I had to.”

“That’s great!”

The Ferris wheel stops at the top, allowing them to take in the view. Hitoshi looks to Izuku, feeling his sibling senses going haywire.

“Please do not climb out of the carriage.”

“How did you know?!” Izuku sputters, laughing on the floor. “Oh, you’re getting good.”

“I call them my ‘Bullshit senses’ and you’re the only person who sets them off that often.”

“Y’know, I can see why people thought you were Eraser’s kid. He’d make the same sort of joke.”

“Yeah, but none of our class knows he’s capable of humor.”

“Maybe. They’re more capable than you know, Toshi.”

“….How do you mean?” Izuku lays across the bench, allowing Hitoshi to play with Izuku’s hair as if he were petting a cat.

“Well, sure most of the class probably doesn’t know I’m Oni, but there’s no way *no one* knows. Tsuyu, she definitely knows. I feel like Kouda knows, because he understands Sign. I don’t think Hagakure knows, but she’s fucking invisible.”

“Is that it? I can see that, but why wouldn’t they have told a teacher if they know?”

“Well, Tsuyu would probably say it’s none of her business and realize that Eraserhead knows everything and lets this happen. The others probably don’t think Oni is a threat, and they like Izuku Midoriya enough to not want to ruin my chance at UA. Oh, you know who *definitely* knows by now?”

“Who?”

“Kirishima. There’s no way Kacchan hasn’t blabbed about it. That, and Kirishima has probably seen more than the others and put it together.”

“Would you be mad if Bakugou did tell him?”

“I don’t think so, as long as Kirishima keeps it between them. Kacchan needs to talk to someone, and Kirishima is that person for him. It’s better than forcing him to be silent.”

“Oooh, you’re so wise now. Sike.” Hitoshi laughs, ruffling up Izuku’s hair more. “Hey, do you know what else we should do today?”

“World domination?”

“No, you whackjob. You should do karaoke.”

“You say ‘you’ as if you won’t be joining me?” The Ferris wheel moves, slowly yet surely bringing them to the end of the ride.

“I don’t think I’d be able to sing-”

“Toshi, you’re going to sing with me.”

“I can’t! I just want to hear you sing.” Hitoshi explains, rubbing the back of his neck. The boy sighs when he sees the pure determination flashing in Izuku’s eyes.

“What if we did Karaoke as Oni and Catspiracy?”

“Oh, that sounds like an amazing idea! If- If I had my mask, I could probably do it.” *I know who to text.* Getting his phone out, he types.

Oni:

Yo, do me a favor

Katsuki:

The fuck do you want? Skipping school and then making

demands?!

Oni:

Go into my room and grab Toshi's mask? We'll meet you at the front gate around the time school gets out.

Katsuki:

And why the hell would I do that?

Izuku rolls his eyes and goes through his phone, looking for the right pictures. He sends them to Kacchan, grinning as 'Kacchan is typing' immediately comes onto the screen.

Katsuki:

WHERE. IN THE EVERLOVING FUCK. DID YOU FIND MY BABY PICTURES.

Oni:

See, blackmail works on people, sometimes you have to find the good stuff to do it.

Katsuki:

And if I don't want to? I was a cute baby, so what if a few extras get to see me before I make it big?

Oni:

…..I have something else too, if you don't want to do it.

Katsuki:

Try me, you damned nerd.

Katsuki sits in the boy's locker room, texting Deku. Deku, of all people! In another life he probably would've had the freak blocked. He sees the nerd asking him to get Shinsou's mask out his room, and smuggle to the front gates.

Why they chose Katsuki of all people is beyond him.

Katsuki:

Try me, you damned nerd.

Oni:

[middle_school_file104.mp4]

Oni:

You probably don't think I have it in me, but imagine this leaking, Kacchan.

Katsuki's breath catches as he watches the video. He remembers it so clearly. This day will forever be engraved in his mind. Who knew he'd ever see it from the perspective of a camera. One of Katsuki's dumbass lackeys took a video of the interaction, thinking he would've seen something worth recording.

“You really want a quirk so badly, Deku?” *No. Stop.* “How about you take a swan dive off the roof and pray you’ll be born with one in the next life.” Katsuki sets his phone down, still hearing the audio. Katsuki blew up Deku’s notebook and threw it out the window. The boy screamed like it was his life’s work.

Katsuki knows he left the classroom after that. He didn’t expect the video to keep going. The Lackey must’ve stayed outside the door for safe measure. *Why?*

“You can’t just tell people to jump off buildings like that, Kacchan.” Deku mumbles to himself. *He sounds so different. I almost forgot just how different Deku is now.* Katsuki’s pissed off, hearing the low chuckle of the boy behind the camera. “What if I jump? What then? That’s on your record. You’d never be a hero, never get a good job-” The video ends.

He didn’t jump because Katsuki wouldn’t have a shot at being a hero?

Ignoring the tremble in his hands, he picks up the phone.

Katsuki:

Fine, I’ll bring the stupid mask.

[Katsuki is offline]

Why would Deku even send something like that? It’s a mask, it’s not that serious! What does showing he has footage like this prove?

Why would he send something he still doesn’t remember? As far as Katsuki

knows, Deku doesn't have his memory back. *That's probably why. He doesn't see why it's so fucked up to send me that.*

It's not like Katsuki doesn't deserve it, though. The issue with Deku and his memory has constantly been on his mind. It shows in his training and in class.

With the license exam coming up, he has to do everything to get over this.

"Aha! You can't get me!" Izuku howls with laughter, running with Toshi, trying to avoid the carnival cops. Some ride segways, others are on foot, no one can catch up to them.

"Just apologize!" Toshi yells to his friend.

"No! What they did was wrong!" Izuku watched a vendor swindle a little girl out of her money, and the man had the nerve to get mad when Izuku called him out. *I point out every little way he could've rigged these games, and suddenly I'm 'disrupting business'? As fuckin' if, buddy.* The crowd parts and gets out of their way. *New plan.* "Toshi, to my left, get an escape."

"Got it!" Toshi nods and splits away. The guards stay after Izuku.

Bingo.

He sees the nearest roller coaster ready to go on it's next round. He

moves the attendant out of the way and jumps on, keeping his foot hooked under a safety bar, yet not properly in the ride. Izuku, using his free leg, starts the coaster. *The guy's key was still in and everything.*

The guards stop and gawk as Izuku flies up with the coaster, hearing the confused yet delighted screams of the other people on the ride. Some adults scream at him to get in a seat.

"Don't you guys know that once the seat is locked, you shouldn't be able to get it open?"

They realize Izuku is stuck in his position.

He squats down and rides with them, clinging tightly as the ride whips from side to side and even upside down. There comes a point where Izuku jumps off the ride, barely landing on the tracks. He walks a bit, seeing Toshi on the ground with a bike. *He found a getaway much faster than I did.* Beside Toshi is the biggest bounce house at the carnival. *If I jump from here, I might just make it.* Taking a deep breath, he runs and jumps. The people scream and point at him, realizing where he plans on landing. The people in the bounce house leave. Izuku hits the roof first, feeling his leg snap and shoulder dislocate. The roof caves in and allows Izuku to stop his movement before touching the interior floor of it. *I expected to pop it and hit the concrete.* Izuku pulls himself off the roof and hits the ground, feeling his body stitch and pull its wounds closed. After a few seconds, he's back on his feet.

"They're gaining on us." Toshi laughs as he meets Izuku. Toshi gets off the bike and stands on the back of it. "It's one of those electric bikes but we have to pay to use it."

Testing it out, Izuku sees that the pedals don't move at all without payment. *Fine.* He puts in a few extra dollars, on top of what Toshi paid before and takes off. They escape the guards and soar down the

street to their next destination, laughing the whole way. Izuku uses One For All to help him pedal.

People stare in wonder as they pass the cars themselves.

Chapter End Notes

I really should not have to say this, but DO NOT SEND ME YOUR NUDES
I don't want to see pictures of your genitals, it's fucking weird

I'm so used to answering DM's and messages cuz so many of you guys are sweet and like to send me fanart or thank me for writing, or just wanna chat. I love them! You know what I don't love? Someone sending me gifs of people kissing and then spamming the video chat button, covering up the option to block them. I kindly explained that No, I don't even video chat people I know. I don't like facetiming or anything. they say okay. they send weird cryptic messages about 5am and doctors and to keep my eyes open and shit. they spam video chat again. if I try to hit the block button, there's a good chance of hitting 'accept' video call. It was a trap.

of my entire art insta, they went through and liked everything that showed my face, being creepy as fuck

they spammed video chat more

when they stopped for even a split second, I went for the block. then BOOM dick pic
DONT
FUCKING
DO THAT

Here's the thing. I turn 19 next month. I am SO close to being a minor it's sickening. Most people I know irl don't know im 18. they think im 16ish by looking at me. I COULVE BEEN A C H I L D. yeah being an adult doesn't really make it any more acceptable, but if I were a minor still this would've been A WHOLE LOT FUCKIN WORSE BUDDY

So uh, yeah. if you even think about sending me gross shit like that im stealing your fucking kneecaps and sending them to your immediate family

if you want to support me, you know, in a way that ISN"T traumatizing, [deleted cuz mentioning stuff like (insert way of supporting creator) isn't allowed on ao3, my bad)]
I accept non-genital currency yo

follow my art insta: Jellofello22
twitter: Jellofello2
tumblr: Jello-fello
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

> You guys are getting a much longer chap today. everyone say 'thank you Raven/Jello'

Chapter Notes

> u m please read the end notes for something that literally means the world to me??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki sits in the common room, surrounded by Ei and the rest of his Idiot Squad. He got a text a few minutes ago from Deku, saying to bring the mask to the gate in ten minutes. He stills thinks about that video.

I left Deku after that, and that was the last time I saw Mikumo. It was the day Auntie Inko died and Mikumo burned to death. Sure, technically it wasn't the last time seeing Mikumo, but it was Katsuki's last time seeing *his* Mikumo. The stupid Deku that followed him around, inseparable since birth. Thrown away all for what, Katsuki being able to shoot explosions out his hands? He has a friend in Deku now, but he's not the same person. That Mikumo is long dead and he knows that.

So why does he still long for that Mikumo's forgiveness? *I'm being fucking selfish, I don't deserve-*

"Katsuki?" Ei's hand on his grounds him a bit. He looks up at him. "You okay? You're grinding your teeth."

"I have to go do something real quick." He announces, getting out his seat. He can see Icy Hot glancing over at the other side of the room. The other extras watch too.

“Oh, running an errand? I’ll be here when you get back.”

“I know, Shitty Hair.” He smiles a bit.

“Kacchan! Where you headed?” Sparky calls from the other couch.

“None of your business.” Katsuki answers, stepping out of Sparky’s attempt to block his path.

“It’s ‘baby’s first errand’” Sero teases.

“Yeah, yeah, shut up.”

Katsuki waltz up to Deku’s door, expecting it to be locked. *Then I have a reason to not do it.* He turns the handle to find that it’s not locked at all. *Why would the person with the most to hide not lock their door?* Inside the room, he pauses a bit.

It’s a joint room, and by the looks of it, he shares with Shinsou. *Oh, they have a divider for privacy.* Looking through all the camera equipment, he sees the Catspiracy mask on the desk near Shinsou’s bed. Deku’s side of the room is actually bare compared to the other side. It’s like he’s doing too much to hide everything.

He stuffs the mask in his shirt and starts heading down to the common room to leave. As he’s headed for the door, Sparky runs around doing god knows what and bumps into Katsuki.

The mask hits the floor.

“Sorry Kacchan-” Sparky pauses, and more students see the mask. “Is that Shinsou’s mask?”

“Fuck off.” He growls, making a break for the door. Sero blocks it with his tape as he and Mina step in front.

“Are you smuggling his mask for him?” Sero asks, “Why would you of all people do it, you’re not his friend?”

“Well, Bakugou and Midoriya have a weird friendship, and Midoriya is like Shinsou’s brother. What if Midoriya is calling in a favor?”

“Then he would’ve asked Todoroki.” Ojiro points out from the couch. More classmates block the door. He makes a move to find another exit, but Shouji is behind him now. *I could take you losers down, but that’d make things worse.*

“Don’t look at me.” Todoroki says, holding his hands up.

“Well, Midoriya is probably just calling in a favor as Oni, and it’s safer for him to get Bakugou to do it than Todoroki, with all the media attention on them as a couple, Kero.” The room goes quiet as Tsuyu speaks.

“….What do you mean call in a favor ‘as Oni’?” Ojiro asks.

Shit.

“Did you guys not figure it out?” Tokoyami asks, exchanging a confused look with Shouji.

“Is Deku Oni?!” Round Cheeks shouts and shakes Glasses.

“ Iida, weren’t you and Todoroki saved by Oni when Stain was taken down?” Tsuyu asks again, already knowing the answer.

“Iida!” Sparky and Sero yell, practically attacking the boy.

“In all honesty, we've known that he’s Oni for a while.” Shouji admits. “Once you have a few of the facts, all the weird stuff makes sense. We just didn’t really care to do anything.”

“You knew?!” Katsuki, Ei and Icy Hot ask at once.

Iida suddenly shouts with a wave of his arm, “Here I thought I was burdened by such knowledge!”

“It’s clear that Aizawa knows he’s Oni, and he’s still in UA, kero. We’ve talked about it before and decided that as long as Aizawa trusts him, we would too.”

“So you guy’s said ‘fuck Bakusquad lives’ and just didn’t tell us?” Mina clarifies, “I couldn’t even figure out last night’s math homework and you expected me to just unravel the identity behind Japan’s most wanted vigilante? Fake.”

“Right!” Sparky agrees, “So we’re all agreed to just look away from whatever Midoriya decides to do? I like the dude, so *I’m* not going to be the one to get him in trouble.” *They knew this whole time and kept quiet?*

Before, Katsuki might have been furious that his classmates let someone like this slip by. Now, he can’t help but be relieved that there doesn’t have to be secrets between the class.

“So which one of you fucks is going to tell Deku?” Katsuki pipes up,

“You are.” Half the class announces.

“I can do it.” Icy Hot offers.

“You just want a reason to be alone with him.” Ei teases, speaking up.

“Maybe so, can you really blame me?”

“ *Anyways* fuckfaces, glad you all decided to keep your traps shut. I’m going to bring them their shitty mask and you’ll let me go about my day, got that?”

Izuku pedals still, seeing the front gates of UA. He pedals straight through and off to where the dorms are.

“Oi!” Kacchan calls from behind. Izuku stops the bike and waits for the blond to jog over. “The fuck’re you doing? I thought we said the gates?”

“Sorry, I didn’t see you so I thought I’d meet you halfway.” Izuku admits.

“Whatever, here.” Kacchan hands him the mask and Toshi takes it, putting it under his shirt.

“Thanks, Kacchan, I knew I could blackmail you well.” He winks, dodging a punch Kacchan attempts. “Oh, and this is for you, Shouto and Kirishima.” He hands Kacchan a bag of burgers and fries they picked up on the way. Kacchan takes the bag and stares at the ground a moment.

“…..Thanks, Deku.” He mumbles, “You have to talk to Icy Hot about something tonight.”

“Oh? I didn’t know you guys were pals?”

“I- We’re fuckin’ not! The class was talking and they decided it was best if he told you something.”

“Gotcha, see you later, then.” Izuu takes off and when he turns back, he sees Kacchan walking away without another word.

“Think they know?” Toshi voices his question.

“Definitely.” He admits. *They probably caught Kacchan.* “‘s fine”

“Is it really though?”

“Mhm!” He hums. *My idea for down the line involved them finding out anyways.*

After all, the first years of UA would have the most questions about Izuku Midoriya vanishing after graduation.

To Izuku, it’s pretty much ‘whatever’ at this point. He has his long term goal set, he’s decided to just go with things until he gets there. As long as he identity never fully goes public, and he’s not apprehended, he’s fine.

On their way to the next destination, they’re quiet. Izuku hums long random tunes and Toshi seems content to just listen. People either point out who they are, or wonder how they’re going so fast.

They get off the bike down the road to the train station, stopping in a store to buy some clothes. *We should’ve grabbed some from the dorms, people might recognize my outfit from when we were being chased by those guards.* Once they get the clothes, the two go into a different store to change. Out they step with their respective masks on, ready to hit the town and cause some chaos. Well, Izuku wants chaos, Toshi mostly wants food. *I'm still very proud of him for eating more.*

“I know I went public and all, but it still feels a lot better wearing my mask.” Toshi admits as they walk to the station. The crowd parts around them a bit. “I feel like-” He cuts himself off, “Izuku turn right.”

“Okie.” He hums without questioning it. He hears the reason before he sees it. A low meow comes from the alley and Toshi is already moving forward.

“He’s adorable.” Toshi coos. Izuku watches the cat approach Toshi with little hesitation. “The name tag says Scooter.” The cat is white and greyish brown, with a small white mark on its forehead.

The cat meows loudly and flops over on the ground, gladly accepting any affection Toshi gives.

“Look, you two have matching scars.” Toshi points to the bullet’s scar on Izuku’s face, hidden by the mask.

“Oh, rad!” He chuckles, squatting down to help pet the cat. After ten minutes, Toshi sadly declares that they should probably get going. Scooter practically screams when he realizes they’re walking away. He follows Izuku and Toshi, and Toshi eventually picks him up.

“He’s a chunky boy.” He laughs, shifting the weight of Scooter in his arms a bit.

People look at them as they waltz down the street. A vigilante, youtuber, and a fat cat. It’s almost funny.

That’s a loud cat. Every time Scooter meows, it almost sounds like a child wailing. Toshi seems to be absolutely in love with this cat.

“Scooter?!” A voice calls. The boys freeze, and Izuku grabs Toshi when he sees him slowly slinking away. “Scooter, where are you?!”

Turns out the cat belongs to some kid named Todo. Hitoshi sulks a bit, walking to the station.

“To be fair, Scooter had a name tag, it was obvious he belonged to someone.”

“I know that, I just wanted some more time.” He sighs, fondly thinking of the chubby animal.

“It just wasn’t meant to be.” His brother teases, getting tripped. “Hey! I’m trying to be mature!”

“Yeah, well try harder. Being mature isn’t something you can be when we’re going to do karaoke in masks.” Izuku hums in response, hooking an arm around his affectionately as they walk. *No wonder the media thought we were a couple at first.*

Silence comes again, leaving Hitoshi with his thoughts.

Ever since Kamino, things have been rapidly changing around them. Sure, it’s always been changing, but now it feels like he and Izuku have less control over things. *He used to have these elaborate schemes to get to his goals, and now he no longer has a goal. Or, Hisashi Midoriya no longer motivates him to do whatever it takes to get something. Izuku can settle for things now, and allow himself to not be in charge of things all the time anymore.*

I think I lied, Izuku is much more mature than when we met. It’s something Hitoshi is very proud of. They’ve both changed for the better because of each other and he thinks he’ll forever be grateful. Izuku saved him, in many different ways.

“What are you thinking about? You’re quiet and walking kind of intensely.” Izuku asks with a tug on his sleeve.

“I was thinking about how proud I am of you, and how I love you.”

“I love you too, Toshi, but maybe don’t sound so, what’s the word, *murderous* when you say that? It sounds like you’re recounting your love for me, right before you betray me for something petty, like my wealth!” *Has he been watching soap operas or something?*

“You have no wealth.”

“Oh, like you’d just kill me for the fun of it. Go ahead and try, Cabbage Head, you can’t kill me.”

“No one said I was going to?!” *I tried having a nice moment and he’s sabotaging it with his weird tomfoolery.*

“Yeah, sure.” He pauses, “Look, the karaoke place!”

They settle in after paying for some food and look over the songs. Hitoshi sees a few he likes, but isn’t too sure if they suit his voice.

“Two songs each?” Hitoshi asks, trying to account for the time it takes to make the Q and A video. Izuku nods, looking at the menu more than the list of songs. *You already ordered your food, why are you still looking at it?* “Did you decide what you’re singing?”

“Yeah, you?” Hitoshi finds a second song and nods. A few people ask for autographs, and eventually the manager comes over.

“I’m not allowed to really discriminate against guests, but if you two cause any disruptions, you’re out.” The manager looks at Oni more than Catspiracy as she says it.

“What if the disruption is from people cheering?” Izuku asks, eyes on his mask squinting.

“Then I guess that’s fine. Long story short: Don’t negatively impact business.” She walks away after a few thumbs up.

Izuku goes up first, and the eyes of the other people are on him. He salutes them mockingly as the music starts. Hitoshi knows this song, it’s “Found and Lost” by Survive Said the Poet. He hasn’t heard it in a long time. The people watching are already hyped, more people have arrived since hearing of their presence. Oni has several cameras pointed at him. The impromptu audience seem like they expect him to fail, that he’ll screech like some sort of dying animal.

When his time comes to sing, everyone is shocked into silence.

Izuku jumps off the stage after his first song, laughing at the genuine shock on people’s faces. *I don’t think I’m bad, but I doubt I’m good enough for this reaction.* He must admit, doing something so energetic from the get-go strained his throat a bit. Not to mention he had to account for any muffle the mask created.

Toshi throws an arm around his neck and tells him did a good job.

Izuku beams under his mask, knowing Toshi will fully understand what he's trying to express. Getting called up, Toshi gets ready to sing. The boy stands with a slight tremble in his hands. He shifts from one foot to the other as the music starts. It's "Yoru wa Nemureru kai?" By Flumpool. Izuku considered picking this song himself.

Toshi's voice is shaky at first, but low and appealing. He sounds as tired as he usually looks, but it somehow works. He's not bad at all! *Woah!* As the song picks up, he's a bit louder, and certainly a lot more confident. Rather than shifting around, he bounces to the beat. *He can do a nice falsetto, actually.*

The crowd cheers even more, and it seems some others who plan on performing change their mind. They'd much rather see these two sing.

When Toshi's done, he sits besides Izuku. He's shaking.

"I didn't know you could sing!"

"I-I didn't either!" Toshi laughs, smile clearly heard in his voice. *He likes it! That's it, the coffee shop will have karaoke nights.*

Toshi does the next song after a few people take their turns. *Huh, so some people really thought they could follow up Toshi? Fools!* Toshi heads back up to sing, visibly more relaxed.

"Oni, my dear friend, told me to sing as song called "The Day" by Porno Graffitti. He said something about it being 'a joke that everyone but those in this room would get', which doesn't make any fucking sense, but here goes." This time around, Toshi has a lot of fun singing.

Before they leave, Izuku does his last song.

On stage he can see everything clearly. To be honest, he's always really liked sappy songs. At least, any songs that can make him feel something. The crowd of excited people expect something more upbeat. They want him to tear the room apart and force it into silence. He will, just not with anything uplifting and high spirited.

"Lover, I know you're weary-" The song is slow, it's more relaxed. "Lover, Please Stay" by Nothing But Thieves stops any conversations. Halfway through the song, as he tries his best to pour every emotion he has into it, he sees someone leave the room. They were crying. More people are tearing up than he expected. Frankly, he's downright amused by this.

The song wraps up, and as he waltz back to the table to grab Toshi and leave, he giggles at people wondering if he and Shouto broke up. *I just enjoy throwing people for a loop!*

Shouto lays in his room, laptop on the bed beside where he's curled up. Izu's livestreaming with Shinsou. Their fans want a time where they can ask questions. After a lot of begging from people, they decide to do it live rather than allow them to edit stuff out. Shouto recognizes the ocation being Aizawa and Present Mic's house. *I wonder if they know about this?* Now, Shinsou doesn't where a mask. Shouto saw the videos of Izu singing and replayed them multiple times. He adores him.

"Yo," Shinsou greets the camera, expression tired. "Today, we're doing a livestream, so I'm here with my friend, Oni."

“Sup, fuckers.” Oni greets, pushing Shinsou out of frame.

“And there goes monetization. Let’s get some F’s *and* donations in the chat.”

“For every donation, I’ll do a backflip off a roof.” *Please be kidding.*

“He will not.”

“Is that a-”

“No, that’s not a challenge!” Shinsou laughs. Shouto smiles at how the two interact. *How did the class describe them earlier?* After Bakugou left, they talked about how this ‘new’ Izu must’ve actally been him the whole time. *Right. They said he and Shinsou have ‘chaotic sibling energy’ or something.* He can understand how they mean.

“First question!” Izu interrupts, looking at the chat. “‘@Oni, why are you such a lil' bitch sometimes’” He repeats slowly, looking to the camera with a tilt of his head. “Do you wish for The Death? Mom said it’s my turn, but I think I oughta let you have it.”

“You don’t have a mom.” Shinsou jabs, moving away when Izu swipes at him.

“Woah, who knew he’d make the orphan jokes so soon. Aw, you shouldn’t have.” Izu howls with laughter.

“Okay, Okay, next question. ‘@Catspiracy, how is your hair so

goddamned floofy?'. I-, what does that mean?"

"It means you have hair that I want to ruffle and fuck up super bad, because it defies gravity."

"Oh, gotcha. So, every night Oni kidnaps me and dangles me out a window by the legs, only letting me back in when my hair stands upright."

"Is it time for the stream's first live demonstration?"

"You're not actually going to dangle me out a window, if that's what you're asking." Shinsou warms, moving away from izu a bit. *They look like they're having fun, that's good.* "'@Oni, can I floof your hair?'"

Izu leans into the camera, deathly silent. Shouto can hear him take a singular breath.

"Fucking bold of you to think I have hair."

Shouto admits it, he laughs at the stupid joke. He often forgets that people don't know what Oni could possibly look like under this mask.

"He has hair, it's very soft and I'll mess it up the moment he takes off the mask. Not that you'd see." Shinsou tells the camera. "'@Oni, why are you a vigilante?'"

"Oof, uh, I guess because I'm selfish?"

“I-” It sounds like Shinsou stopped himself from saying Izu’s name. “You’re not selfish-”

“I *was.* I was doing it for selfish reasons while forcing myself to believe it was to help other people. But, now that some stuff has changed, I’m a vigilante because heroes can’t do it all. I understand that now. There needs to be at *least* one person who’s willing to cross any and all lines to get something done. That’s just,... That’s how I’ve always done things, and I’ll keep doing that. So, first years of UA, if you’re watching… Consider me an ally and someone who can infiltrate where you can’t.” Shouto smiles as Izu speaks. After considering a moment, he types something.

@Oni, do you know how much I love you?

Izu looks at the chat, and abruptly covers his face with his hands and falls over. *Your mask is already covering your face, you don’t need to cover it more.* Shouto happily listens to Izu freaking out in embarrassment.

“‘@Oni, do you know how much I love you?’, comment written by ‘Shouto’. I think the answer is an obvious yes.” Shinsou replies for his friend. They answer more questions, going into the heavier ones.

“For both of us: ‘@catspiracy & oni what do you think about quirk regulation laws, and how hero schools are essentially a glorified version of making child soldiers?’” Izu repeats the question slowly, allowing time for viewers to think it over themselves.

“Well, as someone who’s been treated poorly for my quirk my whole life, I can answer truthfully. I think there may be too many regulations. There, I said it. I just think that having so many

restrictions is what's driving people to want to break them more. I'd say to have laws be closer to 'hey, if this person uses a quirk on someone without consent, or to harm others physically or emotionally, fuckin' throw them in jail.'" Shinsou says, rubbing the back of his neck.

"And, I think we have to point out that kids are actively choosing whether or not they want to be heroes. They're not being recruited like a military would. So I personally wouldn't call them child soldiers at all. We're glorifying violence as a whole. If you're a villain, you still get publicity. We shouldn't give them names and talk about them in the news. We should bury them beneath our feet and focus on the next problem to solve. But, then again, I'm no hero." Izu knows what he wants to express, but he fumbles one or two times while speaking. Either way, the message is clear.

"Another question for both of us. They ask what our opinion on water is." Shinsou squints as he reads it. *Water? Something that simple?*

" *Fuck water.* " Izu hisses.

"Ah, I can see why you ask now." Shinsou hums. "I have to agree, kind of. I like coffee. I only drink water when working out."

"I'll drink water when I'm dead."

"Oni, you don't die-"

"EXACTLY."

Shouto stirs a bit, noise waking him up. The stream ended hours ago. He turns on his side, hearing soft knocking on the door. *Oh, that's what woke me.* Shuffling out of bed, he answers the door. Izu smiles and walks in, already in his pajamas.

"Can I sleep in here, please?" Izu asks quietly, trying not to be so loud after waking his boyfriend up. Shouto hums and collapses back into bed, wrapping his arms around Izu when he climbs under the blankets.

"G'night, Izu." He mumbles, burying his face against Izu's back, using his quirk to heat up the room a bit more.

"Night, Shouto." There's a small moment of quiet, "Hey, Shouto?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

OKAY OKAY IM EXCITED
I'VE TALKED ABOUT IT A BIT IN MY NOTES BEFORE
BUT
IM STARTING MY COMIC
The first chapter is on webtoon (I'll also prob post it on other stuff too), and I'm not very happy with the first chap cuz my style changed since when I did those pages and the ones I'm doing now, but I like what I'm doing now. Next update should be

Wednesday
DO YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT ITS ABOUT
OKAY LISTEN I FUCKING LOVE THIS I LOVE THIS SO MUCH. IM LITERALLY SO PASSIONATE ABOUT THIS (this story is the reason I made Regen, to make sure I can write a decent story first. Self Aware literally means the world to me and its like, The Story (tm) that I want to tell)

It's about a boy named Mell Carter (MC, which can also stand for Main Character... which matters because) he's a character who's self aware. More so than Oni. He knows he's just a character in a comic and he knows that no one in his life is actually real, and that they have know free will. He has powers, yo! He uses the panels of the comic itself as part of his powers. some stuff is spoilers so I wont talk about it
but
its basically a superhero comic that also deals with him coming to terms with not being real
OKAY SERIOUSLY IM SO EXCITED FOR THIS
HERES THE LINK FOR THE FIRST CHAP
Self Aware: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088
IVE BEEN WANTING TO TELL THIS STORY FOR SO LONG AND IM FINALLY GONNA DO IT. P l e a s e don't judge the story based on this singular chap, its more of a chapter 0.5

Oh, and any songs mentioned this chap are ones that I do really like. Nothing But Thieves is my second favorite band (after P!atd) and they really don't get the recognition they deserve
and Scooter the cat and Todo are two cameos related to the mods of our server, Scooter is Toga's cat!
my youtube channel is: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ (I haven't made a video in a while, I haven't had the house to myself to make one lmao)
art insta: jellofello22
twitter: Jellofello2
tumblr: jello-fello

THATS ALL YO
(actually, regarding the notes of my last chapter with the whole 'don't send me dick pic' thing, you guys were so sweet and a lot of you messaged me to see if I was actually okay. I think I am, I was just shaken up and pissed off. but lemme say, getting a bunch of dm notifications after that did scare the fuck outta me lmaoooo)

Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

hnnnnnnn lots of uh, people getting caught up

Chapter Notes

PLEASE read the end notes for a brief talk about something

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku wakes up to gentle pushing on his shoulders. He turns and meets Shouto's gaze.

"It's time to wake up." Shouto mumbles, yawning when he turns away. *I don't want to get up.* He pulls the blanket back up and closes his eyes. From across the room, he hears a sigh. "I want to sleep in too, but we have to get up."

"We don't."

"We do." Shouto insists.

"Shouto, I will call out if I have to. Set the city on fire. I am comfy and no one will stop me-" He's interrupted by Shouto abruptly pulling the blankets off of him. Izuku squeals at the sudden cold and tackles Shouto, urging him to use his left side.

"Fine, Fine." Shouto agrees, letting Izuku warm up a bit more. "Hey, we need to talk about something.

"What's up?"

“Yesterday the class saw Bakugou drop Shinsou’s mask. Enough of them could figure it out and-”

“They know I’m Oni. That’s okay. It’s whatever.” He hums, playing with Shouto’s hair.

“You’re not mad?” His boyfriend blinks, looking utterly confused.

“Nah, I figured it’d happen sooner or later. Besides, Hisashi’s dead. My biggest stunts are done with. Well, I think they are, anyways.” *I did say there would be a reward for the person who took him down. Well, I never talked to Eraser after everything.* Not fully.

“What if they tell?”

“They won’t.”

“But-”

“They won’t.” He repeats. Shouto looks at him a long moment before breaking out into a smile. He nods and moves to get up. “I actually uh, have something I want to talk to you about too, Shouto.” He crosses the room and locks the door, sitting back down on the bed. Shouto nods to show he’s listening, changing into his school clothes while Izuku talks. “I’ve been thinking about some stuff, and there's been some things I didn’t tell you.”

“I know, it’s okay.” Shouto reassures holding his hand tightly.

“It’s- Ugh, I don’t know. Shouto, whether you want it or not, you’re stuck with me.”

“I know.”

“No, like, if we break up for whatever reason, I’m going to hunt you down and make you fall in love with me all over again. This is some government level kind of secret I’m going to tell you. I’m only telling you because I *know* we’re probably going to grow old together.”

“Izu, what’s gotten into you?” He chuckles, giving him a small kiss on the forehead, “This isn’t your first country-wide secret, you know.”

“It’s about All Might.” That get’s his attention. *I’ve been so busy, I haven’t properly explained for that night in the restaurant.*

“You two have been a lot closer lately. More…. Civil.”

“Something happened at Kamino.”

“What?” The fond expression falls from Shouto’s face. Everyone remembers that night. Everyone knows Oni and All Might fought together and that nothing was the same. All Might lost his power and ability to work as a hero, and Oni somehow gained a boost to his quirk and what he can do. No one would even think they’re connected. They don’t want to consider the possibility of a quirk being handed off to someone.

“His quirk. It’s not his. It was never truly his.” He starts, taking a deep

breath. “All For One, that big bad villain from that night? He’s over 200 years old. That’s how long it’s taken to get him under some sort of control.”

“Where are you going with this?”

“For eight generations, people have passed down a quirk called One for All, for the sole purpose of defeating him. It grows stronger with each generation and it stockpiles the quirks of the previous users into one all-powerful quirk. All Might was the eighth generation of wielders,”

“Izu-” Eyes widen with realization. He can see the dread that Shouto feels.

“And I’m the ninth.”

Shouto stares at Izu’s back as he leaves the room.

He was given a quirk by one of the people he’s hated most. *Granted, he didn’t remember hating All Might at the time.* His head hurts, trying to consider all the information Izu just threw at him.

He has his memory back, and is trying to get along with All Might. He’s trying to accept that he was given the very thing that made All Might what he is today.

With how Izu described it, he can't help but see All Might as a lonely man. After all, this quirk ruined his chance at a normal life with friends and family. Is….. Is this how Izu is now destined to live his life?

Not if Shouto can help it.

God! Not to mention that *other* big bomb Izu dropped. *He doesn't want to be a hero anymore.* It makes sense in a lot of ways, but he wasn't ready to hear it so bluntly. Well, he'll support Izu no matter what he chooses.

The way Izu talked about them growing old together made Shouto feel weird. He likes it. *Maybe it's because heroes don't think about futures outside of their work? No one talks about marriage and all that.* The only marriage he's heard of besides Eraserhead and Present Mic was his father's. That says a lot about this industry. *Or maybe just my father.*

He didn't expect to wake up and have so much to think about. Leave it to Izu to change his world view. *I haven't spoken to father in a long time.* Not that he wants to, but he is a bit curious as to what he's going now that he's banned from being a hero. Has he thought to better himself? Does he want any chance for redemption? Whatever the answer is, he doesn't care to know. Shouto Todoroki is happy right now. Happy without his father, happy with Izu and class 1-A . Hopefully, Shouto can finally put his past behind him and move on completely.

After all, besides his mother, who else is there for him to confront?

Izuku needs to talk to his class. He kind of wanted to go on and pretend that he had no idea that they knew, and just let them believe they have the upperhand. That plan had no chance seeing as they're honest people who wanted him to know. *Freaks, keep information to use for personal gain!* So, Izuku asked Toshi to create a diversion and distract Eraser.

It's been a few minutes and Eraser is late, same with Toshi. It's working. With a little bit of One For All he dashes across the class and slams the door shut, locking it. The class stares at him.

"We need to talk, don't you think?"

"Where's Aizawa?" Iida asks, clearly knowing his methods better than some of the others.

"I took care of him and bought us some time." He huffs, grinning at the horrified look on Kaminari's face.

"Oh god, he killed his own dad and now he's going to kill us too." The boy whispers to Ashido.

"Oi, Deku, Get it fucking over with. I'm not in this school to hear your shrill voice first thing in the morning." Kacchan seethes, a faint hint of amusement can be seen on his features.

"Yeah, yeah. Okay, here's the deal. I'm going to tell you a lot about myself that you've probably been wondering. It's just…. If you tell literally anyone outside this class or somehow get me caught, you won't live to be a hero." The class goes quiet. "It wouldn't be the first death on my hands and it probably won't be the last."

“So, everything about you is an act, Deku?” Uraraka asks with a tilt of her head. “You don’t stutter at all anymore and you swear.”

“I used to.” He hums softly, “My name was Mikumo Midoriya. Izuku Midoriya was never a real person.” Kacchan stills, not expecting him to go this far. “One day I came home late from school, thanks to Kacchan,” He winks, “And found my apartment up in flames. My mom was burned alive.”

He hears Hagakuru mutter a small ‘oh no’.

“I went to find her, *save* her, and just found a corpse. I tried to get out, and was pinned down by a beam. I burned alive too.” He points to the scar on his eye, “That’s where this is from. I also have scars from the autopsy. My father started the fire to kill us.”

“So what exactly is your quirk? Ojiro asks, “You seem to have a different one now. Super strength and speed.”

“My quirk is called Regeneration. It’s exactly what it sounds like. The thing is, I currently have two quirks. You just can’t hear why, ever, it’s top secret shit.”

“Two quirks like Todoroki?” Sero asks. He seems to have forgiven Izuku fully.

“No, because he was born with them and his body was made for two quirks.” *I don’t mean it that way! Just, his body is actually suited to handle them.* “I was given this quirk. Again, I can’t talk about it. But you’ll see me using my quirks around you guys now.”

“Wait, why did you father try to kill you and your mom?” Ashido backtracks.

“I was quirkless up until that point.” The class grows quiet.

“But you have a quirk now? Were you given that one too?” Sato cautiously asks.

“No, for whatever reason, no matter what I tried, I never had a quirk. If I never burned alive, I’m pretty sure I’d still think I’m quirkless even to this day.”

“Wait, what does that have to do with your dad?” Hagakure asks.

“I know you’ll all defend yourself and say that you wouldn’t be like the rest, but, no one really sticks around quirkless people. They…. They have targets on their backs. Treated like shit and-” He meets Kacchan’s gaze. He doesn’t know why he does, but he can’t look away from Kacchan’s unreadable expression. “People told us to kill ourselves.”

Yet again the class grows quiet. They look to Kacchan, knowing the implications. Some seem to bristle and glare. Izuku doesn’t want this.

“Kacchan and I grew up together. We were best friends before he realized I was quirkless. It’s, well, it’s fine now. For the same reason my father killed us, is the same reason Kacchan bullied me. He’s since owned up to his shit and we’re friends. No one give him a hard time, or you’ll answer to me.” The kids back down. Kacchan stares at Izuku, looking guilty. *Right, I never told him about getting my memories back. He probably thinks I’m reciting stuff I’ve been told about my own life.*

Izuku goes on to tell them absolutely everything. Even about how he and Eraserhead met and how he was shot. Everything except One for All and Eraserhead being married to Present Mic. Those aren't his things to share. *I don't think anyone would target them for being married to each other. If one were a civilian, sure. This just means they can kick ass together.* Eraserhead always liked his privacy, though.

"One last thing. I'm not going to be a hero." Half the class is on their feet. Kacchan storms across the room and grabs him by the tie. It reminds him of the first day of class.

"Deku." Kacchan's voice is strained. He doesn't know why he's having this reaction. "You better fucking explain." *His eyes are watering. Why? I don't get it.* Shouto looks like he's about to grab Kacchan and get him off of Izuku, but he settles when Izuku shakes his head.

"Kacchan, let me go." He whispers. Kacchan does as asked for once. Stepping back and facing away from the class. Something's going on with Kacchan.

"Midoriya?" Iida questions.

"I can't save people if I have to worry about laws and regulations. I think I'm going to keep being a vigilante and get my license in case I get caught. I have a full plan. I'm going to save people."

"But-" Shouji tries.

"I'm going to save lives, isn't that all that should matter?"

"I think I understand why you're telling us." Tokoyami hums, "If we

need to do something that might cross the line for us as heroes…”

“We can call in Oni to do it for us.” Ojiro finishes. The class seems to realize how this can benefit all of them. Now the law doesn’t have to stop them from doing what needs to be done. People don't have to die because of some committee who thinks they know how heroes should operate!

“In exchange for some salary gotten from that save, to keep myself alive and shit, *and* in exchange for your silence. Do we have a deal?” The class looks to each other. Shouto and Kacchan speak up first.

“Deal.” They say.

“Deal.” Iida says next. The class looks at him oddly, expecting him to take the longest to agree. “Midoriya saved my life when I faced Stain. It was my fault. I was reckless and so *angry*. I lost an arm that day, and he donated his own to make up for my stupid actions. As someone's he's saved, and as a friend, I owe Midoriya my support.” Iida holds onto the arm that Izuku gave him. The class stares between them before chiming in with agreement.

“Oh! I can also donate organs and limbs if you guys ever-” Eraserhead barges into the room, scarf around Toshi.

“Izuku, why did your brother tackle me in the middle of the hallway?” He seethes, releasing Toshi.

“Uh, good question?”

Eraserhead looks between Izuku and the class and makes a move to

grab Izuku. He jumps over the capture weapon and kicks off the podium in front of the class. Izuku blocks Eraserhead's kick and dives under him, making a run for the door. *You're not even going to use words?!* He tries to activate One For All to make a break for it, but he can't. Now there's a quirk that Eraserhead can safely erase.

"Izuku!" He huffs, finally capturing him. "You're up to something." He turns to the class, "You, in your seats and make this a study hall. You all can see that I have problem children to deal with."

Katsuki sits in his seat as Aizawa leaves, trying to leave the moment the coast is clear.

"Katsuki?" Ei asks. He turns and sees the class watching him.

"What, I can't piss without being babysat?" He snorts, getting the class off his case. They buy it, for the most part. All except Ei. He walks off anyways.

In the bathroom, he rinses his face and looks in the mirror. *Shitty Deku didn't have to go that far into detail. He doesn't even remember this shit!* He's conflicted. He knows it's selfish to not want people to know of their past. How he can't just bury everything. Deku acts like they're fine now. They're not and Katsuki is the only one who sees it! Deku shouldn't forgive him for what he's done. No one should. He can't focus in class or while training. Katsuki can't think about anything other than the old Deku. The one that's dead and gone that he'll never be able to apologize to.

It's eating Katsuki alive.

In a private office, Eraserhead locks the door and lets Izuku go. The boy stares at him, bouncing on his feet. *I know this look.* He's antsy. Why, he has no clue. It's like Izuku would get when he planned big schemes. How he was before Hisashi was taken down. He's up to something. Something long term and permanent.

"You're not going to homeroom?" Izuku asks.

"They don't need me in there. All I do is sleep. They're independent enough." *Why do you think I sleep in there? They can go on without me when they need to.* "What's going on with you?"

Silence.

"Is something *wrong?" At least tell me you're safe.*

"No." Izuku answers, lips pressed together. He's not going to spill. Shouta's frustrated with him.

"Please just talk to me."

"Eraser, nothing's going on-"

"I'm going to be honest with you and tell you exactly what I'm thinking." Shouta explains. Izuku blinks at him and gives a slow nod. "You're a pain in the ass vigilante who's done nothing but get on my nerves and interfere with my daily life. You got involved in my life *so* much so that I came to think of you as a son. You interfered so much that you brought Hitoshi into our lives too and I began to think of him

as a son too. I feared for your safety and wellbeing and I appreciated you telling me whatever was on your mind. Even when you said you couldn't tell me, you gave hints and let me in on the secret indirectly."

"What are you saying?" *He's being cautious. This is what I'm talking about!*

"I'm saying that I love you, Izuku, but you've been hiding something from me and for once I'm getting no hints. Nothing. I'm worried about you and you can't just barge your way into my life, make me and my husband love you and then lock us back out,

Please, whatever it is, whatever you made Hitoshi distract me for, just tell me something. *Anything.* I promise I won't be mad."

Chapter End Notes

A FEW THINGS
1) NEW CHAPTER OF MY COMIC! Technically, THIS is the first chapter. The one before this was like, chapter 0
https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088
2) ITS BEEN A WHILE SINCE I UPDATED THIS!
well, like 2ish weeks. Honestly, it felt like a bit of a break. It was nice. If I ever DO need a real break, I'll tell y'all
BUT HERES THE THING

I was reached out to by a publisher. I read over the 17 page contract. They want to pay me for both Regen AND psyched out. It's a great offer, but I'm declining it. There's,,, some stuff I don't agree with in it. But one thing that stood out was that at some point, it could end up putting my work behind a paywall. I don't- I don't feel like I could do that, especially because you've all been reading for free. I just wouldn't feel right about it at all. So, this

fic will remain being free content. but p l e a s e remember that this IS free content. I don't owe anyone anything and I don't have deadlines. I know this, you know this, but sometimes it still feels like it's a job that I have to have done after a certain amount of days or whatever, idk how to explain it. You guys are all wonderful and i'm happy that you support what I do and who I am
so
i'm not taking the deal with the publisher
it's
a hard decision at the end of the day, for some other reasons I wont get into
but im happy

3) THERE WILL BE A END FOR REGEN
we all know this, right? So, the end will be after the next internships. Season 4 stuff. it will go into the manga so SPOILERS there will be a few chapters after that, to show their lives as adults a bit. then maybe, MAYBE a chapter every once in a while about random stuff like missions Izuku will do as an adult and stuff like that. maybe a w e d d I n g chapter or something
okay that's all
follow me on stuff!
art insta: jellofello22
twitter: jellofello2
tumblr: jello-fello
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ

Chapter 62

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You won’t be mad, huh?” Izuku repeats slowly, eyes studying Shouta’s face. *Okay, I probably will be if he’s being so cautious over whatever it is.*

“Okay, that *is* a bit of a big promise to make when it comes to you and your bullshit. How about this: I promise I’ll try to be understanding.”

“I can accept that.” Izuku still goes quiet, looking down. He looks incredibly nervous. *A few weeks ago, he wouldn’t have had this expression at all.* It makes Shouta feel a lot better when he thinks about how nice it is for Izuku to have his memories back. “Before I tell you, can I talk about something else first?”

“Go for it.”

“Do you remember that night I sang “Holding Out for a Hero” around Japan while causing chaos?” He nods, unsure of where this is going. “Do you remember the message after it?” Shouta thinks a moment, eyes widening when he can finally recall the message.

They never properly talked about Hisashi Midoriya.

“You said that there would be a reward to whomever could bring him to you.” *I think he said alive, though.*

“You killed him.” Izuku points out, clearly masking whatever emotion

bubbling up. “You saved my life, Eraser. You get the reward. You won whether or not you wanted to.” Shouta recalls that night and feels a bit sick. How can Izuku say he won? He was broken down that night, thinking that the family he just got would already be taken away from him.

“I didn’t win anything, Izuku. I lost.”

“But you-”

“Do you know how long it’ll take everyone to get over that night? The lasting effects of what happened to you and Hitoshi? He’s still barely able to eat something unless it’s packaged. His hands shake whenever he sees a muzzle or if he hears of All for One. And you, Izuku, you’re-”

“I’m fine.”

“You have *never* been fine.” Shouta snaps, sighing and running a hand through his hair.

“This isn’t why I brought this up. I was going to ask what the reward you want is. I keep my word, even to gross homeless men like you.” Izuku meets his gaze again, a small smile on his face.

“My reward is to have you and Hitoshi at least try to let me in on everything you’re planning. I’ve come to understand there is no stopping you, no matter how hard I try, so I want to at least settle for being able to steer you in the right direction.”

“You could have anything you want.” Izuku mumbles.

“Excuse me?”

“You could have anything you want! You could ask for a million fucking dollars and I’d get it as the reward. I said *anything* and all you think of is ‘let me be a good father figure’? Who the fuck do you think you are?!” Izuku’s on his feet, stomping around the room as he rants. *This isn’t about me, not so much.*

“You know, you’re allowed to call me stuff other than 'Eraser’."

“What does that have to do anything?”

“As part of my reward. We’re stuck together as a family. I’m legally your parent, same with Hizashi. You can call us stuff other than our hero names.”

“Like what?”

“Well, your brother calls me Dad and calls Hizashi ‘Zashi’, Maybe you can-”

“I don’t want to call you Dad. I don’t think the title means anything to me anymore. I like calling you Eraser because you’re a hero. That’s better than calling you my Dad. I call Mic by his hero name for the same reason. That, and because his first name is too close to Hisashi.”

“So by calling us Eraser and Mic, you’re *basically* calling us ‘Dad’?” *He's referred to as Dad before, though. Maybe he just isn't ready to admit that, yet.*

“Yes.” *I didn’t expect an actual answer. Huh, that’s good.* “Now, am I done here? Can I go back to homeroom?”

Shouta stares at this mess of a vigilante. *You thought you were being slick, huh? Led me into a heartfelt conversation so I’d forget the reason I brought you in here.*

“Uh oh, that’s the look of something who didn’t fall for my trap.”

“You’re awful, you know that?”

“I do, actually. Thanks for reminding, Eraser.” The room grows silent, and Izuku begins to bounce on his feet again. Why? What is so horrible that it makes the world’s most talkative vigilante shut up?

“Are you scared of how I’ll react?” Shouta guesses, getting the smallest of nods. “When have you ever been known for considering the opinion of others?”

It gets a smile.

“Eraser, I don’t want to be a hero.” Izuku says firmly, looking Shouta in the eyes and voicing his resolve.

“.....Oh?” *Where is this going?*

“I want to save people. I going to.”

“-And to do that, you can’t be stuck with the legalities of being a proper hero. Okay, I see what this is.”

“Are you okay with it?”

“Not really, but as I said, that won’t stop you. You’ll forever have a target on your back and people would be allowed to do what it takes to get you into custody. You’ll forever be breaking laws, Izuku. While we know that doesn’t bother you, it could set a bad example for kids who grow up and see you and what you do.”

Izuku takes a deep breath, and he laughs incredibly hard. He falls on the floor, grabbing his stomach and kicking his legs in the air.

“Oh my god, what was I so scared for?! I thought you would be mad that I wasted everyone’s time and money and effort just to throw it all away!” He howls, causing Shouta to freeze.

“That’s what you were scared of? Izuku, nothing we ever gave you will ever be a waste. You’re in a family and you’re not alone. That’s nothing being ‘wasted’ on anything, you dumbass.”

“I see that now.” He hums.

For the rest of homeroom, Izuku tells Shouta of his plans. Everything. He’s being true to his word. The reward Shouta gets for taking down Hisashi is being a father.

The bus ride to the license exam is loud and filled with nervous energy. Izuku sits in the back, head on Shouto's shoulder. Toshi is in the seat next to them, and Kacchan is in front.

In the end, the class took the news a lot better than expected. With all the trauma class 1-A has gone through together, Izuku already had the feeling they'd have a good connection for the rest of their lives. Seeing as they're going to be in the same sort of professions anyway, that is.

Izuku jumps a moment when he feels a cold kiss planted on the side of his face. Shouto chuckles a bit.

"I tried calling your name, but you had your 'vigilante thinking face' on."

"Oh, did I? That's a thing?"

"It is." He nods, "You twiddle your tiny little thumbs and hum nice songs. Strangers would probably never guess you're plotting world destruction or something."

"I don't always plot that!" Izuku snorts, "And my hands aren't small!"

They laugh a moment, staring at each other in a happy silence. It's so easy to forget how one person can change your whole mood. Change your whole life.

Izuku's come to accept that he's that person for a lot of people. It's…. Comforting.

"Katsuki, will you at least talk to me about why you're upset?" He hears from the seat in front of him.

"Ei, for the last time, I'm *fine.* I don't know how you've fuckin' locked onto my every movement, but you don't have to. You don't have to analyze every breath I take or read into every eye movement. Ei, It's alright. I'm just stressed."

Shouto and Izuku exchange a look.

Oni:

You're tense.

Katsuki:

Fuck off, Deku.

Oni:

You've been on edge for the last few days! It's not like you to be nervous over the exam, so what is it? What happened?

Katsuki:

We'll talk after the exam.

Oni:

…….Why? Did I do something wrong?

Katsuki:

No. It was never fucking you, Deku.

[Katsuki is offline]

He hears Kacchan mumble something about a nap to Kirishima, laying his head on the boy's shoulder.

If I didn't do anything wrong, then he must have. He probably feels guilty over something. The question is: What is it?

At the exam location, Dad stands before the class to give them a speech. Hitoshi stands beside Izuku.

"We, as a class, have been through a lot together. You all have learned not to hesitate, not to second guess yourself and to do whatever it takes to survive. While it's not something I anticipated you all having to learn at such a young age, this is the time for it to come in handy. You are some of the youngest students here. Your quirks were broadcasted all over the world during the sports festival." He gives a pointed look to Izuku, as if to say 'so only use the quirk you're known to have'. "Everyone here will think they have the upper hand. Take advantage of that and win."

"Who knew Eraser was capable of being encouraging." Izuku snickers

to Hitoshi, getting a glare from Dad.

“I heard that, you freak. Don’t think I won’t be keeping an eye on the problem children of this class. Do I make myself clear?” The class voices their answer. “Izuku, I *said-* ”

“I heard what you said, and the answer is no. You don’t make yourself clear. That’s actually Hagakure’s quirk.” The class laughs at the stupid joke. Dad backs off, calling Izuku a smart ass.

“You heard him! It’s time to go beyond-” Kirishima’s pep talk is also cut off by someone screaming behind them.

“PLUS ULTRA!!” He shouts excitedly. Everyone turns and stares at the class behind him.

“Shouto?” Izuku softly asks Todoroki. Hitoshi can see the look of confusion and recognition on the boy’s face.

“Maybe you shouldn’t be barging in on people’s huddles?” A boy with purple hair explains to the other student.

“Right! I just got so excited! They have such an intense school! I couldn’t help myself. I’m EXTREMELY SORRY!” He shouts once more, bowing low enough to hit the pavement with his head.

“Shiketsu.” Izuku announces them, eyes watching the boy’s movements very carefully. *Right, Todoroki seems taken aback by him. Therefore Izuku doesn’t trust him.* “Yoarashi Inasa.” The name is basically growled out by Izuku.

“Do you know each other?” The same purple-haired boy asks Inasa. Both classes stare at Izuku. Hell, Dad probably would too if another hero didn’t start talking to him.

“No, I can’t say I do! Do I know you?” Inasa happily asks Izuku, moving to shake his hand.

“You were one of the recommendation students, the top one actually, you got into UA but denied it almost immediately after.”

“I don’t think something like that would be public information.” Another student covered in long hair points out.

“It’s not.” Inasa and Izuku say at the same time.

“Then again, I’m not above going through the school’s files.” *Oh, he’s trying to drive Inasa away from Todoroki.*

“You’re very intense.” Inasa points out after a long moment. “I like you!!” *Huh?*

Shortly after their class runs off ahead, Dad grabs their attention.

“Everyone, this is Ms. Joke. She works at Ketsubutsu Academy.” Dad explains, “Our agencies used to be next to each other’s.”

“And we fell in love!” She announces, getting looks of confusion and

awe from her own class, but looks of disbelief from Hitoshi's class.

"Doubt it." Bakugou mumbles, getting elbowed by Kirishima.

"What do you mean?" Ms. Joke asks.

"He's married."

"We could've-"

"And he doesn't swing that way!" Kaminari joins in. *Right, they know he has a husband, just doesn't know it's Zashi.*

"Ms. Joke, how about we talk over here and away of my class of demons?"

The moment they leave, a boy with black hair from her class runs up to Izuku and grabs his hands. Izuku in turn seems to bristle. The class collectively takes a step back from the boy, the other school watches on. *Now that the secrets out, our class trusts Izuku's reaction to things.*

"You're Izuku Midoriya, right? You were so good in the Sports Festival with a nonphysical quirk! Not to mention how you held up being kidnapped after that!" The boy rambles on. *I think he's sticking with Izuku because he's the only one who didn't step away from him.* When he mentions the villain attack and how Izuku was in critical condition, Izuku smirks a bit, leaning forward into his personal space.

"You remind me of my father." He says with a smile, not reaching his

eyes. The boy, Shindo, tries to take his hands away, only to realize Izuku's still holding on. "You kind of look like him, too. You both do this thing where you joke and smile and talk your way through things. In this case, you're doing it to make us think we can trust you. That you're just *senpai* who will help us. I call bullshit."

"Oh?" Shindo breaks into a grin, more intrigued by Izuku than Hitoshi's comfortable with.

"Yeah. Keep pissing me off by being fake, and I think you'll find a similar fate to him."

"And what would that be?" Shindo pushes on. Izuku finally lets go of his hands, pointing to the scar on his forehead.

"He was shot." He sneers. Before Hitoshi can grab Izuku, Bakugou does. With a fist full of hair, he drags Izuku away towards the locker rooms.

"What he's saying is: Fuck off, extras!" Bakugou shouts. The class follows them.

Hitoshi can't help but be happy. Now that the class knows, it feels like they're all closer. That they want to protect Izuku from anymore pain, just like Hitoshi and his Dads want to.

Chapter End Notes

1) there's not one, but TWO new chaps of my comic since the last update!
https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088
(and I'm going to just say: I like to leave hints everywhere. giving things meaning. It's a slow start and oh BOY will things eventually go down. there's already a lot of art and hints on my Instagram. the question is: what's going to be canon and what's not.
AND ANOTHER THING: don't compare my characters to other media. it's already a thing in the art community about how rude that is, because it makes the creator feel like they really are being unoriginal. that being said, no one I have is based off anyone. there are no connections to other stuff, end of story)

2) new youtube video too! It's basically me being dumb as fuck and trying to make pie
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Cxz3fDT8H8w

Small little story
in the last month or so, I was supposed to find out if im able to donate my kidney to someone
she's in her 20s, and she's family. in the entire south, my family tree has about 300 cousins (no exaggeration either) and this girls mom reached out to EVERYONE to see if they could go see if they're a match to donate
not a single fucking person checked
rather than spread the word or see if someone else is able to donate, they pretend like they were never asked in the first place
now, we don't talk with the cousins in the south, just cuz we don't really know them enough to
so no one up north had ANY IDEA that this girl was dying

the thing is
she's special needs. we know that no one wants to donate down south because of that reason alone. it pisses me off
so the MOMENT I found out, we made appointments to see if I could donate mine
the day of the appointment came, we were supposed to meet her mom and get the paperwork and shit
she went mia
we haven't heard anything since
its been weeks

I don't know where they are, so maybe more stories will come as things happen??

OH AND I TURNED 19 ON 9/19!! I'm g r o w I n g
I started doing this thing where I binge watch something new on my bday
this year was Steins;Gate and I SOBBED ITS SO GOOD

anyways
follow me!
art insta: jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello
twitter: jellofello2

Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

The chapter before I start Regenoween, babey

Chapter Notes

********PLEASE READ THE END NOTES FOR A FUN SURPRISE********

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki lets go of Deku in the locker room, crossing his arms and glaring. Deku looks up at him with a small grin, unlocking the case to his suit and getting ready.

“I was just having fun.” Deku already tries to defend.

“You were blowing your fuckin’ cover by acting like a feral brat.” He seethes, getting his suit out too. “I know you said you don’t want to be a hero or whatever, but I need you to focus on getting your license.”

“Why?” He looks genuinely confused. It pisses him off.

“Like you said, if you get caught, your license is your only ticket to freedom.”

“Well-”

“You’re not breaking out of prison, you greasy fucknut.” Katsuki sighs, already aware of where this is going. Some of their class starts filtering in, letting them yell at each other all they please. Icy Hot and Shinsou still come over.

“Even if the class knows most of your secrets, you can’t just *suddenly* act like yourself. It’s going to distract them during the exam.” Shinsou points out. “Just try and reel it in a tiny bit. Be yourself, not Oni.”
That’s the same fucking thing!

“Okay.” Deku hums. *Okay?! That’s it?*

They change and head to the orientation room. The room has well over 1000 people in it. Not all of them will pass. Not that Katsuki really gives a fuck.

“Katsuki, you look like you’re about to catch on fire.” Ei comments, standing beside him.

“Hah? I’m pumped! This is not only the exam, but the chance to pummel people into the ground!”

“God I wish I had a spray bottle for you or something.”

Izuku listens to the instructions. They’ll wear targets and whoever can get two people out first win. Only 100 students out of over 1000 can pass. That means only 99 of these people will be actual heroes. Izuku can’t give up his shot just so someone else can be a hero. *I can't let myself feel bad about taking someone's shot. They'll become heroes eventually.*

He felt a bit of anger when he heard the instructor go on about Stain and how he’s left a mark on the hero world. *Stain really thinks heroes*

should save with no want of compensation? No one in their right mind should want to risk their life from others and get absolutely nothing for it. It's not logical to not at least want to make it a job. One simply can't support and save others if they can't support and save themselves.

Then the instructor mentioned Oni. How people like him more now, after working with All Might, because he doesn't seem to get any compensation whatsoever.

They're sort of right, except he became Oni for selfish reasons. Reasons that aren't the same as they are now. He's growing up a bit, he thinks.

"Toshi, Shouto, I already have a plan." He murmurs, getting their attention.

"Izu, I think I'm going to do this exam on my own, actually. My quirk needs space to use properly. I don't want to hurt anyone." Shouto explains as the roof of the room folds out, revealing the different terrains they'll do the exam in. *I see cities. I can use that to my advantage. Same with Toshi, they'll suit him.*

"I'm in." Toshi reassures. They allow time for them to go to whatever terrain they want to start in.

"Midoriya, where are you going?" Ashido calls, she stands with most of the class. Kacchan, Kirishima, Kaminari and Shouto aren't with them.

"I have a plan. You guys can do the exam on your own or join me. I don't care." He explains, "I ought to tell you though, people are

probably going to hunt us down. They know your quirks from the Sports Festival. They know we're some of the youngest people here. Make them think they have the upperhand and then shock 'em."

"So what are *you* going to do?" Sero questions, "You said you have a plan."

"I'm going to trap a bunch of examinees like cattle and then take them all out. I'll get enough people for everyone just in case you guys run out of time. I'll be in the city. Near that building." He points to the tallest building. It can be a beacon for their class, if they need it.

He gets a few nods and a "stay safe" from Iida. He and Toshi head off towards the city.

"Okay, what's the full plan?" Toshi asks once they're alone.

"We're going to find a closed off space, like a room in one of the buildings, and then use your quirk to lure them into the room. If you can hold the brainwash, then I can use One for All and take their balls as fast as I can."

"From there, it's just wait for our class to come over then we play a one-sided dodgeball?"

"Yeah!"

"Deal."

An electronic voice comes over the intercom, announcing the start of the exam.

Students come after them from all angles, right off the bat. Izuku realizes how tempted he is to fall back on One for All.

Okay, I have an analysis quirk. There's only so much I can do.

"Toshi!" He yells, watching his brother dodge a barrage of attacks. He comes on command, jumping onto Izuku's back and holding on as he climbs up a building and jumps along the roofs. *Got this idea from the Training camp, when we climbed back up to beat the Wild Wild Pussycats.*

This works fairly well, considering that Izuku's targets are on his back, and Toshi's are on his chest. This way they're covered and it doesn't break the rules. *They never said we can't cover them once they're placed.* They explicitly stated where they can't be put.

Izuku makes a break for the building, aware that he's leading a herd of examinees behind him. He jumps down off a shorter building, tightly holding Toshi and letting himself take any fall damage. His legs make a cracking sound when they hit the pavement.

"I thought you would have been with your class, but I was wrong!" A familiar voice shouts from behind him. He turns, careful not to let Toshi fall. *Shindo.* "I wanted to tear you down!"

The more this boy tries to talk and mock them, the more Izuku sees it's just a front. An intimidation tactic he hasn't fully learned. *He's probably super nice when it's not a contest. Okay, maybe I shouldn't have sneered and say I'd shoot him.*

“Toshi, I want you to listen to people’s voices around here and learn how to mimic one of them enough. You have the voice changer, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, mimic someone who isn’t Shindo or his class if you can, I actually want them to pass.” *Ms. Joke is clearly friends with Eraser. Or, they at least know each other.* She’d probably never say, but he can imagine how upset she’d secretly be if his students singlehandedly took out her class.

“And it looks like someone already passed!” The tired instructor announces, “Looks like, holy- 250 examinees are out!!” *By the same person?* Talk about being shown up.

Eijirou doesn’t like where this is going. Katsuki was already on edge today, but this guy standing before him, calling Izuku a villain in the making, is sure to get Katsuki to kill someone.

“-I’ve seen him at the sports festival.” The purple haired boy carries on, “How can someone so sickeningly sweet go from the loveable underdog to the vicious kid who probably spends class in a corner?”

“Shut your fucking mouth.”

“I’m just saying, maybe Stain’s ideals got to him. Maybe when villains attacked your little school something happened to him? How easily

swayed can someone's ideals be? Is he fit to even be in this school? You call this soon-to-be traitor your friend?" Smoke rises from Katsuki's hands. He's shaking.

More than Eijrou wishes to help Katsuki, h e wants to kick this guy's ass too. There's nothing manly about talking behind people's backs and ignoring any trauma they might've gone through! There's nothing manly about saying stuff you know isn't true just to get a reaction out of them.

Denki's freaking out. First, this creepy dude provoked Bakubro into wanting to fight, even though he *literally always wants to fight.* Then, he strikes a nerve with Kirishima! The bro who'd never hurt someone without a really good reason to.

Now, they're lumps of meat on the ground, shaking in anger and unable to do anything about it. The boy's flesh bubbles around in the air above him, eager to turn Denki into one of those freakish meatballs too.

Does he even have bones?!

Toshi's starting to get a massive headache. So far they have about thirty people in the main lobby of the building. Izuku found enough rope and cloth around to tie up the easy examinees. Toshi's job is to keep hold of the out-of-control people. *He didn't know how to release specific people when he has so much to focus on.* So instead, Izuku went around slapping the people he wanted to snap out of it. Izuku doubts Toshi could command this many people even if he wanted to. If

anything, these people are just on standby.

Who knew the voice changer plan would work that well?

Izuku's yet to use his actual quirks in any obvious manners, successfully keeping the charade of having Analysis. *Shindo and his class are nowhere to be seen. Maybe we shook them off?*

It doesn't matter, he's about to do something stupid. More than half of the examinees allowed passed, meaning he has to go through with it soon.

Walking outside, Izuku takes a deep breath.

" *JIROU!* " He shouts, hoping she can hear and get some classmates headed here. A few moments pass, and his phone buzzes.

Jirou:

I have my phone, you know. We're kind of in the middle of something. Tsuyu's freezing and we're trapped in a building. Evil genius type stuff here.

[Jirou sent a location]

Jirou:

We're dealing with someone who *actually* has an intelligence quirk.

Midoriya:

On my way.

Tell the others in the class to head to the tallest building in the city terrain.

After sending a message to Toshi, he heads over to the location. *It's across this city, do I have time?*

"Hey there!" He hears from behind him, getting closer. "You're friends with Hitoshi, right?" *I know that voice.* "I met Ochako earlier, but it seems she didn't want to chat when I was in my disguise."

Izuku turns around, gut twisting.

"Toga." He spits, dropping into a fighting stance. She stares, smile dropping ever so slightly.

"Have we met? I know you're that Izuku kid that Hitoshi talked about, but have we met?" She keeps her eyes on him. *Right, I met her as Oni. I'm pretty sure I impaled her on the spot.*

"No, we haven't."

"You look so familiar." She mumbles. *Maybe I look like someone she used to know?* Or, maybe she's batshit crazy and he needs to end this. Toga moves like she realizes he's going to fight, and makes the first move.

"Hey Toga? Why the fuck are you naked?"

“My quirk.” She answers a bit too truthfully.

“Huh, maybe you should be worried about finding clothes before trying to kill me?”

“Maybe.” She giggles, eager to hurt anyone she can. He kicks the dirt into the air and watches her block and complain about it being in her eyes. *She won’t expect me to move fast.*

He uses One for All and slams her into the concrete. She’s out cold. *Underestimation does wonders.*

She doesn’t even have targets on her, waste of time. He puts her body into a nearby dumpster and uses One for All to bend the metal into being completely stuck shut. He sends Eraser a location and message, moving to help Jirou.

Izuku’s losing his mind. He’s laughing so hard he’s out of breath. Apparently the girl with the intelligence quirk didn’t account for “chaotic people” showing up, as she put it.

More so, she’s upset because she wanted an elegant battle of wit, stating she preferred Momo the moment Izuku crashed into the window at full speed.

“We get it, you’re insane.” Jirou laughs along. They’re running back to

Toshi's location, seeing some of their other classmates guarding the doors.

"She has an intelligence quirk and you're telling me she didn't once consider you guys being able to get outside help?! That's hilarious!" He detours around one of the blocks in the city, seeing Eraser and a few other pros trying to get Toga out of the dumpster. If his classmates notice the change in direction, they don't notice.

Shouto:

Just passed, waiting for you. Good luck.

Izuku would like to think he'd have passed in the top ten if he didn't want to help his classmates pass too.

Once caught up with their class, he counts them.

It's everyone but Shouto, and half the Bakusquad. Ashido and Sero are here, though.

"We corralled a few more people and went around getting their balls." Sero explains, pointing at all the tape he used to secure people.

"Thanks." Izuku looks around, "Where's Toshi?"

"Over here. My head's killing me now." He's in the back of the class sitting against a wall. Head in his hands.

“Go get your two people out and pass.” Izuku firmly tells him. “You need to rest up for the next exam.”

With a mock salute, Toshi passes the exam.

Inside the building, Izuku can see that Sero taped everyone so close together, that they can’t use quirks in the fear of hurting other examinees. Izuku loves it.

“Okay, we’re good to go. Let’s pass this exam!”

Chapter End Notes

OKAY SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ALREADY BUT: I"M DOING A HALLOWEEN SPECIAL OF REGENERATE, FATE!
I want it to HURT and be SCARY
The initial goal was to release the full story on Halloween, but it's been a few days and I'm already at like, 35ish pages
SO HERES THE DEAL
starting on the 24th (a week before Halloween), I'm going to post at least one chapter a day until the grand finale on Halloween!!!
I'm also doing illustrations and stuff, the whole shebang !
Fair warning, the story will have graphic violence, and I want it to be scary as a whole, and it's going to be confusing. I want you guys to feel the same kind of genuine confusion the characters feel trying to figure it out as you're reading it. it'll all make sense

NOW SOME HINTS
I've given some hints, and it's only fair I tell them here too
1) Izuku is 22 when it starts
2) It's the day before his wedding
3) one week is one minute
4) for the first time ever, I'm writing some stuff in Regen!Inko's POV

5) Regen after the forest arc: Wow watch what happens when Izuku SUDDENLY loses his morals! Feral boi!
Regenoween: watch izuku slowly lose his morals and make the conscious choice to hurt the people he loves

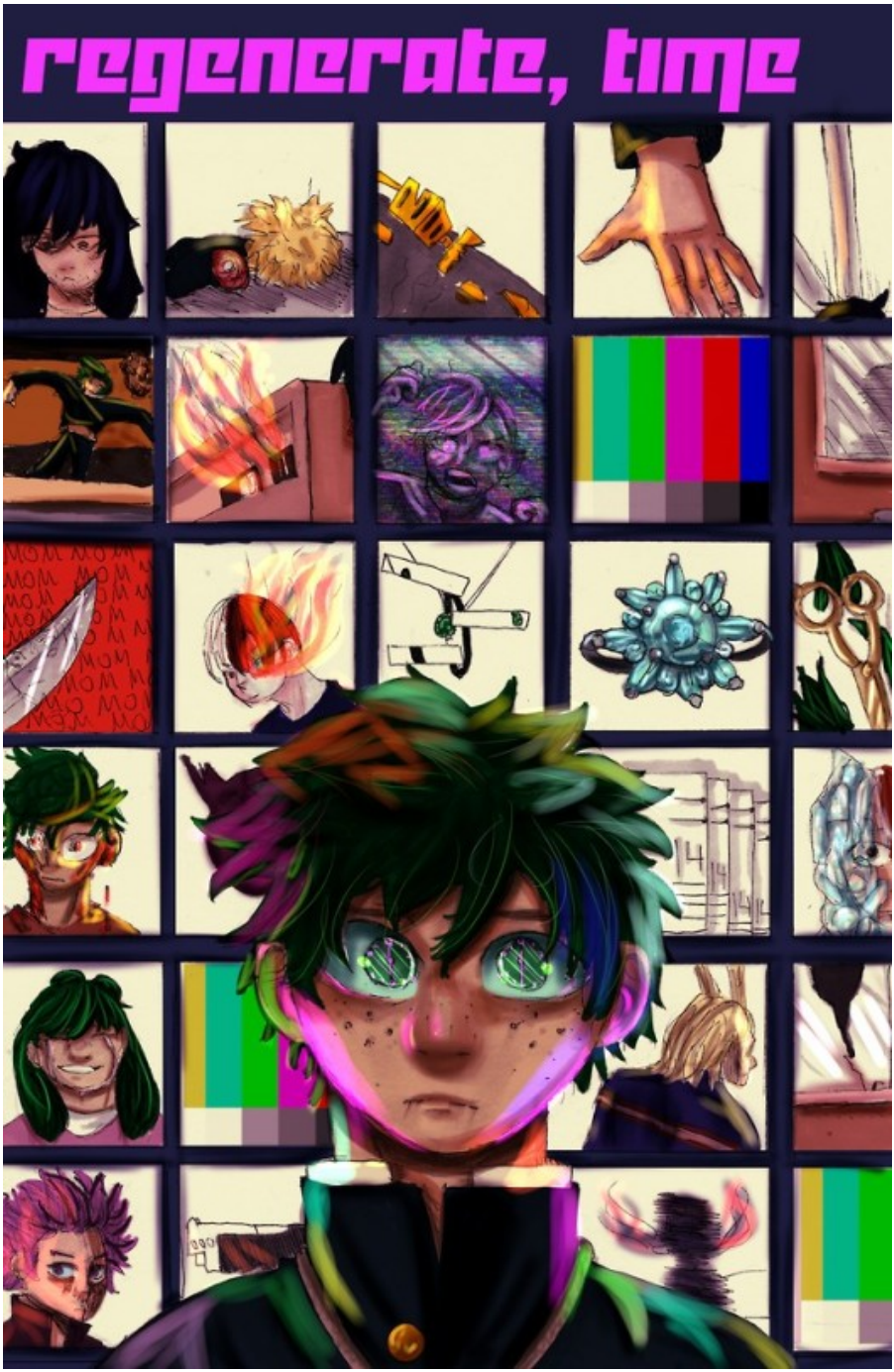
Edit: I'll post one chapter on here to say "hey here's Regenoween" and then link a separate story so 1) people don't have to be spammed if they don't want it
and 2) so people CAN read it as a standalone thing If they wanted to!
FEEL FREE TO SEND ME ASKS ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK IS GONNA HAPPEN

that being said
follow me on stuff!
my art Instagram: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
twitter: jellofello2
youtube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOEr8jSuzYGekJYqdmGSWcQ
my comic !!!! : https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

Regenoween!

Chapter Summary

here's the regenoween link! It's a go people!!



What, you thought I'd actually stick to the date I said and NOT surprise you?
what am I, someone with a reasonable upload schedule??

HERE IT IS:

https://archiveofourown.org/works/21065744/chapters/50113559

Chapter 65

Chapter Notes

PLEASE read the end notes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki sees Deku and Friends waltz in through the doors. The whole class passed together, except for him and his two idiot friends and Icy Hot. Katsuki stares at Deku, wondering why he helped his class pass like that. *He doesn't remember shit, so why would he help them? He's like a feral loser now, it doesn't make sense.*

A squeeze of his hand gets his attention, and he turns and meets Eijirou's gaze.

"I know what you're thinking. Don't worry so much about him. Focus on your exam."

"I fuckin' know that!" He huffs, glaring when Eijirou laughs at him.

"Yeah, sure you do. Come on, let's get lunch."

Shouto can't figure out why this kid keeps staring at him. He recognized the kid, deeming him familiar but apparently not important enough to remember him.

Izu keeps looking at him too, no doubt understanding that Shouto's

being watched by him.

Other kids watch them too, knowing Shouto's dating Oni, and that Izu has been kidnapped by the same vigilante. Everyone in their class is being watched.

At some point during lunch, Izu stands, despite Shinsou telling him not to do something stupid.

"Hey, Inasa, is there a reason you've been staring at Shouto?" He asks confidently, ignoring Inasa's class looking at him.

"He's a cold person with cold eyes. He reminds me of his father-"

"Finish that sentence and I'll snap you like a twig." Izu growls out. "You saw that happened with Endeavor. You know better." *Is he…. Scolding?*

For the first time since seeing this kid, he looks sorry.

"I- You're right. That was a very unpassionate thing of me to say. I'm sorry. I may not like him yet, but I guess I could make an effort." Inasa makes eye contact with Shouto, as a form of apologizing directly. "I like you, on the other hand. You're very straightforward and passionate about protecting your friends."

"Uh, thanks?" Izu tilts his head, backing up when Inasa seems to stare a few seconds too long.

Oh, Shouto knows what this is. He feels… weird. Like he was happier being glared at by this kid if it meant Izu didn't have to talk to him.

"You're jealous." Shinsou speaks up as Inasa keeps talking to Izu.

"I'm what? That's ridiculous."

"Your chopstick is on fire, Todoroki." *Ah, so it is.*

"That doesn't mean I'm jealous."

"You're staring daggers at this kid because he's close to Izuku."

"Okay, but consider this: There's no need to be so close and he's invading personal space." He defends, seeing how Izu takes a step back to reclaim some of his breathing room.

"Uh, huh." Shinsou chuckles, sitting back and watching the show.

Once Izu comes back, Shouto relaxes a bit, that is, until he sees a paper in his hand.

"What's that?" Shinsou asks,

"He uh, he gave me his phone number."

He what?

“Woah, Shouto, you good?” Izu asks, putting a hand on his forehead. “You’re not looking so hot right now. Regulate your temperature.” Shouto does as told, realizing that yes, he’d been using his fire a bit.

“Shinsou is being mean to me.” He decides to say.

Shinsou looks up slowly, mouth still open as he was about to eat more of his food.

“I’m being *what now?* ” He repeats with a defiant look. “Huh, okay.” He chuckles, hooking his arm around Izuku and pulling him into a hug. “Todoroki, I’m *touching* him, are you going to set me on fire too?”

“Uh.” Izu furrows his brow. “Did something happen while I was gone?”

“No.” Shouto quietly answers. “I’m sorry Shinsou.”

“Good.” He laughs, not releasing Izu. He’s basically falling asleep on him. *Right, he said he has a headache.*

“Just don’t drool on me.” Izu warns Shinsou.

“Don’t tell me what to do.”

“Wow, Sassy.”

They blew up all the buildings in front of him. Class 1-A watched and they all thought of one thing: Kamino.

“Do you think they’re modeling it after Kamino?” Iida asks Izuku, carefully watching his reaction.

“There’s no doubt. They’ll probably be basing a LOT of hero exercise on Kamino from here on out. After all, it was an event bad enough to end All Might. They’d want to prevent something like this from happening ever again.”

“I see.” Iida hums.

The second test is explained, they have to act as if they have their licenses. As rescue heroes. His class is already looking to him, seeing as he has the most real life experience with saving people.

“Oh, no.” He starts with a wave of his hands. “Don’t you dare copy me. Have you heard me speak? I’d lose in a fucking heartbeat.”

“He has a point there. All of you, just act like Dad, or Iida on a good day.” Shinsou offers, seeing Iida’s jaw drop in disbelief.

“Do we have to wave our arms?” Uraraka jokes.

“You may begin!”

Shouto tells him that he’s splitting up again, going to areas best for his quirk.

Izuku goes to the city, able to easily track the voices of fake victims and slide into the rubble, locating them.

“Over here!” He calls, turning to the kid when he feels he’ll get points docked. “You’re bleeding. Can you walk? Are you dizzy?” He leads.

“You’re supposed to ask if I’m okay!” The kid scolds.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re currently okay, you’re *going* to be okay and that’s what we’re going to focus on.” He bluntly corrects. The kid stares at him.

He probably just docked points.

“I can’t walk but I’m not dizzy. My grandpa is over-”

“Got it, thanks, kiddo.” He scoops the kid up into his arms after signing something to Toshi. Toshi tells the group and watches them team up to get the rubble off of the man.

Izuku carries the kid to the infirmary.

“You act as though you’ve been a hero for quite some time.” The kid

notes. *He's probably just a very small man.*

"I'm not a hero." He mumbles.

"Yet."

"Yet." He lies through his teeth.

He lets the kid down and talks to the first nurse he sees, making sure the kid can hear him loud and clear.

The process is simple: Find people, talk to them more like Mikumo would rather than Oni, and then save them. Some people are harder to talk to than others, but he manages.

Katsuki sees the victims at the bottom of a pit, screaming for help. He saunters over, looking over their injuries. Except, there really aren't any.

"Help! Help us please!"

"HELP YOURSELF!" He yells at them, looking for people who have it worse.

"Excuse me?"

“You only have a few scrapes and shit, you’re not defenseless, you can save yourself and get to safety. Yet you’re sitting there and *taking it.* ” *Like Shitty Deku did all those years. Why didn’t he speak up? Why didn’t he do something about Katsuki. He’s a fucking villain and the kid doesn’t even remember! He could have saved himself.*

“Is he telling us that we’re fine enough to allow him to help others? While it’s true, I’m docking points for being rude.” One comments. *Whatever.*

Katsuki keeps going, making sure people know better than to just deal with shit. That they can change their own situation. The entire time, he thinks about Shitty Deku and how it’s like what Katsuki did growing up never happened. He hates it.

It’s all he’s been thinking about for weeks.

It’s all he can think about now. When he *knows* he should be totally focused on the fucking exam.

Gang Orca is here, it appears. Izuku expected something wild like this, but he didn’t guess this.

“I’ll take them out, feel free to join.” He calls to his class.

“I’ll brainwash one of them into giving me their guns.”

“Or, you can brainwash all of them by mimicking gang orca’s voice?”

“I- Yeah. I should’ve thought of that.” Toshi laughs, joining Izuku.

They join into the fight, and Izuku can see Inasa and Shouto on their way.

“Izuku-” Gang Orca sends out a wavelength with his quirk. *It’s a large wave by the feel of it.* Izuku curls into a ball, dislocating some joints to force himself into a compact shape. The wave passes him but renders Toshi defenseless.

Izuku gets up, smiling at Gang Orca’s confusion.

“Looks like we’ve got a nerd.” He chuckles, “Well thought, kid.”

“What does he mean?” Toshi asks.

“He uses waves and shit-”

“Language.” Gang Orca corrects, still chasing after him.

“He uses waves and *such* to render us immobile, but if an object is smaller than the wavelength itself, it’s pretty much ignored by the wave.”

“This kid guessed that it was a large wave. Good job, hero.”

Izuku dodges his sidekick’s attacks, thanking Shindou when he appears and counters with a wave of his own. Toshi’s up and moving again, ready to use the voice changer.

“Incoming!” Two voices call. Shouto’s sending out a fire attack while Inasa uses wind, ultimately ruining their moves. It gears towards Izuku, who barely makes it out the way of the fire with Shindou in tow. *They would’ve burnt the kid.*

“Hey! You did that on purpose!” Inasa acuses. “You almost hurt Midoriya!”

“It was *your* fault, and Izu clearly dodged it!”

“Both of you, cut it out.” Izuku calls, “Work together.” *What’s gotten into Shouto?* He knows Inasa doesn’t like Endeavor, but he thought they were all past that part.

“Yeah, *Todoroki,* cut it out.” Inasa tries another attack while Shouto tries more fire.

“Stop fucking up my attack!” Shouto swears at Inasa, causing Izuku to stop moving entirely. *Uh… Did Shouto just swear at someone? Holy shit.*

Izuku dodges out of the fire again.

“Kids-” Gang Orca can’t help but give up some of his villain act. He

won't give Shinsou the chance to brainwash them all.

"You almost hurt Midoriya and them again!" *Why does Inasa keep signaling me out?* "He's hot enough as it is, no need for your lame fire!" *Wait a second.*

"Don't talk about my Izu, you bald-headed creep!" Shouto seethes.

Inasa uses a wind attack on Shouto himself.

"Guys!" Shindou yells, using his vibration quirk to knock some of Gang Orca's sidekicks off their feet. "What's the matter with you?"

Shouto, being stupid as all hell, quite literally fires *back* at Inasa. He deflects it and sends it to Gang Orca. They finally hit the right guy, but still!

"Sidekicks, stop those kids before they hurt themselves!" A booming voice interrupts.

"Yes si-" They stop dead in their tracks. *Yes! Toshi used their bullshit for his own plan!* " **Attack and immobilize Gang Orca.** " He commands, seeing them do just that.

Now to distract Gang Orca from snapping them out of it.

"Shouto, Inasa." He calls, getting their attention. "Trap him in a wall of fire." They glare at each other a moment before sighing. *They'll listen to me. Good.*

By time the exam is up, Gang Orca is on the ground, underneath a pile of his own underlings.

On the way to the locker room, Toshi signs that he'll walk on up ahead.

"Shouto." He asks, grabbing his boyfriend's arm and stopping.

Shouto reminds silent a moment.

"Say it."

"I was being an ass."

"I was going to say 'dummy' but yeah, that works too. What happened back there?"

"I don't know!" Shouto sighs, "Okay, I do, I think. I just…. I just don't know how to put it into words. First this kid was rude to me because of who my sperm donor is, and then he makes a move on you? It made me upset." Shouto admits, looking down.

"He was making moves on me?" He repeats, unsure if Shouto knows what that means.

“Inasa gave you his number! He called you *hot.* He was flirting the entire time and I hated it.”

“Are-” Izuku can’t help but chuckle a little, “Were you *jealous?* ”

“Yes.” Shouto admits through gritted teeth.

“That’s adorable!” He sputters, laughing about how stupid this all was.

“Izu!” He groans, covering his face. “It’s not funny. I probably failed the exam.”

“Yes, you might’ve, but what does that say?”

“That it’s what I get for being a child.” He huffs, grabbing Izuku’s hand and walking with him to the locker rooms.

They walk in, and while almost everyone has left, there’s one person who waited for them.

“Inasa-” Shouto starts, interrupted.

“I’m sorry.” He bluntly cuts in. “I should’ve known you two were a thing. It’s kind of obvious now that I think back at it. I’m all angry about Endeavor, and realized that *no, I can’t take it out on Todoroki,* and then I saw Midoriya and thought *wow.* One thing led to another

and I both had the hots for this kid *and* wanted to take him away from you as a weird sort of payback. It's stupid and I'm sorry." Inasa loudly apologizes, bowing far enough to hit his head on the floor again.

"I'm sorry too. I should've just voiced my discomfort rather than act passive aggressively about it." Shouto apologizes too. Izuku excuses himself to get changed and let them talk things through.

In the end, Shouto, Inasa and Kacchan failed the exam. Why Kacchan did, he has no idea. The reason why Shouto did was an incredibly stupid one, but he let his feelings get in the way of his heroics, paying the price for it. *It's a good thing they'll let them redo them and get their licenses.*

Shouto's not as upset as he thought, opting to stay with Izuku the night, worried he might be upset about how they acted. *He's being cute and cuddly, how can I be mad at that? Shit's adorable.*

They're in the middle of watching a movie on his bed when his door is swung open.

Kacchan stares between the two, before storming up to the bed.

"Oi, I'm borrowing your boyfriend for a chat." He says to Shouto, already dragging Izuku out the bed by his shirt.

"I guess I'm being borrowed." He shrugs, telling Shouto to watch the movie without him. *I've already seen it.*

“Nerd, got your phone?”

“Yeah?”

“Disable the fucking cameras. You and I are going outside to have a *chat.* ”

Chapter End Notes

HI LONG TIME NO SEE. First of all, "Regenerate, Time" IS COMPLETE. It's the Halloween special and no, it doesn't really spoil anything about the future of this fic. read it and then yell at me over it

****HERES THE THING***
writing so much in the last few weeks has p much fucked up my hands/forearms. so basically: I'm going on a little break from my bnha fics. Not long!!! Maybe just a few weeks or so. long enough for my hands to properly heal. I can't produce content if I risk the health of the things MAKING said content, yknow???
most of you already know about this, insisting you're not mad cuz 'my health matters', and I love yall for it

I also just started a Haikyuu!! Fic! called You can't fly with one wing... it's an amputee!Hinata au: https://archiveofourown.org/works/21292052 (there's no update schedule so im not v worried about it interfering with a break)

ANWYAYS I HAVE A TIKTOK NOW:
Jellofello22
art Instagram: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

and there's been an update of my comic since the last official regen update! New chapter on Wednesday!
https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

thank you, love you guys <33

Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

YES IM STILL ON BREak buT SHHHHHH

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Katsuki has Deku loop the camera feeds and mask their escape to go talk outside. He drags the kid to one of the fake training cities, ready to get this shit out of the way. He failed the exam because of this. There's no better time then to talk this out.

Actually, there were so many better times before today that it pisses Katsuki off.

"Kacchan, I have working legs, you know. Let me go and I'll follow you." The nerd offers.

"All you ever did was follow me." Katsuki huffs, still letting him go.

"What?" He stops walking and faces Deku. He's obviously confused, but then again, he doesn't remember shit.

"When we were kids, before you *changed,* you followed me around no matter how badly I beat you into the ground."

"Where are you going with this?" It's the smallest movement, but Deku takes half a step back, body lowering ever so slightly. He knows.

“You didn’t stop. No matter what I did. You wouldn’t leave me the fuck alone and I couldn’t figure out why. I still can’t figure out why! I hated that you followed me with every fiber of my fuckin’ being and I still hate it, but for different reasons.”

“What reasons?” He can’t read the expression on Deku’s face. It’s blank and practiced. Like his face would be fighting a villain.

It says a lot.

“You wanted to be a hero. You protected other kids from me when I got my quirk and thought I was hot shit. You fought me like you were the hero, and I was the villain.”

"Fighting you doesn’t make you the villain-”

“Except it does, Deku! I was a monster and you should’ve hated me for it.”

“You were a *kid,* Kacchan.”

“It doesn't matter! I still did it! You still call me that stupid name after all I’ve done, too.”

Izuku doesn’t understand. Why is this happening? Why are they here? He thought they’ve moved past it.

Wasn’t the Sports Festival enough?

Why have they gone back to square one?

“You weren’t a monster, but I did hate you for it. I hated you so, so much. As much as I hated you… I hated that I couldn’t hate you as much as I really wanted to. I couldn’t bring myself to.”

“Don’t talk about what happened like you remember, Deku.” Katsuki spits, “I could act like nothing happened when we were kids, letting Mikumo be forgotten by the world completely, but I can’t. It’s all I’ve been thinking about. How you-”

“I remember.” The voice is quiet. “I’ve had my memory back for a bit now, actually.”

What?

Why didn’t he tell Katsuki? Why didn’t he tell the person who would be the most affected by that news? Why the fuck does he still socialize with Katsuki knowing what a dick he is?

“When you dug up that video of us at school, did you remember then?”

“Yeah.”

“Why now? Why did you bring it up now?”

“I thought we were past everything enough to mention stuff like that casually. Or at least, I was. It never crossed my mind that you were hurt too. That, and the idea of you forgetting me scared me a little.” Deku admits, looking away. “As much as I know I’m not Mikumo anymore, the idea that you could forget everything scared me.”

“It’d be like it never happened.” Katsuki agrees. “It was the same reason I hated that you lost your memories.” He admits too, seeing as they’re finally talking.

“...What?”

“I said that I couldn’t fucking stand that you lost your memory! I kept thinking about how easy it’d be to push everything under the rug and forget what happened… and I felt nothing but guilt. I’d never do a shitty thing like that, but the fact that it even crossed my mind made me feel like shit.”

Mom and Dad rarely ever talk about Inko and Deku. Whether it's because they've forgotten or because it still hurts, he can't figure out. They're mentioned in passing thoughts, like that's the only purpose their lives serve to them now. He can't really be mad at his parents, though. They had their time to grieve, they've moved on not knowing the Midoriya's story continues.

“You made the right choice, so why are you still so mad about it?” Deku asks, genuinely confused.

“I started to think about other shit. How fucked up it is that I like you better now. What you had to go through to finally be deemed worthy by Katsuki Bakugou’s standards. Every little thing I thought about made me feel like I couldn’t be anything but a villain.”

“Kacchan what?! Even *I* like myself better now!”

“That’s not the point.” Katsuki says through his teeth. “You grew up wanting nothing more to be a hero and look at you.”

“Technically, I’m going to be a hero.”

“But you don’t even want to be a fucking hero! After all the shit you’ve been through, after all the shit *I* put you through, you’re just *giving up.* ”

“I’m not giving up. Just making adjustments.”

“Making adjustments.” Katsuki repeats with a snarl. “You can be a hero.”

“I”m not a hero!” Deku snaps back, hands shaking. For the first time during this talk, Deku’s letting his emotions show. He’s not masking them like Katsuki’s a villain.

“You would’ve been if it weren’t for me!”

“….What?” The silence stretches forever before Deku questions what Katsuki said. It’s true. It’s true and he can’t stand it.

“You were a late bloomer. You have a mutation of a quirk. I was such a fucking horrible person that I bullied you for not having a quirk. What if it was my fault?”

“What if *what’s* your fault, Kacchan?” *Don’t call me that right now. It’s stupid. All of it.*

“Bullying has lasting effects. I led the pack and sent the dogs on you. Shitty Deku was hunted and haunted by every kid in the fucking school. Do you really know what kind of things that can cause?” Katsuki questions, watching Deku’s eyes shift away from him. “Because I do. I’ve spent countless nights researching it and hating myself a little bit more each night.”

“Of course I know.”

“Of course you know.” Katsuki echoes, feeling guilty that he even asked.

“What does it have to do with you? What does it have to do with me being a hero?” Deku takes a full step back.

“If I hadn’t let my quirk go to my head, you wouldn’t have been bullied. Yeah, you would’ve been a late bloomer but you wouldn’t have been a fucking *teenager* before using your quirk for the first time. I caused that delay. Me. It was always me and you never said I word to anyone, did you?”

“You don’t think I did?” Green eyes burn holes into Katsuki. They’re full of pain.

“Why didn’t they stop me?!” He questions, not really angry at Deku but no one else to redirect his anger to.

“No one cares about the quirkless kid, Kacchan. No one ever did.”

“That can’t be-”

“Kacchan. No one came to my funeral. You didn’t go.”

Katsuki can’t breathe. The nerd is right. No one from school went. Sure, they didn't really have anything to bury, seeing as they were supposed to be cremated, but there was still a service. The chance to say goodbye. The teachers talked about it, the parents talked about it, yet when the time came, no one went to his funeral.

Katsuki’s parents attended, of course, but they had Katsuki stay home, never telling him why.

“No one cares, and after nothing changing, I simply stopped speaking up. It wasn’t doing anything, so why bother? Why not disappear into the background?” Even then, he was never safe.

“If I hadn’t been such a fuck up, you would’ve had friends. I made you out to be a freak and no one wanted you.” Katsuki feels the lump in his throat. He feels the sting of tears. “If you had someone to be with that day, you would’ve lived.”

Deku’s eyes snap to him. He stares for what feels like forever.

“My shot at being a hero wasn't fucked because you bullied me, Kacchan. My life was fucked because I was *murdered.* ” He laughs, but his face doesn’t convey the sound. It’s hollow and wrong.

“Why didn’t you just tell someone you lived? Why didn’t you tell someone you had a healing quirk? Why go this far and live alone for so many years. You could’ve had a family!”

“Who would’ve wanted me then?” Deku snaps, tears falling down finally. There’s no more mask, no more walls.

“You only think that because I carved it into your brain, Deku!” Katsuki yells back. “Why don’t you hate me? Why don’t you ruin my shot at being a hero for what I did?”

“You were a fucking kid!”

They scream back in forth, getting in each other’s face and grabbing at each other’s shirts. One pushes while the other pulls. One wants a fight and.... Well, he can't say Deku doesn't want a fight anymore.

“Hit me.” Katsuki demands.

“I’m not going to fuckin’ fight you.”

“Hit me like you’ve wanted to all these years. Hit me because I deserve it. Beat the absolute shit out of me like the villain I am.” Katsuki can’t sleep at night. He can’t think of any other ways for Deku to even begin to get even. “I can’t think of anything else that would make you feel better. I don’t think either of us know anything beyond yelling and fighting anymore.”

“I’m not going to fight you.” Deku repeats. Katsuki throws the first punch, like his words before this didn’t matter. He just has to rile Deku up. Katsuki throws another, and a kick, and as many punches as

he can before he realizes Deku really is just going to take it. Deku's bloodied but determined face stares back at him. The only reason he's not on the ground is because Katsuki's holding him up by the shirt.

"WHY WON'T YOU HATE ME?" Katsuki screams, fully crying. He doesn't understand. He doesn't understand a thing.

"Despite faking an analysis quirk, I've never been known to make

good decisions.” He sasses, spitting blood onto Katsuki’s arm.

“What about Auntie Inko? Your mom is fucking dead!” What was left of a smile falls from Deku’s face. “If I hadn’t pushed you so far that you never developed a quirk, you might’ve been able to fucking save her.”

As Katsuki gets ready to keep talking, he’s quickly silenced by a punch to his jaw, before swiftly getting thrown through one of the windows of the city’s buildings.

Chapter End Notes

I'm posting a chapter because 1) to check how fucked my hands still are
and 2) because some people were asking if I discontinued the fic.

SO HI! WASSUP!!!! It's only been a few weeks but holy shit it's felt like a while

it's been a while since I've told a story, huh??
well
let's tell one
****

I graduated HS in 2018. I've told the story of how I developed my social anxiety starting 9/21/12. with my chronic pain and fucked spine, i learned that unless we figure out what's wrong with it (and then FIX it,) there's p much no chance of me keeping the scholarship I got

the reason is simple: The scholarship had a requirement that I HAD to go into the police force and all that jazz, and it's great seeing as I was going to be a detective and all, but with the way things were/are looking. I gave up after a while
people won't allow me to do the things I used to

so, now I've graduated HS, my plan has fallen the fuck through, and I have EXTREME anxiety
what did I do?
I became a NEET.
for those who don't know, NEET means "Not in education, employment, or training", I was a shut-in. despite all my chaotic antics, being a recluse was going v well and I went months without going outside
that is, until I saw an anime called ReLife, which is literally about a NEET who gets his shit together with some help
I didn't have that help, but I AM the kind of person to make choices based off anime
so I applied for one (1) job and got that immediately and I've been there since (also meaning I now have the confidence to say "I've never NOT gotten a job I applied to")

I got a job at a department store because I thought forcing myself to talk and deal with people would help me get over my anxiety. anf YEAH I WAS RIGHT. I'm a lot better with it, still getting there tho, but it also makes me think "wow I was right, people are fucking crazy and I should go back to locking myself in my house"

I've been doing this and learning to talk to people and everyone is great and I love you

I only started doing art at ALL in Nov 2017, because that's when the spine issues started, and because I was athletic and a singer/musician, I decided to find a hobby that I could sit and do

since then I've learned that I want to tell stories. that's it. that's my THING.

so thank you guys for being so nice about my first story, I don't know what I would've done if no one liked regen, I might've gone back to being a NEET lmao

anyways,
i'm learning to program to make a game around what happens before my comic, Self Aware
which is fun so far

my comic has updated since this last regen update so check it out maybe?
there's hints in EVERYTHING, trust me, and I adore those of you

who really like it so far and make theories:

https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

art Insta: Jellofello22
twitter: jellofello2
tiktok: Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-Fello

<3333

Chapter 67

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku throws Kacchan through the window of a building, promptly taking after him with One for All. He knows he's giving into what Kacchan wants. At the same time, though, no one talks about his Mom.

"So you're finally giving in? You gonna fight me?" Kacchan asks, spitting blood in between sentences. He's on his feet, broken glass crunching under the soles of his shoes.

"You're a real bitch, you know that?" Izuku huffs, trying to make an effort to calm himself down. He's not here to fight. For once since being Oni and Izuku Midoriya, he doesn't want a fight.

"As I was saying." Kacchan lowers his body a bit, "If it weren't for me, your Mom might have lived. I can't stop thinking of all the possibilities-" Kacchan dodges the kick to his throat. Izuku's glad he did. Otherwise, Kacchan might now have spoke ever again. *Okay, I guess I can work on self improvement later.*

Get fucked, Kacchan.

Deku's finally fighting him. Katsuki feels like shit, but he swears he's not spouting shit about Auntie Inko to get a fight out of him. He just sincerely feels this way about the situation, but just so happens to sound like he's egging him on.

Okay, so it might be a bit of both.

“STOP TALKING ABOUT HER. SHE’S DEAD. LET ME BELIEVE THERE’S NOTHING I COULD HAVE DONE.”

“If you had a quirk, if I hadn’t bullied you into being a late bloomer, you could have saved her. You-”

“I heal *myself*. Not others!” Deku doges Katsuki’s punch and pushes him back, forcing himself not to attack. “It’s a selfish quirk, and I’m a selfish person. Mom was going to die no matter what. So what, I delay the time she burns to death by using myself as a shield?! Guess what, asshole, the *whole apartment was on fire.* She would’ve died if she were two steps to the left too, you know.”

They shouldn’t be arguing over Auntie Inko. Not about the specifics of her death, but they both know that’s not what this fight is really about.

“If I had continued being your friend, if I didn’t let my stupid quirk go to my head, I would’ve been with you that day. Together we could’ve stopped him!” Katsuki punches again, feeling the crack of Deku’s nose, followed by the movement of it healing in a split second.

“Shut up.” Deku growls out, tackling him.

“Then make me shut up, Deku. Beat me until my face is so fucking swollen I can’t speak, eat, or even fucking breathe.”

“What do you want from me? I’m telling you, I’m trying to move on-”

“I get it. You’re trying to forget what happened and move on from Mikumo.” Katsuki remains tackled, they’re both starting to calm down. “You could’ve had a life so... *different* if it weren’t for me.”

“It’s not about you, Kacchan.”

“It’s not about me because you won’t let me take responsibility!” He punches, feeling Deku’s face take the hit without flinching.

“It’s not about you because it’s *literally not about you.* ”

“I miss her, you know?” Katsuki sighs, “I know I shouldn’t blame myself, but I do. I was too busy being a dick to you that I didn’t notice anything else. I didn’t notice that you guys were in danger-” A sound echoes through the air, Katsuki’s face burns where he’d been slapped less than a second ago.

“It was a planned attack. It wasn’t the sort of thing you could see coming. You don’t think I go through the same thoughts? You don’t think I believe I’m an awful son because I wasn’t strong enough to save her? Wasn’t fast enough to do something? I can blame myself. I can be unhealthy and fucked in the head over it. But you? You don’t have a single goddamn thing to do with my Mom and what happened to her.” He looks so tired.

Katsuki kicks him off and stands.

“Remember when we used to play heroes and villains? When I had first gotten my quirk I broke our rule of No Quirks during the game.”

“I do.” Deku hums, clearly wary of his movements. He’s in a stance that’s ready to block. He’s still not going to throw a first punch.

“How about we reenact that. What was it you always asked?”

“If I could play the hero. I get it.” Deku sighs, rolling his eyes at the memory.

“Play the goddamn hero, Deku.” Katsuki runs at him, using his quirk behind every attack, incredibly fucking furious to see Deku is only dodging, blocking, and redirecting the quirk. “What are you so afraid of?!”

“I’m not afraid.” Except he is. There’s a shake in his voice. The higher amount of movements his eyes make. He’s being careful fighting Katsuki and he doesn’t know why.

Katsuki thinks the fight will continue. They’re going to fight *everything* out and be done with it. They’re going to finally figure this shit out and stop dancing around their problems.

“You’re still scared of me, Deku, we both know it!” Pain shoots up his leg when Deku kicks him, even without One for All. “You and I are going to scream at each other and beat the shit out of each other, might as well get it *all* out.”

The nerd’s face whips back with a snap when Katsuki uses an explosion on him. His heart feels frozen a moment when he sees the burns he’s causing. He’ll heal, but that’s not the point. There might be another time, another universe with another Deku who *wouldn’t* heal, and he’d go the rest of his miserable life with proof of Katsuki’s failures on him.

“You know, Kacchan, I often lied awake thinking about my view of myself. Why I like myself more now.”

“….What conclusion did you come to?” Katsuki asks, kicking off the wall to avoid the debris being hurled at him.

“That your bullying, the way people treated me for something I had no control over, all of it, was the reason I hated myself. The reason I still do.”

Deku hates himself.

While it’s not shocking to learn, it’s terrifying to be told so bluntly.

“I thought that maybe it *wasn’t* my quirklessness that caused it. Maybe, just maybe, it was me. Mikumo was just so unlikeable that he was hated. That there were parts of me I could’ve changed responsible for my poor treatment.”

“That’s fucking-”

“Ridiculous. I know.” He cuts off Katsuki fairly quickly. “I like myself better now, I’m in control of who I am and what I do. I got a fresh start at being someone and while it wasn’t a new start for a *good* reason, I tried to make something positive out of it.”

“So you buried Mikumo when you went into hiding? You altered yourself to be the opposite of who you were? You realize how that

fucking sounds right?!" To hate yourself so much that you want to repress every single trace of who you were…. Katsuki's familiar with that feeling too.

"I wasn't *forcing* myself to be someone else. I went out and I watched new stuff, consumed new media and learned what I did and didn't like. New opinions formed when I realized I no longer had to fear even *having* opinions." He babbles, falling into the one habit he still never got rid of. The lingering trace that Mikumo was ever the same person as Izuku. While it gets on his nerves every once in a while, Katsuki hopes he never loses that habit.

The conversation is messy and all over the place. No linear path to follow. No set of dialogue to guide them to the next plot point. He wishes he knew what to say to get out of this now. To simultaneously end this, but not. Katsuki doesn't know what he wants anymore. He's not even sure he knew what he wanted to start with.

They go in circles while they fight, screaming one moment and calmly talking the next. Katsuki's lungs burn but so does his throat.

They're both emotionally wrecked, but they still keep going. Determined for this to be the last time they ever have a fight like this.

"I still want you to be my friend, Kacchan." Deku wheezes, almost panting the words. "Even after all the fucked up shit you did, even after all we've gone through, all I've lost, I still want you in my life. Isn't that so stupid?" His laugh is almost genuine. Genuine but saddened, he knows how pathetic he sounds.

"Why did you forgive me?! Why can't you hate me and ruin my life and make me pay for what I've done?" There's a flash of lightning before Katsuki's ears ring. He's sideways and looking up at the sky, all before his foot is grabbed and he's soaring through the wall of a

building.

Deku's actually fighting him with more energy than before.

Katsuki gets up on his feet, swaying but not letting it show. He's not a one-and-done kind of fighter and the whole world fuckin' knows it.

The air around them seems to thrum with energy before Deku vanishes from sight, elbowing Katsuki in the stomach hard enough to break another rib. *Shit.*

"I *never* said I forgave you." Deku hisses, eyes full of fury. "I said we could move on. I said you and I could be friends again, that I want you in my life. I never fucking said you were anywhere near forgiveness. There's a difference, you dumb fuck."

"What the hell's the difference then?!"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Deku snarls, looking far more annoyed than he ought to be, "Two people can move on from something that happened. They can agree it won't happen again, that they'll be better people, but no one is *ever* obligated to forgive someone for the shitty things they've done, you emotionally constipated blockhead."

Did…. Did he just call me *a Deku?*

"I'm not going to forgive you, Kacchan, but we can be friends. I'm not going to forget about what pain you've caused me, but you don't get full redemption. If you want forgiveness so fucking badly, then *earn it.*
"

“I said I don’t want your forgiveness!” He shouts, pissed off that Deku’s missing the point.

“Kacchan.” Deku puts his arms down, almost a full surrender. “You want nothing more than my forgiveness, and you can’t even bring yourself to realize it.”

Shouta gets the call far too late. He hears that his idiot kid and gremlin of a friend snuck away for a “chat”. A Chat that resulted in looped camera feeds and destroyed buildings.

By time he locates them, Izuku’s collapsed on the ground, surrounded by rubble. He’s soundly asleep, but the looks of it, he purposely overworked himself. It looks like he was taking his anger out on the buildings rather than Bakugou at one point or another.

Now, where’s the other problem child?

As for Bakugou…. He’s found in a pool of his own blood, and Shouta almost thinks he isn’t breathing. Barely. He grabs them and hauls them to Recovery Girl as fast as he can. He gets Bakugou in care first, making sure he’s actually in stable condition.

For Izuku, he has him in quirk suppressing cuffs as a means to prep for his mood when he wakes up.

It wasn’t easy convincing Recovery Girl that he only has scrapes and bruises, but she uses her quirk on the boy anyways.

Shouta going to watch over the two until they wake up, seeing both of them are puffy-eyed. He can hear how stuffed up they are when they breathe.

In the morning time, Shouta goes out and gets them breakfast. He already told Hizashi and Hitoshi that they're fine, that they were just being idiots and had to be held over night.

One thing is obvious when he reenters the room with food.

Izuku's secretly awake.

"Izuku." He calls out, seeing the boy only move his eyes under the lids. Other than that, not a single movement. "Eat." He offers, seeing his son get up immediately and grab food, not looking shocked when his movement is cut short by the cuffs. "I'm sure bad choices burn energy."

"They do, I've made a whole career out of them." Izuku responds with a hum. "Are we going to talk about it yet?"

"When Bakugou is awake. I'll deal with both of you at the same time."

"Somehow, your calmness scares me more."

"Good."

Chapter End Notes

surprise??

AH
okay my hands are good enough.
i'll try to get back into the swing of updating my stories

ANWAYS

MY COMIC UPDATED TWICE SINCE THE LAST CHAPTER

AND IM A LOT MORE PROUD OF HOW THE ART LOOKS IN THE RECENT CHAPTERS THAN THE START.

HERE!!!!!!

https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088
MY COMIC ALSO HAS A TUMBLR, RAN BY MELL
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/self-aware-comic

and follow me on SCTHUFF to see what other bullshit i'm up to!
art insta: Jellofello22
twitter: jellofello2
tumblr: jello-fello
Tiktok: Jellofello22

Thanks yall <3333

Chapter 68

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Katsuki wakes up feeling like hot shit on a stick. Everything hurts, even with first aid.

Deku's awake, eating breakfast happily next to Aizawa. *Oh great, I'm going to get parented by a greasy old man.*

"Kacchan! You look like shit!" Deku chirps, tossing him a muffin and a carton of milk.

"Piss off." He huffs. He didn't expect a calm morning when he woke up. He thought he'd be yelled awake and slapped with a suspension. *It could still be coming.*

"Bakugou, How are you feeling?" Aizawa asks, looking at the various bandages on him.

"Like shit."

There's that creepy grin Aizawa does.

"Good!" He practically laughs. "I told Recovery Girl to use the absolute bare minimum on you two. Make sure you live, that was my only standard." *Ah, so this is where the lecture comes in.* "She's unable to heal *stupid,* after all."

“I’m not sorry.” Katsuki and Deku say at the same time, earning a hair-raising glare from their teacher.

“So. What happened. Break it down so I can figure out if you two will walk out this room alive. Do you have any idea how much property damage you two could’ve caused? How hurt you could’ve gotten?”

“I’d heal!” The nerd protests, getting slapped upside the head with the capture weapon.

“I know you think you healed perfectly fine, but you didn’t. It was slow last night when I found you. Meaning whatever you two were fighting about was emotional enough to stun your quirk.” There’s silence in the room.

“Is this your way of asking what happened?” Deku asks.

“No, my way of asking was “what happened”, which I already asked.”

The two of them explain everything to Aizawa, and it’s painfully clear Deku’s trying to cover for him. Why? He was an asshole and deserves what he gets. He almost got himself killed because he egged Deku on until he went feral. It’s his fault.

“Okay, now who threw the first punch.” Aizawa asks with a raised eyebrow, not impressed with the two of them.

“Well you see-”

“I did.” Katsuki announces. “I tried to make him fight me and for once he refused to fight. I kept getting in his face and emotionally stabbing him with a stick until he fucking snapped and beat my ass into the concrete.” *I lost. I can accept that.*

“He still hit back nonetheless.” Aizawa points out. “Izuku, three days house arrest for you. Bakugou, five days. If you two even *look* like you’re going to fight again, consider that number tripled. Got it?”

“Got it.” They groan, listening to the rest of their punishment.

The moment Izuku walks into the door, he’s met with eyes. Then again, so is Kacchan…

“Kacchan said he’ll spill the beans!” He shouts, grabbing Shouto and Toshi and heading up the stairs.

In his room, they don’t say a word. Instead, they hug him.

“What’s all this?” He laughs it off.

“You’ve been crying.” Shouto points out, “A lot by the looks of it.”

“We know when you need support, Izuku.” Toshi chimes in, taking a seat on his bed across the room. “So, what happened?”

“Kacchan and I yelled and fought and a whole bunch of stupid stuff. But like, we fought over what we fight over, if that makes sense?” He

doesn't want to be outright but he supposes he has to. "We talked through all of our past, pretty much. He even brought Mom into it." The two boys tense at the mention of Inko. " *Yeah. I know.* "

"Are you alright?" Toshi asks with a tilt of his head.

"I think so. I'm just exhausted."

"Before I say to rest, Izu, what was the punishment?"

"I'm on house arrest. Which is pretty stupid considering my history of breaking out of places like police stations."

"Yeah, they really didn't think it through." Toshi laughs.

For a little while, the three calmly talk over whatever comes up. While Izuku knows he just woke up, he can't help but start drifting back into sleep again.

"OI DEKU!" There's an explosion from downstairs, waking him up before he even falls asleep.

"I should've killed him when I had the chance." Izuku mumbles, lazily getting up to see what the jerkwad wants.

"You heard your lame dad, we have to clean! Get your scrawny ass up and help me."

“Or what, you’ll make fun of my dead mom again?” He sneers, laughing at the drop of Bakugou’s rage. *Aha! That’s fury now, baby!*

Kacchan throws a bag of trash at his face, yelling to at least take it out to the dumpster.

On the walk around the building, he can’t help but feel he’s being watched. *It’s probably just a student.* As much as he hates the feeling, he can put up with it.

He walks on, not stopping when he notices something. *Huh there was a face in that wall.*

“Trash, right?” The face calls. He stops and turns to meet it, recognizing the kid.

“Y-Yeah! I’m heading the uh… right way, right?” *I hate this act more every day.*

“Just a little up ahead.” He instructs, walking with him. “My name’s Mirio!” The blond boy introduces himself. *Togata Mirio, Permeation quirk, part of the big three.*

“I’m Izuku Midoriya.” He offers a wobbly smile. “Are you an upperclassman?”

“Something like that.” Mirio chuckles. “I was just in the area, saw a lost little first-year and wanted to see if you needed help.” *He’s lying. I didn’t look lost and he knows it. He was watching me for a reason.*

“Ah well, thank you!” Izuku turns to meet his eyes, but Mirio’s gone. *He’s probably still nearby.*

Three long days, three painfully, mind numbingly long days pass. Izuku is free. *Not that I actually stayed in the house. I just felt it was easier to avoid being caught then purposely break house arrest.*

When he walks with Shouto to class, he starts catching him up on all he’s missed.

“-Not to mention that I missed you.” Shouto mumbles.

“Wait, what?”

“I said I missed having you in class and at lunch. It felt way too quiet without you.” He admits with a small blush.

“Shouto! That’s way too adorable. I don’t think my tiny, shriveled heart can take it!”

“You’ll live, I’m sure.” His beautiful boyfriend chuckles, holding the door open for him.

“Thank you.” He hums.

His classmates bombard him with information, all eager to help him catch up but not actually helping him.

“Classmates! You are clearly talking over each other too much for him to understand!” Iida shouts with a wave of his robo-hands. “I have already begun to compile lesson plans for both Midoriya and Bakugou! Unhand the boy and go to your seats!” *Unhand? Literally no one is touching me.*

“Yes, sir.” The class sarcastically responds, still listening to him. Once homeroom starts, Izuku can immediately tell Eraser has something up his sleeve. Something about this class is different.

“As you all know, this time of year you all will be going on a second internship. With the latest villain attacks on the school, as well as some *unsavory* events taking place during some of the last internships, the teachers had a vote to cancel them.” At that, the class riots. Izuku hears Toshi mutter something about Eraser being a bad liar. “In the end, we chose to allow the internships, but on a few conditions. You guys have to intern with either the hero you previously worked with, or someone you found through that hero. You would already know them and can skip that awkward introduction again, and they already know what you can improve on. Now, we have some guests.”

The door opens with a bang, and in struts in Mirio and his two friends. *What are their names? Tamaki and Nejire? That sounds almost sort of kind of right.*

Mirio introduces them as the Big Three, explaining why they’re called that. Eraser tries to call on Tamaki to talk about his internship and how he works first, but the anxiety gets to him and he finds himself with his face against a wall. Nejire excitedly asks them questions rather than talk about her internship.

The questions get increasingly personal, finally landing on Izuku.

“Oh! You’re Midoriya! How’d you get that scar?” She asks, repeating the same question she asked Shouto.

Mirio tries to cut her off, but Izuku really wants to answer her.

“Well you see, I was set on-” The class erupts into talking to cover up his own voice. *I wasn’t actually going to tell her!* The Big Three blink as the noise dies back down.

“Izuku, I’ll put you back on house arrest.” Eraser warns with his hair floating.

“I’d like to see you try.” He taunts, dodging the scarf that comes at him.

“ *Anyways.* Mirio, it’s your turn.”

When all of Mirio’s jokes fail, he asks to bring the class down to the gym for a demonstration of why he’s in the Big Three. Izuku’s only mildly impressed with the idea that Mirio wants to take on the whole class by himself.

In the locker room, Mirio changes with them but doesn't look in Izuku's direction. *I already have a plan.*

He waves to get his brother’s attention.

“Do you have the voice changer?” He signs.

“Yeah, you want it?” Izuku nods at the question, slipping it into his pocket.

In the gym, Mirio announces that there’ll be no rules. Anything’s allowed from either side. Shouto’s the only student sitting it out. *It’s because he didn’t get his license.*

When asked who wants to try and take him down first, Izuku makes sure he’s in the dead center of the group. *I’ve seen footage of him from the Sports Festivals. I don’t know exactly how his quirk works, but I know it can mimic teleportation to some degree.* Kirishima and Sero attack him first, leading the way for the class.

They’re on the ground in mere moments. Sure, they can get back up and try again, but the fact that they were knocked off their feet says something.

“POWER!!” Mirio howls with a smile and pose. His classmates talk about what a cool quirk it is, only to be verbally shot down by Tamaki’s explanation. *Oh, he really likes Mirio, doesn’t he?*

Toshi tries to get a response out of the boy, only to be ignored and beaten. *He saw the Sports Festival then, he knows our quirks.*

He tries to track the movements, but it’s increasingly hard. *Is his quirk ever randomized? Or there’s something I’m missing.* Mirio explodes through the ground and punches Izuku in the stomach hard enough to almost knock him over.

“Nice punch you got there.” He calls, standing up straight after and dodging a kick from the boy. Other classmates try to jump in,

ultimately hit and defeated. They're too tired to get up. *He purposely made me the last one he'd fight. Why?*

"Thanks! Though I can't quite say the same for you." He hums, "You haven't landed a hit on me."

"I haven't tried to." Izuku points out, still dodging what he can.

"And why not?"

"Every hit has gone through you. Permeation quirks tend to do that, huh?" Izuku sneers, watching Mirio falter in his step.

"You know the name of my quirk? I don't recall really telling you guys that yet."

"You didn't." Tamaki answers, "Doesn't this kid have a uh, an Analysis quirk?"

" *That's* what it was! I forgot and couldn't remember for the life of me!" Mirio laughs.

"So I'll clarify, you said anything was fair? *Anything?* "

"...Yes?" Mirio phases through Izuku's kick, seeming to wonder if he should take it back before it's too late.

"Cool!" Izuku slides a hand into his other pocket as he takes a punch

to the face, faking a punch and throwing the contents of his pocket at Mirio. The second Mirio stops using his quirk, he starts coughing and rubbing his eyes.

“Did you just throw *sand* in my eyes?!” He yells.

“Something like that. You can use your quirk and allow it to phrase through you, but any damage and discomfort will still have happened.” *Now for the real kicker.* Mirio lets his quirk help with the sand, still rubbing at his watery eyes. Using the voice changer, Izuku mimics Tamaki’s voice.

“Mirio, I finally stopped facing my safe wall, and I want to say you look really good right now.” Mirio chokes. In the split second it takes Tamaki and Nejire to whip their hands around to gawk, Izuku uses One for All to appear beside Tamaki, holding a hand around his throat.

Mirio meets his eyes and sees he has Tamaki.

“What are you going to do?” Mirio asks, amused by how this turned out so far.

“Snap his neck, duh.” Izuku rolls his eyes.

“With what strength?” *You’re not going to question why a hero would do that?*

“Think about it. I got over here awfully quick, and I mimicked his voice pretty well. Who’s to say I don’t have more tricks up my sleeve?” With a narrow of his eyes, Mirio sighs.

“I surrender.” He admits defeat with a smile.

Izuku follows Eraser into his office, wondering what this talk’s going to be about. *He didn’t seem too mad when I threatened to murder Tamaki…*

“Izuku, I thought very carefully about this.” *Uh oh.* “I was planning on having you intern with me again, but things have changed. I’m needed in an operation that I don’t want you getting involved in. You already have enough on your plate, and while I know you don’t care, I do.”

“What kind of case is it?” He asks, sitting forward in his seat.

“I’m not going to tell you that, because you’d want in. I’m serious, Izuku. This isn’t something that was easy for me to decide.”

It must be a seriously messed up situation if it means Izuku can’t even be near him when it goes down. Eraser would’ve offered to let him do the small tasks if he couldn’t be at the scene itself but… to remove him from it entirely? Something big has to be happening.

He trusts Eraser as a hero, but he still thinks maybe he shouldn’t be alone then.

“So I’m going to have to see with All Might or Mic about an internship?”

“Yeah, sorry, kid.”

Well, time for Izuku to talk to All Might about an internship.

Chapter End Notes

HI
STORY TIME

so I literally forgot about this story, but during my senior year of HS (so 2018), I took a horror stories class. One project was on cults and my friend and I asked if we could get bonus points if we actually talked to the cult leader

for whatever reason, my teacher was like "GO FOR IT!!!" instead of you know... warning us not to talk to cult leaders

I'm not going to say *which* cult, just because 1) I Do Not Have Time for Cult Business and 2) while they're considered a cult and fit the definition of one, they call themselves a religion, so to outright say "HEY THIS CULT THAT DOESNT CONSIDER THEMSELVES A CULT-" is kinda weird

SO
WE FOUND THE FOUNDER
And we emailed him and he responded p fast?? He answered all the questions for our project and basically promised we'd get an A, but he was super chill and was fine with everything we talked about

at the end of the week we're still talking, and we kinda just say Hey, The project is over but Thanks for helping out
and my friend
lemme just say, at the time it was like right before (I think?) the last season of Voltron, and we were both super into it
but she sent this guy another email asking "hey can you just say "Klance is Canon King"?" for the Meme Of It

AND HE DID
like yee it was weird for her to ask but he said something about Voltron and said it back???

That was the only email exchange she didn't give our teacher lmao

end of storrrry! but wait THERES MORE

OKAY OKAY OKAY SO MY COMIC
it's nearing the end of the first "chapter" (so like, if it were in publishing, it'd be the end of the issue/volume) AND IM GENUINELY SO PROUD OF HOW ITS GOING AND HOW MUCH THE ART STYLE GOT BETTER SINCE THE FIRST FEW CHAPTERS AND IM JUST

I've never been so in love with a project before??? and I adore it and I love what I'm going???

so uh,
---------- what's it about, yo?????----------
Mell's a Self Aware character. He knows he's not real and that no one around him should matter. The moment the story starts, his life is changing and complicating itself and he keeps getting new problems he has to solve
including what it really means to BE "Self aware"

also if you like theories about stories and SUPER vague hints being thrown at you constantly..... that's exactly what this is

ALSO FUN FACT
WITHOUT THIS COMIC
THIS FANFIC WOULDNT E X I S T

THATS RIGHT

Regen was basically what I'm writing just to see if i can carry out complex stories, and has a lot in common with self aware, like the MC being a bastard vigilante

I adore this fic and writing,
but I don't think I've sincerely loved something I've ever made as much as Self Aware

okay im done being sappy

SELF AWARE:
https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

my art insta: Jellofello22
twitter: Jellofello2
tumblr: Jello-fello

Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

it's chapter 69, baby (°͜ʖ°)

Chapter Notes

ITs the START! of SOMETHING NEWWWWW

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku waddles down the halls, searching for All Might. Even in his deflated form he's rather easy to spot.

"All Might." Izuku calls getting his attention. The man mumbles something to the people he's talking with and excuses himself to meet Izuku.

"Young Midoriya, you're out of house arrest." He observes, sounding like he wants to scold but is far aware that that isn't his place.

"Unless I broke out." He offers, getting a moment of a wide-eyed look until All Might learns he's joking.

"Of course, of course. Let's go to an office." Once inside one, All Might makes them tea as Izuku settles on the couch.

"All Might, Eraser said I can't intern with him and I was wondering if there was anyone you had I could join?" He blunt, but he's not going to say please.

"Hm," He thinks a moment, "I'd say my mentor's friend Gran Torino, but I think he's a bit too busy right now. Also dealing in some heavy stuff." *Gran Torino? Who's that?*

“Anyone else?”

“Well Yes I suppose there’s…” All Might’s face goes red as he considers his option. “Um, Midoriya, I’d say there’s another person but I sincerely don’t think I could bring myself to ask him.”

“What happened?”

“Do you know Sir Nighteye?”

“Of course I do. I used to be a fanboy, remember?” It’s weird for Izuku to admit that now. There’s a sadness that settles on All Might’s face when he says it.

“Right, you were.” Another pause, “Sir Nighteye and I broke up as hero and sidekick when I received this injury from All For One. He thought that if I didn’t retire, I would be signing my own death certificate. I couldn't retire. I still had so much work left to do. As long as All For One was still free, as long as I was still *alive,* I wouldn’t rest until I stopped him. Otherwise my mentor and her predecessors would have died for nothing.”

It’s another one of those times where Izuku finds himself unable to admire All Might like he ever used to, only being saddened by how this has affected him. He and All Might have had their differences, their issues, but Izuku feels a bit of shame when he looks at the man.

He *was* a fan. He was one of the people who didn’t consider that All Might is human and that he’s able to break. Does *he* even realize how alone he is?

Maybe he mentally doesn't let himself think about his own feelings anymore. Maybe the need to make his dead mentor proud is bigger than himself.

Izuku finds himself feeling worried for the man.

Wow, now that's what I call Character Development.

"Sir Nighteye is who Mirio interns with, yeah?" All Might looks up when Izuku asks.

"Yes, now that you've mentioned it. I think I ought to tell you before Nighteye does, if you *do* intern with him. Mirio was the successor Sir Nighteye picked out for me. I had gone so long without finding one of my own, I extended the offer to him."

"And he declined." *It's the only answer.*

"He did, and never explained to us why."

"All Might, you know how his quirk works, right?" Izuku asks. "If I were in his shoes I would've turned you down too." *Hell, if I had my memory during Kamino I probably would've too.*

"What do you mean?"

“How should I put this…. Mirio probably spent years thinking he had a shitty quirk, doing everything he could to train and use it for heroics. He finally did. He’s amazing. Now, say some old buff guy comes along and basically says ‘here, I can hand you the greatest power in all the land and make you a hero’. Even if you didn’t say it like that, even if you were polite, I think it would still feel kind of invalidating towards him and his progress. Just knowing there was a shortcut all along probably fucked with him too.”

“Oh no.” All Might breathes. “You’re right.”

“Of course I am. I’m Izuku Midoriya, Analysis Quirk.”

“That doesn’t work so well anymore, Young Midoriya.”

“Oh well. So, what do you think? Should we try Nighteye?”

“We should, there's little harm in trying.”

Togata admitted defeat, even when he didn’t want to.

There’s no way that kid would’ve killed Tamaki, but for the smallest of moments, he felt compelled to believe him.

He's been interested in Izuku Midoriya since the Sports Festival, seeing that an Analysis quirk would be something Sir would like.

Then he saw the cracks in Izuku's act. Passing moments of him saying something that made the rest of his demeanor look fake. It interested him, and also made him realize that the Real Izuku Midoriya and Sir Nighteye wouldn't get along.

He saw the way All Might talked about the kid or watched him with a worried look. That's no successor of his. Then again, neither is Togata.

Imagine his surprise when he's called by All Might and politely asked to talk to Nighteye about giving this boy an internship.

"I'll do it!" He answers right away, interested to see if Sir would like him as a sidekick despite his personality.

All Might thanked him profusely, mumbling on about how he couldn't face Sir after the way things have turned out. What the means, Togata doesn't exactly know.

Maybe All Might lost the ability to fully use his quirk without finding a successor? Who knows.

When Togata walks Midoriya to the office, he makes sure the boy knows the most important detail.

"I have to make him laugh?" He repeats with a furrowed brow. "What, is this some sort of thing related to All Might? Making people smile?"

By the sound of it, this may be worse than he thought.

“I’d say so, but uh Midoriya? Maybe you shouldn’t sound so critical of All Might if you want this internship. Sir is the biggest fan of all fans. He’d even put you to shame.” Naturally right? Kid has an analysis quirk, of course he’d know a lot about-

“Make no mistake.” The words are cold, “I’m no fan of All Might.”

“But-”

“The man underneath all that? Maybe just a little. But All Might isn’t really a role model of mine.” *Oh no. This is going to be a lot harder than I thought.*

“...Right.” Inside of the office, Togata calls out to Sir, saying he brought Midoriya.

Nighteye sits at his desk, looking over papers. He slowly looks up and meets Midoriya’s eye.

“You’re a lot smaller than I thought.” He hums. “Not fit to be a successor of any sort.” *Um, No one told Midoriya about All Might.*

Maybe he should’ve explained more on All Might’s behalf.

“I’m lean.” Midoriya hums, strolling up and shaking a hand. *He’s not making a joke?*

“I see.” It appears Sir attempts to use his quirk on Midoriya as he shakes his hand, but scrunches his nose the slightest bit.

“Your quirk is analysis?” Sir Nighteye cautiously asks, not letting go of his hand.

“Something like that.” Midoriya gives a shallow smile. Togata sincerely can’t decide if he should or should not get involved.

“So tell me, why am I unable to use my quirk on you and why shouldn’t I?” *What? What’d he do? Coat his hand in quirk suppressants?*

“Well, long sleeves do wonders when hiding the fact that I have a fake hand in my sleeve.” *What?! When did he?*

Nighteye lets go to find that yes, the hand is fake but realistic. *Where do you even get one of those?*

“And your reason?” Sir asks.

“What if you had some sort of test that your quirk would keep me from ever possibly winning? It’s just a precaution.”

“Decent thinking.” He hums, standing to talk with the boy. “I’m guessing Mirio told you to make me laugh or something along those lines?”

“He did.”

“Then why have you made no attempt?” Sir doesn’t seem to like this

kid.

“Well, I *was* going to, but then I started thinking about how you know All Might better than anyone and well… I was wondering if knowing what an absolute *dumbass* All Might is interferes with your opinion of him?” The room falls silent. Mirio doesn’t know what he could say.

The silence is broken by the smallest huff from Sir. It’s not a laugh, but that’s because he refuses to let it be.

“Yes, he has a history of being foolish. Sounds like you know first hand.” *What?!*

There’s no way. There’s no way this kid got an internship by insulting the man’s favorite person!

“Midoriya, I think you and I should talk over this privately.” He starts leading him into an office.

Togata doesn’t know whether to be proud or worried.

Izuku sits in the office where Sir Nighteye paces, watching his every move. The room is covered in rare All Might merchandise. He recognizes a lot of this stuff from when he was a diehard fan. He’s not sure how to feel about it.

“So, All Might didn’t talk to me, and all my knowledge of you comes from Mirio. Tell me who you actually are to All Might.”

“I know you’ll mentally dock points for me agreeing to even talk about it, but I know everything. About All Might.”

“ *Everything* everything?” Sir’s eyes widen ever so slightly.

“I’m his successor.”

The silence comes back as an exhausted expression settles onto Sir’s face.

“So, you’re Oni?”

Excuse me?

“How would that make me Oni?”

“I know All Might like the back of my hand, and that means his quirk.”

“So you’ve still been keeping up on All Might after all these years.” Izuku sighs, “Yeah I’ll bite. Say I’m Oni. How would you know he inherited All Might’s quirk? The public didn’t see him fight with it during that battle against All for One.”

“To see the fight I used a lot of my resources to track down CCTV of the fight from camera’s that were still somehow active. I saw enough to realize he gave Oni his quirk.”

“Wow, you seriously are dedicated.” Izuku whistles nervously. “But you didn’t see him actually *take* the quirk?”

“No. I couldn’t find footage of it.”

“So, you have no proof of if I’m Oni or not.” He reminds.

“I-” Sir Nighteye cuts himself off. “Would you be interested in transferring the quirk to a more suitable vessel?”

“I don’t care *not* to.” He admits, “Then again, if you mean Mirio I’ll have to pass. He already turned down All Might.”

“Yes but he might change his mind.”

“And he might not. Have faith in his ability to make his own choices.” Izuku scolds. “Consider me a placeholder successor then.”

“You have one of the most powerful quirks in the world and you’re telling me you don’t care to keep it? Why?”

“Well you know what they say,” Izuku starts, “With great power comes great responsibility.” There’s a pause, “Wait, am I legally allowed to say that?”

Chapter End Notes

HEY UH TWO THINGS!!!!!!

ONE
I SAID MONTHS AGO THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE LAST ARCS IN THE FIC
THATS RIGHT
THERES AN END IN SIGHT BABY

I still plan on some chapters following, like what happens after this fic, oneshots of them being adult heroes, blah blah blah
just
don't say I didn't warn you when things wrap up, okay?

and T W O

HIYA
ITS BEEN A FEW WEEKS
not that long for some writers but considering I used to post 10 pages a day, yee yee its been a hot minute

would you care to know w h y ?

some know the answer: To put it very simply
Self Aware

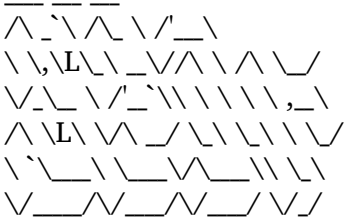
that's rght, i'm currently so in love with making content for my comic that it's taken over everything else. and uh, i'm not gonna apologize for that
I adore it

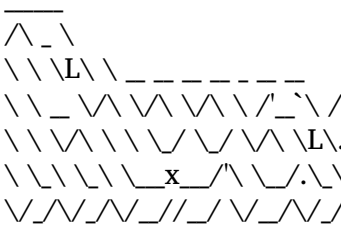
but for people who don't follow my comic, I felt that I needed to say something in case it wasn't obvious by my love-filled rants about it in the last few notes

and so people don't talk shit about my comic because it gets more attention from me than my fics: without it, this fic wouldn't be a thing
this fic was literally a sort of prototype for my comic and SOME PEOPLE have been noticing parallels between the two :3c

anyways

there's been a few more chapters of my comic and prob a new chapter tmr: so





(heh wanted to try that out and see if it looked whack)

COMIC LINK: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

art insta: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 70

Chapter Notes

wanna hear something crazy? this fic is still less than a year old

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mirai watches the boy's movements. He's quiet and calculating, but masks it behind a snarky personality while they talk privately.

The moment they're back out into the open, there's a different boy before him. *It's an act. All of it.*

Whether that's faking being polite to people who don't know who he is, or being extra snarky as a defense mechanism, it's an act.

Mirai wonders what led to this.

He can recall a time where All Might once called him, talking about a middle schooler he felt guilty about. He said he's not sure why he called Nighteye over this, but he just needed to know his thoughts. Well, Mirai supposes it's better to keep the kid safe by tearing him down than to raise him to destroy himself.

Why is he reminded of that call? Well, in front of him stands a boy who he thinks All Might could have asked about too.

Maybe I should ask All Might what happened to that middle school kid.

He goes on about their current objectives, talking about their plans towards the villainous organization, Shie Hassaikai.

“Not to be that guy, but isn’t super organized crime like this a bit last season?” Midoriya asks, writing down notes of his own and absentmindedly speaking.

Bubble girl and Mirio stare a moment, Bubble Girl more shocked at his tone. *Right, she’s only seen the mask.*

Mirio seems surprised at first but it settles rather quickly. That’s right, Nighteye trained him to be observant, he probably knew something was up already.

“Yes, it is.” Mirai carries on. “With Chisaki’s unusual movements and behavior compared to before, we suspect there might be a bit of a resurgence.”

“Why do you think that is?” Bubble Girl asks.

“All Might retired.” Izuku bluntly states, causing a bit of annoyance in Mirai. He’s just being factual, but he doesn’t know if the boy actually cares about All Might. “I mean, what a guy!” *Pardon?*

“What do you mean?” Mirio asks, “I thought I knew what you meant but now I’m lost.”

“Well, if I were an evil cartoon mastermind who’s been laying low, and the protagonist of the story has just been defeated, now would be my time to carry out big plans that the protag would’ve stopped before!”

“Ah, so this is about crime rates going up since his retirement?” Mirai

hums.

“Kinda. Yes for most others, but I just get the feeling that whatever this group is doing now, they’ve had under wraps for a while.”

“You’re saying it was only a matter of time before they carried out this plan, and that they simply see his retirement as a sign to start it?”

“Yes,” Midoriya agrees.

Well, this kid might have some issues with him in terms of personality and mannerisms, but as far as Mirai is concerned, they can’t afford to lose his analysis.

Izuku is being sent to patrol a city block with Mirio. They talk about the area itself at first, but the conversation gets steered to heroic protocols.

“So Midoriya, any questions that weren’t answered in your last internship? You know all the basics right? After all, you don’t seem that nervous.”

“N-No! I’m uh… plenty nervous.” He answers, pulling on his costume a bit. He stops when he hears Mirio heave a heavy sigh.

“Midoriya… I know you don’t actually speak like that. I won’t pry into why you have a whole act going on, but I really think we would work better if you were just yourself.”

To be honest, it catches him off guard.

“Alright. Then I’ll answer again: No. I’m not nervous, but at the same time I *am* lacking some of the experience we got during our internships.” He answers, watching Mirio go silent at the full change of demeanor.

“Why’s that? I know the League of Villains attacked not too long before the internships, but I don’t think it was around that time?” He furrows his brow, trying to recall.

“It was Stain.” Mirio freezes as Izuku explains, “I was there in Hosu and a lot of shit went down that cut my internship short.”

“I see.” He mumbles, “Well, you know the protocol fairly well I presume? Analysis quirk and all?”

“That’s mostly right.”

“Mostly?” Mirio repeats with a tilt of his head.

“Well, yes I know most of what I should do, but I actively ignore most of it.”

“You… ignore protocol…?” Mirio’s such a good student it seems like he can’t wrap his head around it.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but a lot of things in heroics are stupid. Well, they have purpose I *guess.* ” Izuku rants, “A lot of this stuff is overly restricting and unnecessary, and I feel like having so many redundant rules in place will put unneeded pressure on heroes and interfere with their performance.”

“That’s a valid way to view things.” Mirio says after a moment, “You sound like you know this at a very personal level.”

“I do.” Izuku admits. He’s seen the effects of it a lot more in the last few years than in his whole life. The sadness of All Might’s life, the fear Eraser and Mic had of having a family, literally everything surrounding Hawks and his life. All of it stems from the choices made by the heroic industry.

Wow, I sound like I’m leaning further from being a hero than a villain. I’ll keep to my middle spot of “Vigilante” a bit more.

Maybe Oni ought to see what the deal with the Hero Commission is one of these days.

“You know, we haven’t told each other our hero names!” Mirio exclaims. “I chose my name because I want to save at *least* a million people! I’m Lemillion!” He puffs out his chest proudly.

He really is a good person, huh?

“I’m Oni.” Izuku announces, cackling when Mirio stops abruptly in his step.

“Uh-”

“That’s my hero name. Oni.”

The deep inhale Mirio does makes him laugh as well, like he’s realizing the true cause of any headache he might have had.

“Why?!”

“For one, I thought it’d be both funny and infuriating to people. Two, because I like the name and vigilantes aren’t legally registered with names, so it’s allowed.”

“Wait, wouldn’t they be legally registered with their name though? What about when police use that specific name to address them?” Mirio asks.

“Yes and no. The police and government consider it more of a placeholder than anything else.”

“Just a means to address them until they find out their real name.” Mirio understands.

“Yeah, like Stain is now referred to by his real name by officials-” His teeth snap shut as a small figure crashes into him. He lunges forward and stops them from hittng the ground too harshly.

A little girl covered in bandages.

“Sorry, I didn’t see you. Are you okay?” Izuku asks, extending a hand to help the white-haired girl up. The way she pales ever so slightly at his approaching hand stops him.

Oh.

“Are you okay?” He repeats softer, seeing something painfully familiar in how she acts.

“Oh dear.” A voice from the alley drags out, footsteps approaching. “Eri, you can’t cause trouble for heroes and distract them from their work.”

The mask is recognized before anything else. Chisaki, more known as Overhaul, saunters towards them. The moment he speaks Izuku can see the girl known as Eri tense.

He knows this feeling. He knows this behavior.

“It’s not causing trouble for heroes if we’re helping her.” Izuku corrects, “After all, I see a scared child who just harshly hit the ground. Isn’t that two counts of needing help?”

Overhaul takes a step closer and Eri moves towards Izuku.

“You’re right, I’m sorry.” It’s assumed overhaul smiles under that mask, seeing as it reaches his eyes. *Anyone who knows body language can fake an eye crinkle.* “My daughter is a bit clumsy and is always

hurting herself playing."

"Does your daughter play with cheese graters and sandpaper? Because there's no way she'd be this bandaged from playing." *I have to keep my cool, but it's more obvious that I know who he is if I* weren't *defensive.*

Izuku bets Mirio wants him to let it go, based on the way Mirio says what Overhaul wants to hear.

"I recognize your mask, but I can't name from where" Mirio lies.

"Don't mind it, I'm just sensitive to filth."

"Yeah, you do seem a bit dusty." Izuku mumbles, getting a stern look from Mirio.

"I haven't seen you two heroes around here, who are you?" Overhaul asks, keeping his eyes on Izuku.

"We're new!" Mirio answers before Izuku can open his mouth again.

"What agency are you with?"

"Oh, no, no!" Mirio laughs, "We're actually still students, it'd be a bit too bold for us to identify with an agency so early into our careers. Might lock us in."

"I see." Overhaul narrows his eyes.

“In any case, we have to finish our patrol before our time’s up! C’mon, partner!” Mirio beckons Izuku to leave.

As much as Izuku hates to admit it, Mirio might be right. It’s too risky for them to make a move now but….. The girl.

“Partner?” Mirio repeats with a more stern tone.

Izuku moves, only to be grabbed by the girl.

“Please, don’t leave me.”

It hurts, to say the least.

“Come now, Eri. Don’t waste any more of these heroes’ time.”
Overhaul's annoyance shows a bit.

“She’s shaking, Mr.” Izuku speaks much more like Mikumo than Izuku. He can’t afford to be himself right now, but he keeps failing. “She seems scared.”

“She just got a scolding.” He answers smoothly.

“It reminds me of myself.” He admits, watching three pairs of eyes widen a bit. “There were people I used to be terrified of, and even thinking they were near me would send me into a panic like this.” He continues, “The mere thought of being trapped in a room with them would make me act like how she is. I don’t think I could leave a child who reminds me *so* much of myself. Don’t you think?”

“Sounds like whoever you were scared of was probably just a bad person and justified. You have no way of knowing if-”

“All Might.” He spits, glaring at Overhaul.

“Excuse me?”

“I’ve spent a good chunk of my life terrified of All Might. Is that justified?”

“I wouldn’t be able to make a judgement, but I can say that’s interesting.” Overhaul’s eyes never stray to Mirio.

“You wouldn’t be able to unless you found out *why* that child seems so scared of them unless you look into it, yeah?”

Overhaul sighs and looks around.

“Yes I agree. I suppose we can go talk somewhere more private.” Overhaul’s obviously trying to lure them away.

Eri allows Izuku to pick her up as they follow the man down the alley. The moment Overhaul turns away enough, Izuku leans forward to whisper.

“I’m sorry if it’s not now, but I promise that I’ll save you no matter what, okay?” He doesn’t expect the way the girl cries, sucking in a breath loud enough to get Overhaul’s attention again. She stills, knowing his eyes are on them.

“Raising a child is hard, but I don’t expect you to understand.” Overhaul keeps talking.

“I basically raised myself, but go off, I guess.”

Overhaul eyes him again. Honesty tends to disarm people.

“Parenting is hard.” Mirio agrees.

“Kids are hard to understand. For example, they think that everything’s always about them.” The smallest of movements catches his eye. He begins taking off his glove.

In the split second it takes for him to consider his options, he finds that the girl is no longer in his arms, but is walking along side the

man.

“Done throwing a fit? Very well. Heroes, sorry for the trouble.”

I should’ve left when I had the chance.

Izuku takes a step forward, only to be restrained by Mirio. He whispers a small “no” to him and leaves it at that. Izuku feels useless as he watches them fade from his view.

The moment he’s let go, he punches the wall.

“God dammit! I should’ve taken her!” He laments. “Fuck!” He punches again, knowing Mirio hears the cracks of bone breaking.

“Midoriya.” He catches his attention. “Let’s go.” He sighs, hooking an arm around Izuku’s and hauling him along. *He thinks I’m going to run off, huh?*

“I’m so-”

“Angry? Sad? Yeah, me too. I know it sucks that we had to let them go, but as someone with an analysis quirk, you should understand how much raising his suspicion or taking the girl would ruin or risk. He could’ve killed her if taking her means risking an info leak.”

“I know.” He answers through gritted teeth.

“Let’s go cool down and talk to Sir about what to do next.”

Chapter End Notes

LISTEN
I HAVE BEEN PROCRASTINATING THIS ARC SINCE LITERALLY THE START OF THIS FIC
idk why but its just a hard arc for me

but i'll try my best ! have some art!!

for more art check out my insta!

@jellofello22

OH AND MY COMIC UPDATED YESTERDAY WITH A LITTLE SIDE STORY
that's right !! back to back updates of diff stuff! I'm! tired!

Self aware:
https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

other stuff:
tumblr: Jello-fello
twitter: Jellofello2

Chapter 71

Chapter Summary

Info chapter !

Chapter Notes

Well Well Well.... what do we have here..…… an update....!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Togata wants to scream.

The sound of Midoriya's bones cracking puts a momentary halt to his rage. *He's not even fazed by it.* He does his best to calm him down, walking with him to talk to Sir Nighteye.

He sees the way Midoriya shakes, understanding how personal this must feel. *He said he went through similar things? That he sees himself in that girl, only to watch her be dragged back into darkness.*

Togata would react the same way, if he were him.

They turn the corner to meet up with Sir, and Togata witnesses Midoriya conceal all of his emotions in a matter of seconds. He's putting the act back up, but why?

"Sir." Togata greets, "You got my messages?"

"I did. Are you two alright?" Sir Nighteye asks, looking them over. His eyes linger on Midoriya, he can see the mask too.

"Yeah." Midoriya lies through gritted teeth.

“He’s angry about not taking her, but angry that he had to let her go in the first place.” Togata answers, getting a glare from Midoriya.

“I see.” There’s a moment of quiet, and Togata realizes it’s beginning to rain. “We can go back to my office and discuss what happened, and where to go next.”

A few hours pass, and Togata lounges on the couch in the agency. They went over all they could, until Sir Nighteye said it was enough. Midoriya was called to speak with him privately, no doubt Sir Nighteye wanting to get the full story from him. He understands, seeing as Midoriya gave cold and short sentences, like he’s blocking out all emotion he can.

It’s not that he wanted to eavesdrop, it’s just that they’re arguing very loudly.

“I understand you’re upset, but you can’t let your emotions get the better of you right now.” Sir scolds lightly.

“Then why are you mad that I spoke *without* emotion!” Midoriya whines.

“Whether you know it or not, forcing yourself to be apathetic can reduce the amount of information you relay to us. You shut out the details you can’t emotional cope with yet.”

“You don’t think I know that?!”

“It’s alright Midoriya. You don’t have to censor yourself. It’s just us. You can be emotional now.”

“I shouldn’t be, I know that.” The kid sighs, “I just…. I raised myself all alone, I lived alone for years. I had no one.” Togata shouldn’t be hearing this, but they’re loud. “And just when I thought I was starting to fuckin’ heal from that, even just a little, this happens. What do I do when I see that little girl and I’m reminded so much of myself?! I know that fear like it’s my own! I saw her walking into that alley with that dickwad, and it’s like I couldn’t save myself. Isn’t that stupid?”

“It’s not-”

“It’s not about me! I’m making it about me! It’s about her. I need to save *her*. ” Midoriya cuts him off with a snap.

“Consider it your heroic drive, then?”

“I”m not a hero.”

“Yet.”

“No, I’m not going to be a hero.” *What?*

“We’ll…. Talk about this later.”

“Fine.” Midoriya huffs.

“Let me just say, with your other tendencies in mind, I’ll be keeping you on a short metaphorical leash. People would find it odd that I tolerate you.”

“Right. You like rational and heroic people.”

“You’re both of those things, Midoriya. I mean your tendency to break rules and talk back.”

“Who? Me? I’d *never.* ”

Shouta sees the way Izuku walks into the dorm. The way his feet don’t drag, the lack of saunter in his step. He stands up straight and keeps his eyes forward.

Something’s wrong.

“Izuku-”

“Classified.”

It makes Shouta chuckle, he admits.

“Classified? You don’t even know what I was going to ask, you brat. Maybe I wanted to know how your day was?”

“Classified.”

“Maybe I wanted to know what you want for dinner?”

“Classified.”

At that, Shouta sends out his capture weapon, shocked that Izuku doesn’t even consider dodging. He picks the boy up and hauls him back to the apartment he and Hizashi stay in now.

“We’re going for a walk, Problem Child.” The class watches him get hauled away, and he sees the usual three pairs of concerned eyes on him.

“That usually means I walk too, y’know.”

“Would you have if I let you go?”

“No.”

“Ah, thought so. Anyways, as your legally obligated father, talk to me. What’s going on?”

“What, are you going to call me ‘champ’ now too?” Izuku snorts.

“Absolutely not. I have standards.”

“You don’t if you adopted someone who’s tried to kick your ass multiple times.”

“I didn’t say I had high ones, Izuku.” The tension is slowly being lifted, and he sets the kid down to walk alongside him. “Tell me about your internship. What happened.”

“There was this kid. Very obviously abused and scared, and we had to let them go.” He admits.

“That’s a valid reason to be upset, you know.” Shouta’s been in this situation countless times. In fact, he's been in this situation with Izuku countless times. A hurt and scared kid who he had to let go. Izuku doesn't yet know that he'll eventually save that kid, just like Shouta was able to get through to Izuku.

“I know.” He admits. To be honest, Shouta’s shocked Izuku even started speaking. “I can’t talk about much, though.”

“That’s alright. Do you want to get food with your brother and Hizashi?” He offers.

“Yeah… I think I need that right now.”

Shouta doesn’t think Izuku realizes how far he’s come.

Days later, Izuku wakes up to a call from Nighteye, asking him to meet him at the address sent. He wakes up Toshi and Shouto to let them know, and asks that they take notes for him.

Outside he's caught by Kirishima.

"Midoriya! You're being called to your internship too?" He catches up and pats his shoulder. The other night Kirishima had his debut fight as Red Riot, and Izuku's noticed he seems to have higher self esteem the last few days. It's good.

"Yeah, we can walk until we part." He offers, turning when Uraraka and Tsuyu join them for the same reason.

On the walk there, a couple of heroes offer to escort them, to which Izuku turns them down.

"Stay on your patrol, we can handle ourselves." He answers, taking in their bewildered looks. *Oh right, 'we're heroes', they're thinking. I get it. But they shouldn't look so shocked that a teen wants to walk on their own.*

It takes 20 minutes for Izuku to pause in his step.

"We're all going the same way so far."

"It's a weird coincidence, ribbit." Tsuyu chimes.

“Are you all going to your agencies? Or were you given an address?”

“Address.”Kirishima answers for himself, looking over when the girls agree.

“Can I see it?” They do as asked, and Izuku gets it. “We’re all going to the same place. Probably as some big hero team-up.”

Maybe he can pull some strings and figure out what’s going on before getting there?

He calls Sir Nighteye as they walk.

“Hello?” The man’s voice answers.

“Who’s in charge of whatever this is?”

“That’d be me.”

“So if I’m at your agency, why didn’t you tell me?” He asks, trying not to sound frustrated.

“Apologies, I was going to discuss it with everyone at once.”

“I think I know why you didn’t tell me.” *Whatever it is would probably provoke me to act on my own as a vigilante than with them.* That means whatever’s about to happen is going to be horrific.

“I’ll see you there, Midoriya.” Sir Nighteye hangs up, and he spends the rest of the commute talking to his classmates.

The moment the doors open, and he hears that voice, Shouta’s body is filled with a large amount of stress. Too much for this early in the morning.

He doesn’t even talk to the kid, he just makes a beeline for Sir Nighteye and pulls him aside.

“Who is Izuku Midoriya interning with?” He asks, watching the man blink.

“Me.”

“You can’t have him on this operation.” He starts.

“I understand you’re his teacher and-”

“I’m his father first and foremost, and I know things will not end well for anyone if he’s in this.”

“Ah, you mean his vigilante tendencies seeping through.” *What? You know?* “If you were not aware of them until this point, I’m sorry. If you are aware, I can’t imagine you’d let a child continue those kinds of dangerous activities while also in a hero school.”

“You think I haven’t tried?” He huffs a tired laugh, “Why don’t you have a crack at it?”

“I don’t think he’d listen to me about anything.” Sir Nighteye admits.

“Uh Huh.” Shouta hums, “Is there any way you can keep him out of this operation? Who knows what kind of shit he could get into.” *Or the wrong people finding out he has a healing quirk.*

“I’m afraid not. Everything’s set in stone according to my Foresight quirk.” *Have you even tried to change it?* “The meeting’s going to start soon, let’s take our seats.”

In the meeting hall, the table is filled with heroes and some students. Four of them being his own. Beside him sits Gran Torino, someone working with Tsukauchi, and knows All Might personally.

Sir Nighteye thanks everyone for being here, and goes on to explain just what this is about. It’s clear the students weren’t told anything. This is a meeting to share any and all information respective parties may have. Anything to help understand what Shie Hassaikai is planning.

They go on to explain that this all started with a gang called the Reservoir Dogs. That too many things regarding an incident that occured with them just weren’t adding up, prompting heroes to tail them. From there, clues and hints were slowly being revealed.

The group they’re after was seen in contact with the League, a group Shouta and his class are too familiar with. Izuku really needs to stay

out of this.

As the meeting goes on, Uraraka asks what HN means, having the term Hero Network defined for her.

Beside Izuku, the hero Rock Lock smacks his gums.

“Even if they’re with UA, I don’t see why we need kids here.” He sighs, not seeing the child beside him slowly turning with a glare.

“If we’re talking qualifications…” Oh no, Izuku’s speaking. “I deserve to be here more than you, old man.”

“Excuse me?”

“You’re called here to help. You have yet to be fully debriefed. You haven’t handled anything regarding this yet. *I* have. I’m already more involved than you are and same goes for the other kids here. Otherwise we wouldn’t fuckin’ be here.”

“Izuku.” Shouta calls, not scolding but giving a subtle reminder to watch himself. Rock Lock doesn’t say anything, but Shouta can see the smallest hint of being impressed.

“That’s right!” Fat Gum stands up dramatically, gesturing to Kirishima and Tamaki, “These two have some important information as witnesses!” As he says it, Tamaki fiddles with the bandage wrapped around his left arm. “At Red Riot’s debut, there was a use of Trigger. Something people like Eraserhead and I dealt with a lot back in the day.” *Ah, it feels like so long ago now.* “There was a different type of drug too. One Tamaki was shot with that I’ve never seen before.”

“What do you mean?” A hero asks from across the room.

“A drug that destroys a person’s quirk.” The room grows silent, until Mirio stands.

“Tamaki?! Are you alright?!” His eyes scan over the boy, settling on the bandages. It’s obvious they care for each other, but that Tamaki never told him.

“I’m alright now. It came back overnight. I just didn’t want to worry you. Please take this display of a lovely cow hoof as payment and apology.” He holds up his right arm, now a hoof.

The small smile on Mirio’s face shows it worked.

“So you had a beef bowl for breakfast huh?” He asks, taking his seat.

“Red Riot saved Tamaki from being shot again, using his quirk to deflect it. Thanks to that, we now have a bullet with the contents.” Fat Gum carries on.

“Oh! Uh..” Kirishima blushes with the sudden attention on him. “I just wanted to save Suneater, really…”

“It’s good you recovered.” Rock Lock says to Tamaki, “This means it’s only temporary so far?”

“That is part of the reason why we have Eraserhead here.” Sir Nighteye gestures to Shouta to speak. For a small moment, he meets Izuku’s eyes.

“Unlike my Erasure, this drug damages the quirk genes themselves. My Erasure simply puts a pause on them until I blink. My quirk would never be able to damage another person by itself."

“Tamaki’s quirk genes healed themselves overnight, he’s good as new.” Fat Gum adds.

“What about the rest of the analysis?” Nighteye asks him to elaborate more.

“Nothing else was wrong with him at all. If a quirkless person were shot with one, they probably would never know what it was. It only attacked the gene itself and nothing else. Like it was designed to target it.”

“And the apprehended criminal?” Gran Torino asks.

“He’s not saying anything.” Fat Gum sighs. His eyes harden ever so slightly, “We analyzed the contents of the bullet that deflected off Kirishima and…. It made me sick to hear.”

What is it made of?

“Results came back with human blood and cells.”

The room stills, and silence drapes over them.

If I'm on this team, chances are they'll want me if they find out what my quirk is. They'd try to use me for this sick project too if they got the chance. I'm not backing out, so they can try if they want.

"Cells from someone with a destructive quirk, huh?" Ryukyu asks.

"I'm… not sure I follow. How is this connected to Shie Hassaikai?" A local hero asks.

"It's all connected." Izuku offers, "Drug distribution is usually spread through a network, branching out like a web. They must have intercepted some, or they're secretly the manufacturers."

"Ryukyu fought two villains the other day, one party was controlled by one of these intermediate dealer organizations."

"One of the two had taken a drug that didn't last. It was a dud but boosted his quirk." *Trigger better not be making a revival.*

"Everything can be brought back to Shie Hassaikai, if you *really* try to connect the dots." A hero mumbles.

"It just sounds like we're trying to make them guilty. Where's the hard proof?" Another asks with a tired sigh. On the screen behind Sir Nighteye, an image of Kai Chisaki is projected. Shouta's heard of him, has been told a few things, but not enough information.

“Kai Chisaki, head of Shie Hassaikai. Quirk: Overhaul. It lets him assemble and disassemble things. He can break things down at will, and put them back together like it never happened. A quirk that destroys, and a drug that destroys.”

Shouta sees the way Izuku tenses, along with Mirio.

“When Mirio and Midoriya encountered this man while on a patrol, he had a little girl with him he referred to as his daughter. Her arms and legs were covered with bandages.” The room grows silent once more. Izuku and Mirio are looking at the table, shaking.

“Don’t tell me…” Ryukyu trails.

“We live in a superhuman society.” Gran Torino sighs, “I’m old, I’ve seen a lot of stuff like this. Unfortunately, we can’t stop people from these sick ideas. If they can think it, they can do it.”

“I’m not sure I follow. What’re we talking about?” Kirshima asks, seeing the turn the atmosphere has taken.

“Do we really need kids here?” Rock Lock asks, “I’ll say it once. We’re wondering if this fucker’s using his daughter’s body to make drugs and sell them.”

It seems the rest of the students now get what we’re dealing with.

“We don’t know if he’s selling them, but if they’re being used at all right now it likely means they’re in the testing phase. If he can perfect

that drug and make it permanent, there's no telling what kinds of crimes people might want to commit." Sir Nighteye explains.

"So, this would have been solved if these two just took her then and there? Instead they left her behind so what, we could have this infodump of a meeting?" Rock Lock asks, cutting a glare to them.

"I take full responsibility for-" Sir Nighteye is cut off by the blur of moment. Within seconds Izuku is out his chair and Rock Lock is pinned to the ground, elbow against his windpipe.

“You don’t think I know that?! You don’t think I hate myself for not risking it and just grabbing her?! Think about it! What if he decided to just kill all of us, including her, right then and there! If he’s using her like we think, he could kill everyone, and just assemble her to take. Leaving us as smears on the pavement, totally useless.”

“Kid-”

“I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t want to save her. I don’t need your

bullshit to remind me I'm fucking awful, okay? I know that well enough myself." Izuku gets off of him and yanks the man to his feet. They sit back in their seats and don't exchange anymore words.

"Well then." Sir sighs, "Midoriya has an analysis quirk. I have Foresight. Between the two of us, we decided the absolute best chance of winning and living had to be done this way. No one in this room is more upset about leaving her behind than Midoriya and Mirio. Please put responsibility on me for this, not them."

"We'll get Eri next time, and protect her!" Mirio announces. Everyone looks to Izuku for some sort of declaration too, only seeing his gritted teeth and shaking fists on the table.

The meeting ends with a stale air in the room. Something stagnating.

Chapter End Notes

YO two things: One, I've been super fuckin sick for the last month, I can't breathe, and my spine/legs have been acting up a lot more, and some Heart junk going on

So while i'm fine staying home and dealing with being sick, I was taken to the hospital over my spine. It's so bad that I haven't gotten more than a few hours of sleep a night in over a week. I'm literally writing this chapter on 2-3 hours of sleep, so bare with me if some parts are Fucky

ANYWAYS HERE'S WHY IM MAD. About the heart junk. My heart has been POUNDING for well over a week and a half straight

now, and it hurts constantly. I have anxiety and I know that sort of chest pain but this is different.

I explained that it was different, and the doctor just said "Have you tried not watching the news?" despite me saying No, I have no reason to be so stressed rn, i'm chillin. No, I don't watch the news

and she tells me to cut back on caffeine, which I ALREADY HAVE FOR THAT REASON, and it still hasn't stopped

so she basically shrugged and said "take it easy and come back in a week if your heart still feels weird" ???? BRO????? She ignored my spine/leg issues totally and I PAID THIRTY BUCKS FOR A RUDE LADY TO TELL ME TO TAKE A CHILL PILL??? lady my job shut down,,, I could've used those thirty bucks on Literally anything else I need rn im so sad

ANYWAYS
it's been a while!!!! Here's the deal. You know my comic is my Darling Babey yeah??? WELL WEBTOON IS DOING A CONTEST!!!!! I'm also making a story for it to enter, and when the time comes, I really hope you guys will read it!!! (also if anyone says Anything negative about me giving my personal projects more attention than my fics, not only will I cancel whatever fic you like most, but I will hunt you down :))

wellll follow my art insta!!! @Jellofello22
tumblr: Jello-fello
twitter: Jellofello2

AND AS USUAL, MY COMIC, SELF AWARE: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

Chapter 72

Chapter Summary

Yo read the chapter that'll post Immediately after this :3

Chapter Notes

I wrote this chapter specifically so I could post the next chapter you're about to see without feeling bad lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku stays off to himself when his classmates and the Big Three sit at the table. There's too much for him to think about. Too much going on to have to worry about whether or not to put up a mask.

Even when Eraser comes into the room and speaks to them, he stays quiet. Hell, he doesn't even think Eraser notices he's there until his classmates start shooting worried glances to the corner he's in.

He tells his classmates they can participate in this operation, and Izuku sees the relief wash over them.

"All of us?" Kirashima asks, sending another look his way.

Eraser turns and meets Izuku's gaze, holding it a moment as if he were considering his options.

"I haven't decided yet."

As he says it, Izuku can see the look on the faces of the

upperclassmen. The look of “why wouldn’t he be able to join?” and “What has he done to be excluded?”. If Izuku wasn’t in such a bad mood, he might think it’s funny.

There’s a stretch of silence, before Mirio takes the lead and leaves.

In a matter of seconds it’s just Izuku and Eraser alone in the conference room. The sun is setting, golden hour casts their faces in shadow. Izuku thinks it’s for the best that his features are obscured.

“So?” Izuku starts, “What’s it gonna be?”

Eraser stays quiet.

“Eraser.” He calls, seeing the man look at the ground. “Just get it over with!”

“If I tell you no, you’re going to do it anyways, aren’t you?” Is what he finally asks. Now it’s Izuku’s turn to stay silent. “If you get told to stay away from this operation, Oni is going to show up. There’s no question about it. Then what, Izuku? The heroes will be worried about this vigilante not only knowing their plans somehow, but they’d have to take time and focus worrying about what Oni’s next move is. You know that, though. I know I don’t have to tell you that.”

There’s no answer.

“Izuku, I can’t win. Neither of us can, can we? I let you go as Izuku, you’re endangered and you risk outing yourself as Oni because you can’t take orders and restraint. You would get fed up acting under this pressure and do *whatever* it takes to win. If you go as Oni, well I don’t

need to tell you the issues with that, do I?"

"No, you don't." Izuku mumbles.

"You and I both know there's no chance of taking you off of this. Please just do your best to behave? I know you want to save her, but I can't risk you getting hurt. I can't watch you get hurt again because you let your personal feelings interfere."

Izuku meets Eraser's eyes and feels his heart sink. There's that look. Izuku saw it in the hospital after the training camp. The look of being utterly destroyed at the thought of him being hurt. The slight tremor in the hands, the overly controlled breathing. The frown hidden behind scarves.

It really is easy for Izuku to forget that while his actions have few consequences on his body, they mark up those around him.

"I'll behave." He says after a long while. "It's just…" He trails, knowing he should just shut up. There's no need for him to keep going.

"Take your time." It's a quiet reassurance that reminds him that Eraserhead isn't angry about him somehow getting involved. It was worry and concern the whole time.

"We found out about Eri and that's great. It's amazing that people are trying to save this girl but…" How does he say it? "But what about all the *other* ones? We found one kid who needs help and that's amazing, but how many others are there? How many people are doing this sort of shit?! How many kids are forgotten and erased and left in darkness just like she is?" *Just like I was?* "It's not fair to them. I shouldn't be

feeling like this but what happens after this?! We save her, pat ourselves on the back, and then go back to beating up bad guys that look like stereotypical villains? What about villains like Chisaki?" *What about Villains like Hisashi Midoriya?* "Who's going to save the kids no one knows needs saving?"

"Izuku." The voice is soft, cushioning the arms that wrap him into a hug. "I know. I know it hurts to think about. That's why I'm an underground hero. I know it's awful that billboard heroes stick to what gets them money, but please believe that there are heroes out there trying our best to stop those kinds of crimes."

If he answers, he'll cry.

"That's how I found you."

Apparently, he's going to cry regardless.

The day's pass almost too quietly for Izuku to handle. He's been helping the investigation out by providing analysis as Izuku, and anonymously staking places out as Oni. He's done far more work than he should have but he still feels restless.

He puts in work in all of his classes and training, trying to keep distracted but it's slowly consuming him. He heard a hero say "She's waited this long, what's a few more days?" at a recent meeting and he almost got himself removed.

That hero was quickly taken off the operation and replaced with someone less…. Suckish.

At lunch, he sits with Toshi, Shouto and Iida. He's been staring at his Katsudon for ages but can't bring himself to eat it.

"Izu? Are you alright?" The feeling of a hand settling on his arm startles him, he looks up for the first time since lunch started.

"Yeah, I'm just thinking about stuff."

"Like, stuff-we-know stuff, or?" Toshi tries, unused to being kept in the dark.

"I'm behaving for once, and I can't tell anyone about my internship."

"Oh, I can understand why that would bother you." Shouto reassures.

"It shouldn't, though! I've been alone all this time, no one to talk to most of my life, and now suddenly it's hard to keep to myself?! How fucked is that?" He laughs, it's hollow but he ignores that fact.

"Izuku." Toshi hums, nudging his side a bit. "You have a family now. You have friends and a boyfriend. Whether you like it or not, you've started to adjust to having a support system. It's not surprising that it's hard for you to be quiet when you got used to sharing." *Oh. I guess he's right.*

I have a support system.

I have a support system.

He never considered the words nor the possibility. It's true though, isn't it? Izuku isn't alone in his life and he's unsure of what to do about it.

"Midoriya, you helped me out when I was acting foolish once before, didn't you?" Iida begins with a slight hand wave to get his attention. "If you need help, you can come to me too." There's a slight pause, "Or, I suppose I should threaten to barge into your life chaotically like you did to me. I can repay that favor, I suppose."

It gets a small chuckles out of him. The table seems to light up, witnessing the small amount of progress made on his mood.

"Would you like half of my soba, Izu? You need to eat up. Be big and strong. Strong enough to kick my father's ass." Shouto jokes, getting a small laugh from him.

"That's where you're wrong. I don't need strength, I can win with fire extinguishers, remember?"

"It does feel like such a long time ago, huh?" *Maybe that's what happens when my writer gets sidetracked? Who knows.*

By the end of lunch, he's eaten far more than what was on his tray, and he's managed to have his mood lifted a bit. Even if its just a small moment between them, it helps.

A few nights pass, and Izuku finds himself yet again staring at Shouto's ceiling. Too dark to count bumps in the ceiling, so his mind makes them up as he tries to find shapes. Shouto's long since been asleep, and Izuku realizes he could probably get up and go back to his own room whenever he pleases but… For once he's accepting that he needs the comfort. Even if Shouto's asleep and unable to talk, just his presence feels healing in a way.

He's awake enough to register the sound of his phone buzzing next to him, the sheets lighting up where the screen lays flat. Izuku almost considers putting off whatever the message is until morning, but he knows better.

A message from Sir Nighteye saying it's time.

It's so sudden and straightforward. Izuku doesn't know whether to pinch himself in case its a dream or to use One For All to leap out the building right this instant.

"Shouto." He wakes him a bit, smiling when he opts to huddle closer to Izuku. "Shouto wake up?"

"Mm?"

"I have to go. My internship needs me."

"What time is it?" He slurs a bit, fighting to open his eyes.

"Closer to three. I just don't want you waking up thinking I left you or something, y'know?"

“Hey, Izu.” Shouto hums.

“What’s up?”

“You’ll be safe, right? I know…. I know you can heal. But Izu that’s only physically.”

“I promised I would behave.”

“That’s not the same thing.” He may be half asleep, all of his words may be grouped into one, but the concern is still very real.

“I’ll be safe.” He repeats.

“Good, good. That’s all I need.” When Shouto says it, Izuku waits a moment, feeling like he’s going to say something else at any second. That’s it, though. That was really all Shouto needed to hear, and he’s already back asleep again.

I wonder what future Sir Nighteye would see for me.

Izuku sits through the meeting, eager for it to be over so they can get a move on. He barely even registers when time moves, when he puts on his hero costume and follows Mirio and the others.

In front of the police station, the officers hand out papers with the

details of Hassaikai members and their known quirks.

“We had a list already going, but it was expanded thanks to some anonymous tips we received. Weirdly enough, we got them within the last week.” An officer explains, still handing them out.

Izuku sees the looks his classmates are giving him. He can feel Eraser staring at the back of his head. More than that, Izuku knows Mirio notices the reactions he’s getting. *I guess I can’t be mad he’s attentive like that, huh.* So what, Oni had some free time and he used it for this. It helped, didn’t it?

“From detectives to police cooperation.. There’s so much we don’t know.” Tsuyu mumbles, looking around.

“This is a lot, yeah.” Uraraka agrees.

“Speak for yourself, I know *plenty* about cooperation with local authorities.” Izuku chimes in, shit-eating grin apparent as he says it.

“No you don’t.” His classmates say at the same time, loud enough to draw some attention.

“It’s so early for people to be this loud, let alone in unison.” Tamaki mumbles.

“I gotta agree with them.” A familiar voice says, “You won’t give us any trouble this time, right Midoriya?”

“Well hi to you too, Tsuki.” He greets, “I have no idea what you’re talking about. I’m a delight.”

“Right.” He trails. “Anyways, best behavior. Make my pile of paperwork easy.” *Ah, I remember the days when he would be professional with me.* Hell, the fact that he’s talking to him out of his vigilante costume like this feels like an episode out of the Twilight Zone.

“If you get a shit ton of paperwork, I can swing by and use my analysis quirk to help you out.” He offers.

“My quirk is registering that as a lie so I can’t even have the comfort of thinking you might’ve.” Detective Tsukauchi sighs, nodding and going to talk to Eraser. The big three stare at him a moment. *Right, Mask. Oh well.*

It feels like there’s someone missing.

“Hey, has anyone seen Gran Torino?” He asks when he figures it out. Tsukauchi turns, still talking to Eraserhead.

“He’s unable to make it. Something with the League came up and he’s been assisting me.” Tsuki explains.

“So why are you here?”

“I had to ask some people some things.” He answers vaguely, “That,

and to specifically ask you to behave."

Did I just get burned? I think that counts as one by his standards.

"Fair enough, carry on." He chuckles.

"Hey." Eraser calls, eyes on Izuku. "I'll be moving beside Nighteye's team. You get what I mean, right?"

"You want to watch me kick ass? Front row seats?" He tries, wanting to laugh at Eraser tiredly narrowing his eyes.

"No."

"Fine, fine I know. You're keeping an eye on me." Izuku says.

"There we go."

There's a swarm outside the base of Shie Hassaikai, and Rock Lock raises a good point about it.

"There's both police and heroes gathered on their front door. Don't you think something would've happened by now? Where's their move?" His concern is brushed off by an officer who goes to ring the doorbell.

He never gets the chance too.

A large villain breaks through the door, barreling through the crowd of officers with ease. Izuku uses One For All and catches one officer while Eraser gets the other two.

“You okay?” Izuku asks, setting him down.

“Yes, thank you.” The moment another officer comes to his coworker’s aid, Izuku is back on the front line, eager to get this done and over with.

“Hey, the fuck is this racket so early in the morning?” Standing up straight, the villain is much taller than any of them.

“So, there’s that move.” Rock Lock mumbles, glaring at the villain.

“I *said* What the fuck are you doing here!” The villain yells, moving to kill officers in one swift movement. *You never said that.*

Ryukyu not only blocks him, but she takes him to the ground.

“We can’t risk being split up over something like this, or over something this early in the operation.” She announces. “My agency will handle this. The rest of you go!”

I guess shit’s officially starting, huh? It’s about damn time.

Izuku and the rest of the forces swarm in, the police announcing they have a search warrant. It doesn't matter, A fight breaks out almost immediately. *They have it under control. I don't have to act here. My goal is the same.* He and Mirio run on, sprinting to the doors so they can do what they set out to.

They're going to save Eri no matter the cost.

Chapter End Notes

> HEY HEY HEY HEY READ THE NEXT CHAP THAT IM POSTING RIGHT AFTER THISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

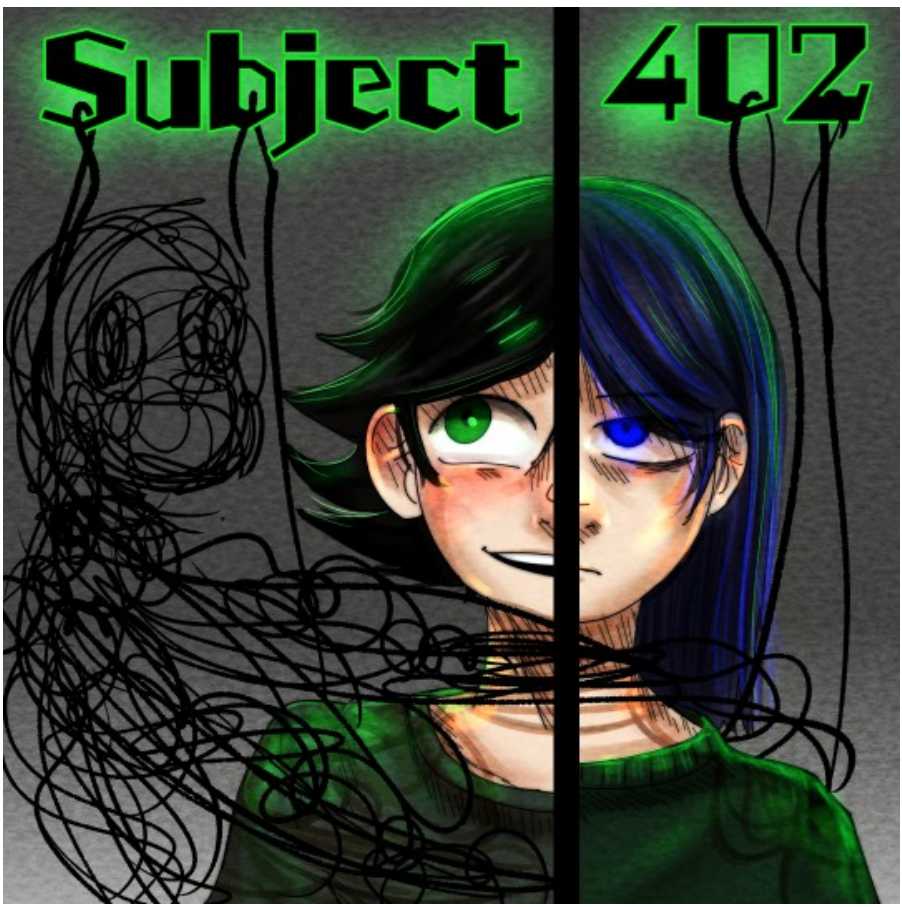
A NON-BNHA RELATED CHAPTER HEYO

Chapter Summary

Basically I talk about stuff I ADORE. MY OTHER CONTENT!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes



Hey!!! So I've mentioned in the end notes that I'm doing the webtoon contest and I have the first chapter out right now!!! It's called Subject 402 and you can find it here: Subject 402

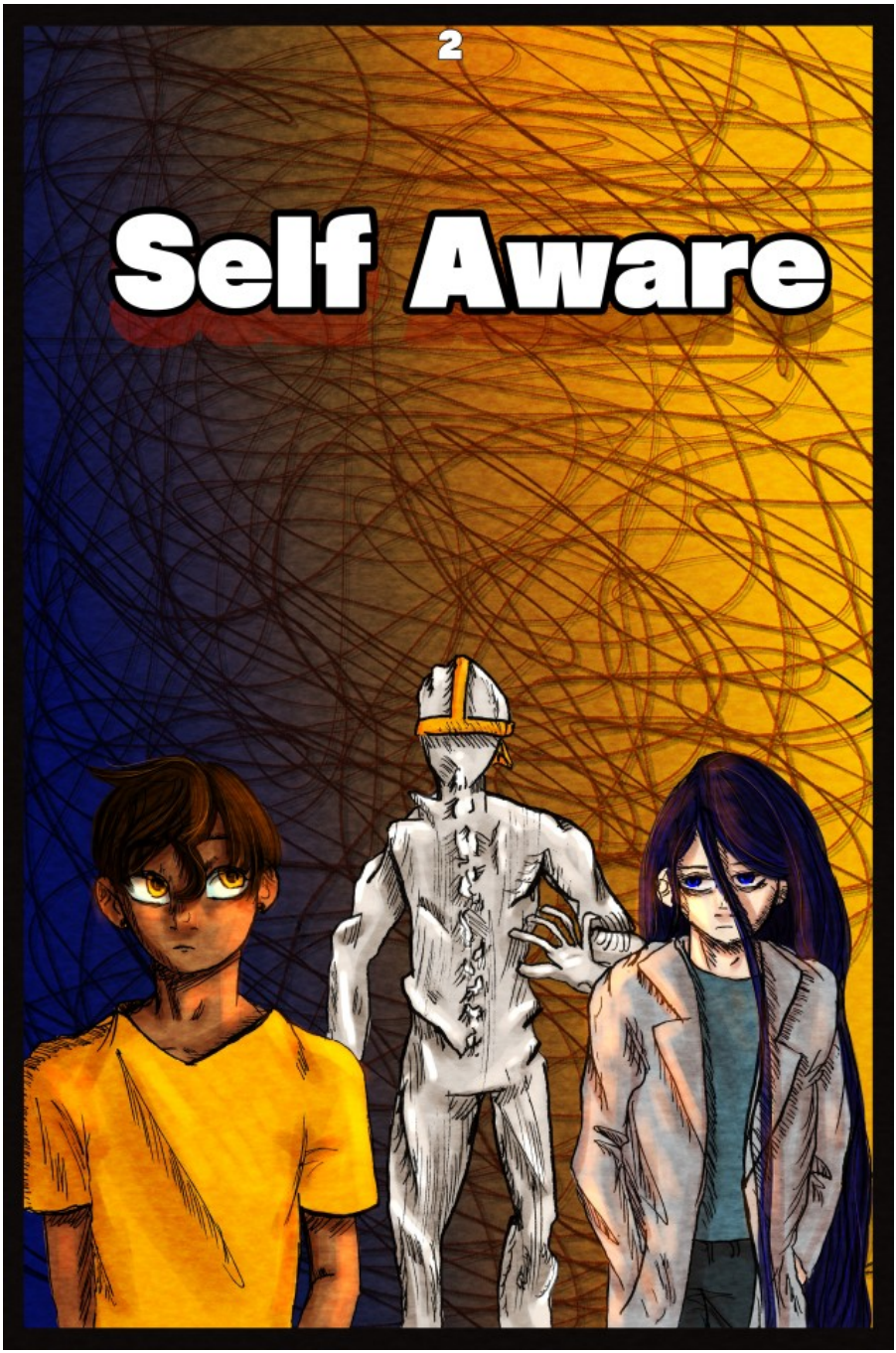
It follows the childhood of one of my ocs, Jordan/Kai. This story is a prequel to my main comic Self Aware, but can be read as a standalone story. Both stories have some themes common in BNHA,

but I don't think they're similar besides the Very Vague Themes. Trigger warning for stuff like human experimentation and abuse. Again, to the level that you'd see/have seen in bnha (now that I think about it, basically the same level of stuff you've seen in Regenerate, Fate!). (also there's code hidden In this comic but the first chapter has been out long enough for all of it to be decoded in the comments--)

I'm making a full chapter on this fic for a few reasons. 1) because I know not everyone reads my end notes so when I mention having other projects, it Does kindaaaaaa get repetitive explaining everything over and over, so I thought it'd be easier to say something outside of the end notes. 2) **THIS IS FOR THE CONTEST!!! AND IM SO EXCITED!!!** I really love the Self Aware Universe and it's my main project and this contest means a lot because it could get more people reading this story.

If you guys do read it, feel free to leave theories in the comments!!! DW, i won't change anything based on your theories, the stories already fully written/sketched.

NOW ONTO MY MAIN STORY.



SELF AWARE !!!!!

This is my main story. This is my Baby, my Sweetheart, LOML. It's a TRAGEDY OF A STORY LEMME TELL YA-- actually i cant. that'd be spoilers.

It's about the boy on the upper left, Mell. He's the main character, and he knows he's the main character. He knows this is all just a comic and can manipulate the comic panels themselves. (also i dont rec this story for people who don't like eye contact, because he Does look at the reader sometimes when speaking to you)

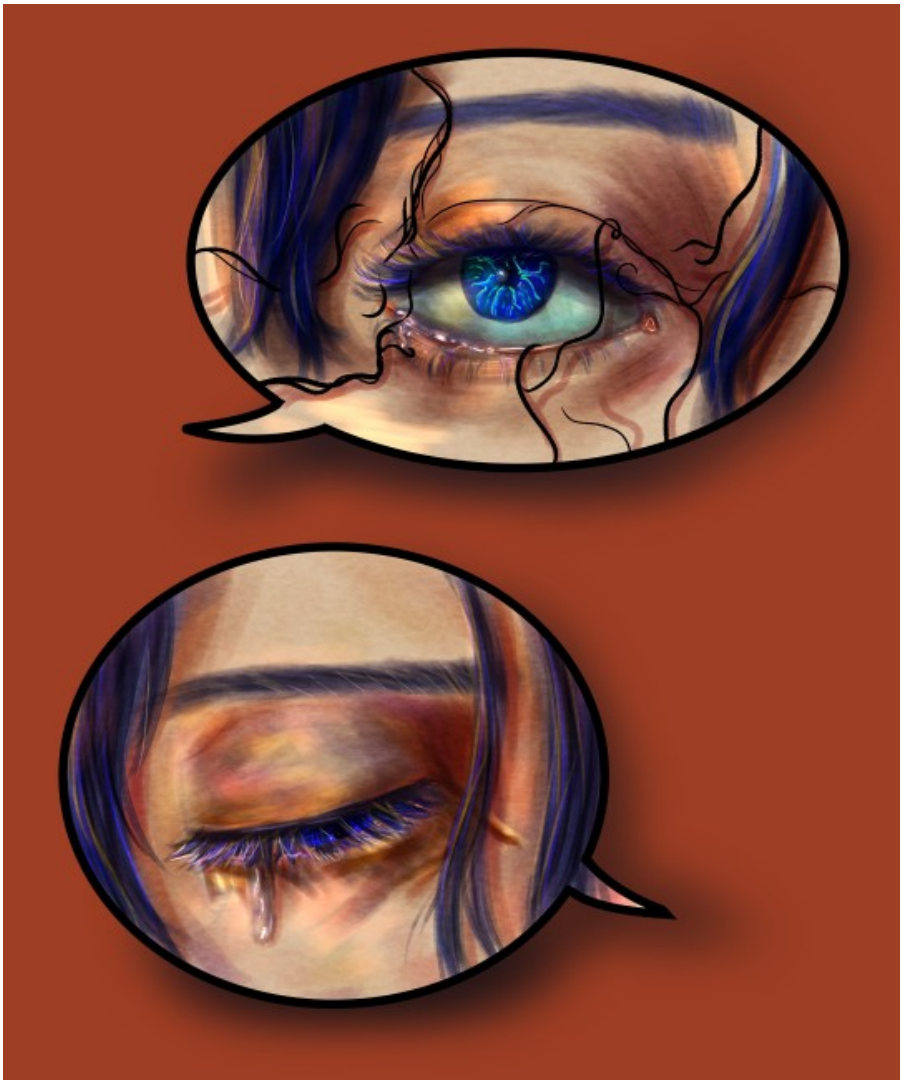
He's just an angry boi who's very not happy about being the Protag. (also the art in the beginning is janky because like.... remember the art in the start of this fic??? YEAH ITS THAT- I only improved my art so much over the last year is because of this comic. it's good practice too)

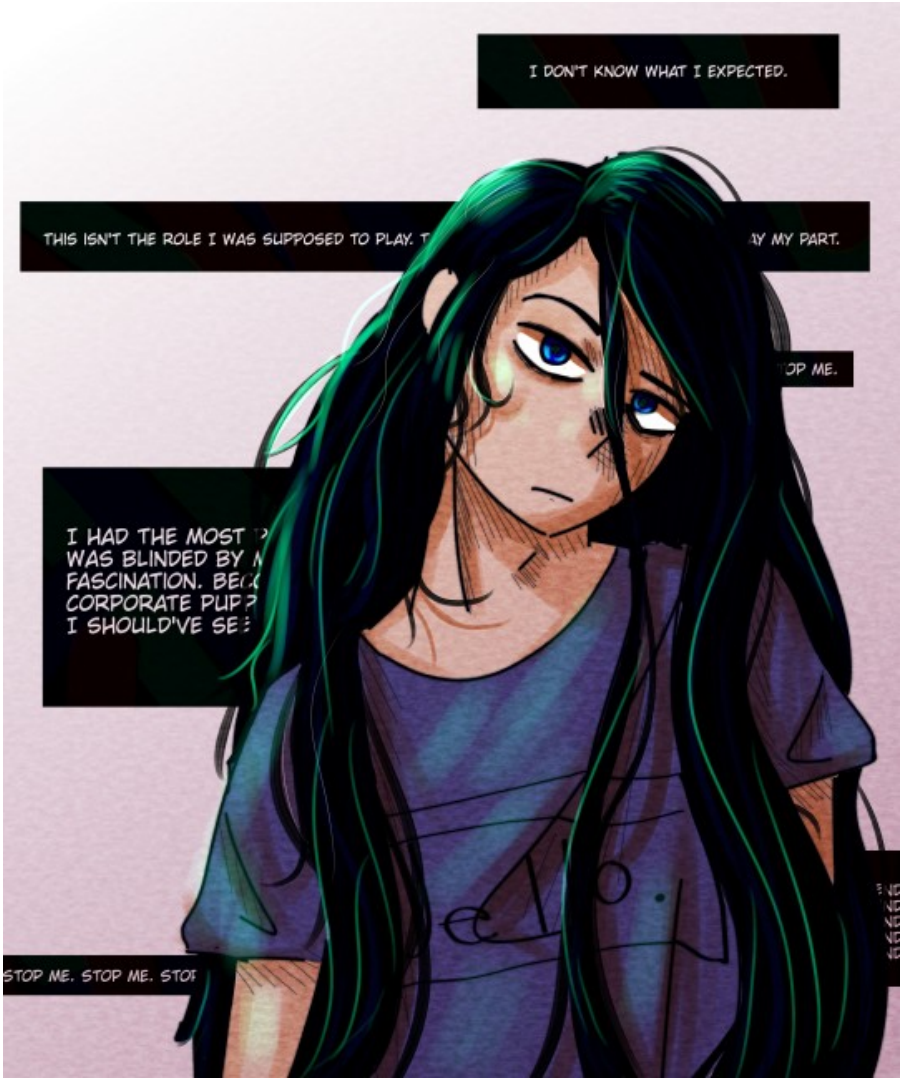
There's a whole theory gang and Oh Boy if you have theories, I refuse to say if you're right or not lmao

Jordan/Kai, the guy on the right of the cover is one of the other main characters. He's a genius scientist and well, even with the start of Subject 402, no one really knows anything about him. I have a sketched out ref sheet for him but I should probably finish it-- it's somewhere on my tumblr.

NOW FOR SOME RANDOM ART OF THIS UNIVERSE AND OC'S I LIKE:

I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU.
I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING.




I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED.
THIS ISN'T THE ROLE I WAS SUPPOSED TO PLAY. T
Y MY PART.
OP ME.
I HAD THE MOST
WAS BLINDED BY
FASCINATION. BE
CORPORATE PUP
I SHOULD'VE SE
STOP ME. STOP ME. STOP

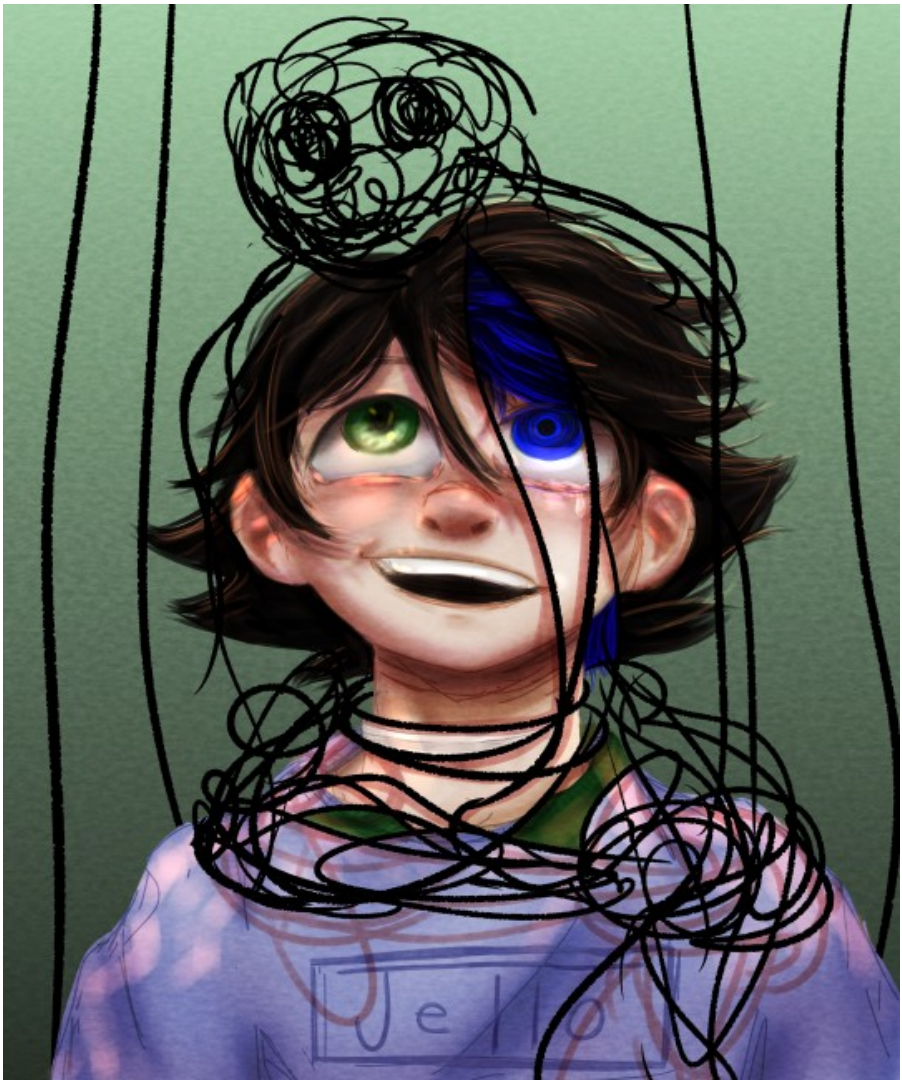
WHILE I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN I WAS DIFFERENT,
I DON'T THINK I FOCUSED ON IT
ENOUGH. NOT UNTIL I STARED IN THE MIRROR,
WATCHING MY PUPIL SHIFT INTO A SQUARE.
NOT UNTIL I COULDN'T SEE, BECAUSE MY EYES WOULDN'T
ADJUST FOR HOW MUCH LIGHT I NOW TOOK IN.

I KNOW I'M DIFFERENT, BUT I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE OTHER THINGS.
PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES.
WEIRD THINGS THAT LET OTHER PEOPLE SEE IT TOO.

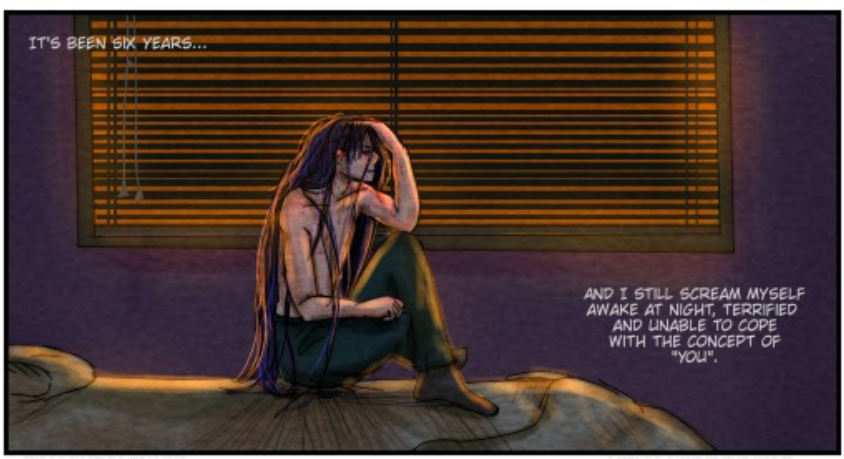
THAT I HAD TO HIDE PARTS OF WHO I AM TO SURVIVE,
THINGS THAT YOU NOTICED RIGHT AWAY UPON FIRST MEETING.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS: I'M SCARED OF HOW I'M DIFFERENT, BUT YOU AREN'T.

pause
1:36am
Oct. 31, 2000000000000000000000000000000


Jello

I WOKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT, UNABLE TO BREATHE AND MY HEART POUNDING.
I COULDN'T COPE WITH THE REALIZATION THAT YOU WERE MORE THAN JUST A PROJECT.
THAT YOU'RE THE GREATEST MYSTERY AND PUZZLE I'VE EVER HAD TO SOLVE.
THAT YOU WERE WORTH MORE TO ME THAN I WAS READY TO ACCEPT.


IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS...
AND I STILL SCREAM MYSELF AWAKE AT NIGHT, TERRIFIED AND UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE CONCEPT OF "YOU".

ANYWAYS THAT'S ALL?????

PLEASE CHECK THEM OUT, ESPECIALLY SUBJECT 402!!! Links will be in end notes too

also fun fact!! this is a vigilante story too!! In fact, Regen started as practice for writing again, to prep for this story. So without Self Aware, this fic wouldn't exist. that's WILD RIGHT???

(also side note: Yes I know I haven't updated psyched out. For those who ask for updates and message me for them: 1) I extend the time before updating every time I get a complaint or a comment that's JUST "update??" and stuff. and 2) it says in the last post that when regen is DONE. I will finish the story. I haven't forgotten about it. It's a story that's practice for SA too. Specifically the well.... I can't spoil that yet now can I :))

(also I will just say this because I've been asked. YEAH you can ship Mell and Jordan!!! At the price of you knowing they're protagonist and antagonist respectively, and that Means something in this story :) :)) (also Also Also their official ship name is Mai)

Kay byeeeeeeee

Chapter End Notes

SUBJECT 402: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/subject-402/list?title_no=426462
SELF AWARE: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

oh yeah and since my last chapter I have a new video on my youtube

Follow a Bob Ross Tutorial except it ALL goes wrong while i'm a weeb on main: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XAovA6qXvVs&t=3s

My art insta is @Jellofello22
and my tumblr is @jello-fello

Byeeeee iluuuuuu

Chapter 74

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The others catch up to Izuku and Mirio. Sir Nighteye takes the lead, following what he's seen with his quirk. It's a small spot in the hallway, A vase is the only thing that makes it noticeable. Even then Izuku wonders how many people have been in this building and never thought that it wasn't normal. The wood panels underneath the vase are buttons. The wall opens if they're pressed in the right order. *I should save this idea for later.*

"We would've never known if it weren't thanks to your quirk!" Bubble Girl praises.

"Watch out for quirks you don't-" The warning is cut off by people sprinting up the stairs and attacking them. Sir Nighteye's sidekicks take them down, telling Izuku and the others to go on without them.

They rush down the stairs only to meet a dead-end.

"It's a dead-end! Are you sure this is right, Nighteye?" An officer asks.

By the looks of it, the wall is concrete. Izuku personally believes that the future can change based on people's actions. That people and their choices aren't set in stone like some pre-planned story. No, Izuku's life story is unpredictable and unplanned and probably written by someone who can't make any decisions and that's what he usually counts on. There's no possible way his future is set in stone. What is set in stone, however, is the literal stone wall in front of them.

Sir might not be able to see a person's definitive future, but he should've been able to see this wall here. *The wall is…. New?* While that makes no logical sense to Izuku, he remembers they live in a world of superheroes and villains and that yeah, this might as well be possible too.

"I'll go on ahead and see what's up." Mirio offers, already acting.

"Wait your clothes! You can't be naked this early into the operation!" Kirishima worriedly calls.

"Don't worry, his costume is made with fibers from his hair and DNA. It'll stay on him even with his quirk activated." Tamaki explains softly, and like he's given this explanation several times before. *That's smart.* Izuku thinks about it for a moment. *How much hair was needed for that costume? I don't think he shaved his head or anything. Did he shave his legs for it?!* Izuku decides that maybe he shouldn't think so much about it.

Mirio sticks his head through the wall, reminiscent of an ostrich shoving its head into the ground. After a moment he steps back.

"Sir Nighteye is right. The path continues exactly as he said. It's just this wall in the way. It's a thick wall, though."

Izuku and Kirishima work together and strike the wall down.

"You guys aren't half bad!" Rock Lock praises.

"Well, that's sparkly child soldiers for ya." Izuku jokes, getting looks

from everyone who really knows him. “Legally, I’m clarifying that that was a joke.” *Jokes tend to be close to the truth in most cases, though.*

They move through the wall, into the next part of the building.

A low rumble makes them stop, following by the floor shifting under their feet. The building starts twisting and turning, knocking them off their feet. *What kind of Monster House bullshit is this?!*

“It’s someone’s quirk! It’s not Chisaki, but there’s someone else it could be! A director named Irinaka!” Another officer calls. He explains the quirk as Mimic, something that allows the villain to freely go into anything and control it from within. He has to be in the concrete. *That means the entire underground is like this?*

“He shouldn’t be able to do this!” Rock Lock starts, “Irinaka can’t do large scale things, the biggest he should be able to do is a fridge!”

“Nothin’s too impossible if he had a boost.” Fat Gum glares at the walls, “I was trying to be wary of what he would turn into, but I didn’t expect the building itself. Eraserhead, can you erase it?”

“I have to see him. Unless we can expose his body somehow, I can’t.”

Izuku sees Mirio and Tamaki talking about something. The fear and uncertainty in Tamaki’s eyes, then the way they widen as Mirio runs ahead of him.

“I’m going ahead. I can get through.” Mirio announces without

looking back. The path closes behind him. Even if Mirio changed his mind, he wouldn't know which way to go to get back.

Before Izuku can even consider saying something, the floor opens up and the heroes fall through. He hits the ground harshly, stirring up dust.

“A hall?” He mumbles, looking around.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!” A voice calls. The heroes are on their feet. “Some government suckups fell from the sky!”

“They look like they’re itching for a fight.” Fat Gum cracks his knuckles, “Let’s teach them the strength of pros-” A hand reaches out, physically and verbally cutting him off.

Tamaki is in front.

“You pros need to save your strength for the big fights.” He starts, “These are just to stall for time. Everyone go on ahead. I have these three.” He finishes. Izuku idly wonders if he said that trying to imitate Mirio’s confidence, or if he’s sure of himself right now.

The villains try to use their quirks, but Eraser shuts them down. Before the police can shoot, Tamaki restrains them with his quirk.

“I read over all of their info! I ate plenty of different things, and I can use Octopus very well.” He has their weapons, crushing them when he manifests a crab claw. “If it’s me, I can completely shut all three of them down. I have this!”

Izuku realizes he's never heard Tamaki raise his voice at all until now.

"Let's go." Fat Gum spares no time in listening to Tamaki.

Eraserhead uses his quirk one more time, to save Tamaki some trouble.

“Everyone!” Tamaki raises his voice even more, pausing. “Take care of Mirio.” It’s almost a command. “I know him. He’s going to try too hard and I *need* you to help him.” *Well, you know him best. I’ll try.*

That’s another thing that reminds Izuku of All Might.

They push themselves too far in order to be some sort of pillar. Even if Mirio doesn’t know it, he’s too much like All Might.

Izuku would hate to see Mirio meet the same tragedies All Might has met.

They’re headed down the hall now, and Kirishima speaks up.

“Fat Gum why’d you leave him! It’s dangerous!” He’s worried.

“He’s from your agency so I left it to you.” Rock Lock adds on. The concern goes unsaid.

“He’s stronger than anyone here.” Fat Gum's eyes narrow, “But, he’s weak emotionally. He’s a perfectionist and everything tanks his confidence. Someone like that loudly declared he has it under control. I hear that and I *know* that he’s telling the truth. He’s going to be just fine.”

They all keep moving, Fat Gum and Kirishima talking about being able to just trust that Tamaki will be fine.

Eraserhead hums.

“It’s weird that the building hasn’t been moving in a while.”

“Maybe that boost wore off?” Rock Lock asks, looking around while he runs. “Regardless, keep your guards up in case that’s what he wants us to believe.”

“It’s possible that he can’t monitor everywhere all at once.” Eraser adds, “His attention might be elsewhere.”

“He might have to move around to see and hear what’s going on. Especially if this is a scale bigger than anything he’s done before.” Izuku notes.

“Then again, these are as good as guesses.” Eraser’s right. “However, it’s possible that his body is nearby wherever he has control. If he has to reveal any part of himself to observe like his eyes, then I can deal with him.”

There’s the smallest noise of creaking. Not enough time for Izuku to process before a piece of the wall moves and tries to single Eraserhead out. *They want him.* Izuku considers moving, but sees Fat Gum is on it. He’d just mess it up so he opts to catch Eraserhead as he’s pushed out of the way.

The wall closes and Fat Gum disappears in Eraserheads place.

There's a pause once everyone's back on their feet.

"We're missing someone." Rock Lock realizes.

"Kirishima got stuck in Fat Gum's Fat and went with him." Izuku explains, "They moved for Eraser at the same time."

"Keep moving." Sir Nighteye reminds.

The halls stretch forever. They've been moving for what feels like days but can only really be minutes to an hour. Time stands still for no one.

"The walls and ceilings! They're moving again!" A policeman shouts. *Apparently architecture doesn't stand still either.*

"Ah fuck." Izuku hisses.

"Kid, language." Another officer warns.

"Is now really the time?!" Izuku gestures to the rip off funhouse reflection before them.

"It feels like we'll be crushed to death, turned to meatloaf!" Someone yells. *Please don't give any ideas, jeez.*

"Rock Lock!" Sir Nighteye yells.

“I know!” He answers, putting a hand to a wall and using his quirk. This specific area stops moving after he locks it into place. He explains that this is the upper limits of what he can do.

The rumbling noise continues. At the end of the hall, parts of the building not yet locked come for them.

Izuku rushes in front with One For All, Smashing all of the concrete down as fast as he can.

Izuku guesses it’s time for him to get warmed up and ready to do some fighting of his own.

“Things would be going a lot more smoothly if the Fat Gum team were here, right Eraserhead?” Rock Lock asks. Izuku doesn’t like his tone but he doesn’t comment.

“I know.” Eraserhead calmly answers, looking around for an opening.

There’s another attack of concrete. Izuku has it all handled by himself.

Suddenly it all recedes.

“It opened up?” Someone questions.

Before they can get an answer, the ground moves, pushing up walls.

Izuku goes to move but something grabs him.

“I told you I’m not letting you out of my sight.” Eraserhead reminds, arm holding Izuku up by the waist. They’ve been separated. *He might feel guilty that I’m away from the bigger group and with less protection, but I like being able to work with him. Especially if they’re trying to separate him.*

Through the walls, they can hear a struggle, and Rock Lock goes silent.

“Eraser, move aside!”

Chapter End Notes

Yo yo yo yo okay so

Idk how many of you follow my other fics too, but some of you may see that you're getting updates on p much All of my fics at the same time??

so last chapter I said some stuff about my health that was straight up annoying me. Some of it is resolved, some isn't. Y'know the Usual lmao

but the last few weeks it's been,, super weird ngl. I've had a headache for WEEKS straight now no matter what I do. It feels like there's weird pressure inside my skull and that my eyes are going to explode or smth. hell I've even been drinking water

I've been having trouble with just,, words In general lately. Hard time reading, hard time writing, hard time speaking. my hearing's been wonky as all hell compared to usual too (i'm HOH but my hearings been switching between shit being Far Too Loud and then my hearing just,, cutting out all together. and I keep hearing humming and clicks and stuff. its wack)

and as someone who is mostly known for fics,,,, struggling with words like this is kinda,, difficult. I have had to reread everything I've written at least 4 times before posting anything/sending

anything and even then I keep making weird typos and swapping words (like last night I said "righting" instead of "writing" and I used to never really have issues with that)

so like,, I felt like I HAD to get out updates while I can still focus well enough to write, because I would feel bad If I just went all this time without updating stuff to work on the comic contest and then just disappeared. So now my main focus is going to be figuring this out/an actual break to just chillout and rest and do things that Don't require my braincells lmao

so sorry if there's still typos/weird stuff in the updates, I tried to reread them all enough to get rid of them

There's also a lot of shit goin on in my life, and Oh Boy Am I Mad That My Health Is All Fucky Wucky Now Of All Times

and while ik I don't owe any explanations or anything, but I feel better about explaining some then people just thinking "she doesn't care about updates" yknow? or yknow, when I go a month without updating and start getting dms asking if regen is discontinued.

and also I wanted to say something because while I know most of you don't think this way, there are Some people that basically see my worth dependent on the stuff I make, so if I don't make stuff then like,, what am I good for?

a n y w a y s -

I finished the contest like,, last weekish. So you can read my entry If you want

Subject 402: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/subject-402/list?title_no=426462

My art Instagram: Jellofello22
tumblr: jello-fello

Chapter 75

Chapter Summary

meowdy folks. an update has arrived

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku tells Eraser to step aside, allowing him to kick through the wall that separates them. *It was thinner than I thought it'd be.* Then again, they could hear Rock Lock's struggle and then lack of one fairly clear.

Once the wall crumbles under his heel, he lands and pauses. There's two Rock Locks, one on the ground with a bloody stain seeping through his clothing, and another crouched beside him.

The one crouching almost could've won. *The eyes widened with uncertainty the moment they landed on me, and well, who else do I know of that can steal people's faces like this?*

Don't let her know.

Eraser leans down to inspect the wounded, real Rock Lock.

"Midoriya, are you alright? Are you hurt?" Toga asks, walking towards him.

"I think I cut the back of my head… Can you check for me?" He asks, purposely turning his back to her. Before he turns, he notices Eraser giving him a look. *He realized it too.*

Toga took the bait of playing with his hair and pretending to look for a wound. *Is it rude to use her chances of being touch starved against her?* Probably, if she weren't about to murder him. He throws his head back, slamming the back of his skull into her forehead and nose bridge.

By time he turns around, she's dropping her quirk and holding her nose.

"God, what is wrong with you!" Toga seethes, but still smiling at him. *Boy how would respond if she knew I was the one who fuckin' impaled her at Kamino, huh?*

"Would you like a list? Would you like it alphabetized?" He asks, managing to get her knife. *She likely has more.*

"Ugh!" She shakes her head, "You're so….Unusual!"

What?

"Uh…?" He's kind of confused, if he's being honest. Toga sounds genuinely upset.

"You're nothing like-" She cuts herself off. "You look just like- but- UGH!" *I considered it at the License exam, but maybe I really do look like someone she knows.*

"I'll be real with you, I've no idea what to say in this situation." Izuku admits.

“You won’t even look at me!” She wails, trying to stab him.

“Because you’re naked!! What am I supposed to do!!!” *Jeez.*

Eraser uses his capture weapon and retrains her, but Izuku sees it too late.

She swings around, using the momentum of Eraser’s movements to get behind him, plunging the knife into his back.

“Da-” The sound gets caught in his throat, and he’s no longer thinking when he uses One For All to grab his capture weapon and whipping Toga right through the ceiling with a crash. “Eraser!” He rushes to the man's side.

“I’m fine.” He answers, “Attend to Rock Lock, take her knife.” He orders, getting a short nod from Izuku.

“The league is teamed up with them?” Izuku asks while checking on Rock Lock.

“I never thought Shigaraki would be the kind of guy to work under someone.” Eraser comments.

“Maybe it’s not so much as working under, but working as equals?” Izuku pauses, “Unless he just thinks they’re equals.” After all, the League is so much smaller than this group. Whether Shiggy wants it or not, there’s a power imbalance.

“Maybe.”

“Can you walk-” The ground rumbles before all room dimensions shift and change, and just as Izuku thinks they’ll be turned into human baby food, the floor opens up again and they fall through.

Fuck. They’re both hurt.

Shouta lands on the ground, holding onto Rock Lock. *It’s lucky I caught him.*

The walls moving around, screaming echoing too much to tell where the source is. This guy’s angry, but what happened? *Hopefully it means he’ll crash soon.*

There’s a flash of movement, and Shouta looks over to see his son jumping and climbing the moving rocks without One For All. *He’s still decently fast.* Did he find the villain? He kicks the rocks in the center of the ceiling, revealing the man. Shouta erases the quirk and watches the rock immediately stop moving. *Good eye, Izuku.*

As the man falls, Nighteye yells to catch him before he hits the ground.

“Do I have to?” Izuku calls, still doing as told anyways.

“Do you have to sass me?” Nighteye sighs when he lands, “Actually, do not answer that.” *He's learning.*

Izuku pauses, as if he hears something.

"Oni, What is-" *I don't think these cops will ever get used to his hero name being Oni.* Wait.

Izuku's gone.

"That's why I'm- hic- Up here!" The drunk villain laughs as Mirio stumbles. *What's that noise?*

My equilibrium has been thrown off… Must be his quirk. Alcohol pours onto the floor from the man's mouth. *It smells.*

I'll let them think they have the upper hand.

The noise is getting louder. The villains have noticed it too.

"I've been wondering where you came from… What is your quirk, hero." The standing villain asks from behind his plague mask.

"Permeation. It-" The wall crashes down, distracting all of them. …..*Midoriya?!* Mirio realizes the distraction saved him from whatever quirk was making him speak the truth.

"Do you wanna know where I came from too?" The kid asks, hitting the ground the moment he tries to stand. *Must be using that drunk quirk on him too.*

“Oh my god nowthere’s two of ‘em!” The villain slurs. “This is funny!” *Midoriya get out of here.*

“This is a weird feeling.” Midoriya mumbles, before standing and moving with no issue. “But, nothing I haven’t dealt with.”

“Oni?” Mirio questions, wondering what his reason is for being used to it.

“Yes?” He asks with a head tilt.

“Uh… Well…”

“I’ve gotten into a lot of situations, Lemillion.” *Ah. I’m afraid to ask.*

“Did you just say Oni?” The truth villain asks. “Kid, are you Oni?”

“Sure am.” Midoriya is forced to tell the truth. “Holy shit I hate that!” He laughs.

“That can’t be right.”

“My hero name is Oni. I stole his branding.” Midoriya answers with a feral smile. “I think I’ll steal something else, too.”

“Ohyeah?” The drunken villain pipes up again, “What would..that

be?”

“Your will to live, your bones, your wallets, the list goes on, really.” Midoriya moves, barely moving out of the way when he’s shot at. *Shoot!* They shoot at Mirio as well. He dodges and phases into the wall, taking out the one with the gun while Midoriya gets the drunken one.

The villains are down.

“Jeez all of these villains are one-hit-wonders, don’t you think?” He whines, getting a confused look by Mirio. *Shouldn’t that be good?*

“How did you find me?”

“It might have been the heat of the moment for you, but I could hear that drunk guy yelling from where I was.”

“Oh.” Mirio hums.

“How come you could move?”

“My quirk messes up my sense of balance, what that guy’s quirk did was nothing.” He explains, getting a thoughtful nod in response. “Now, where were we?”

He looks down the hall, after where Overhaul just took Eri. That little chitchat session before Midoriya got here wasn't enough. He ought to catch up.

Mirio phases through the ground and shoots himself towards Overhaul's direction. *I will end this.*

"Overhaul!" He angrily shouts as he launches from the concrete and moves to kick him. Overhaul dodges, and while Mirio can't land a solid hit on the man, he can grab Eri.

Once she's in his arms, he can feel the way she trembles violently.

"You…. You can't be here. You can't do this." She's not crying but she seems close to it. He holds her protectively, cradling her head.

"I will protect you. I will fight so you don't have to be sad anymore, I will be your hero." He announces, keeping his eyes ahead and on the enemy.

Overhaul speaks, trying to guilt Eri into running back to him.

"Please, you have to-"

"Eri. Please don't listen to that bad man. It's okay." Mirio tries.

"Everything you have ever done has been selfish, Eri. Your actions kill people and it's going to happen again. You see that, don't you?"

"How could you say this to your own child?!" Mirio shouts. *How could someone say this to any child at all?!*

“My…. Oh.” Overhaul hums, “So that’s what I told you.” *Is she… not?* He holds a glove in the air. *Fuck.* “I don’t have any children.”

The concrete around them shatters into rubble at his touch and reassembles into spikes, heading towards he and Eri. There’s a breeze that passes them and a faint blur of green, and the spikes stop forming.

Midoriya tackles Overhaul despite the danger of his quick. It seems even the villain is surprised by the move. *It looks like Midoriya doesn’t know what his quirk is. Is he making it seem like that on purpose?*

“MIRIO!” Midoriya shouts, “TAKE HER AND GO.”

“You’ll die!”

“GO.” He screams, not listening to what Mirio has to say. He can hear Eri whimper a small “no” and he finds himself conflicted.

“And *you.* ” Midoriya seethes, slamming Overhaul into the concrete again. “You didn’t fucking care that she was there, did you?” *He’s right. He went to kill me with no regard for her.*

“It would be… Annoying if she broke, for lack of a better word. But she knows better than anyone I can just put her back together.” She tenses as Overhaul speaks. *You monster.*

“Lemillion.” Midoriya calls in a sing-song voice. It’s almost scary. “I suggest you take her and go, because I plan to show Overhaul what it

feels like to be fucking vaporized." Mirio glances at Midoriya, taking his eyes off the villain for a split second and freezes. He's smiling as he speaks.

"Oh? How about I show you first?" Overhaul asks.

Mirio sees the movement, a gunshot rings out and he dodges being shot. *I thought we knocked you out.* The hit must've been off.

The man also shoots at Midoriya, who hardly moves to dodge. Talk about confidence…

"Keep shooting at me, waste your bullets some more." Midoriya taunts. *What is he doing? He already has his hands full with Overhaul.* Oh… He's getting both of their attention on him so Mirio can escape.

He has to get Eri to safety, even if it means trusting Midoriya can handle two of these villains alone.

Mirio swallows hard, making his choice.

He sprints away, holding Eri tightly in his arms, secure.

"Oh, no, you thought his diversion worked?" Overhaul calls, blocking off their path and shooting spikes out of the wall. *Shit !* He dodges narrowly, making sure if someone's going to get hurt, it won't be Eri.

Midoriya got pushed back from Overhaul, the man opting to maintain distance between the two rather than disassemble him.

“You, what’s your quirk?” The truth villain asks Midoriya.

Rather than immediately answer the question, Midoriya bits off his tongue the moment right before he was forced to speak. Even as he answers, he can’t be understood. *Midoriya no…*

Overhaul seems disgusted watching it, and Mirio sees the look of panic in the man’s eyes as Midoriya picks his own tongue off the ground and throws it at Overhaul. *That’s pretty gross.*

“What is wrong with you!” Overhaul hisses, breaking composure for a moment.

“Ugh, everyone asks me that. Can’t you be original?” *Wait, he's speaking normally now?*

Mirio gets the feeling this is going to be a long, long fight.

Chapter End Notes

ohhhhh BOY has it been a while since my last update

i did say i'd try to take a break until my health was done being fucky wucky, and while it still IS, its not as bad rn

anyways it took so long because i was like "i should reread this fic to mentally refresh" but then my adhd was like ha you fucking THOUGHT and i did an animorph transition into Jared, 19

in the time since i've last uploaded some Schtuff has happened

i got a new dog!!!! and i named her kira. yknow. like. light.....yagami.....

SPEAKING OF LIGHT YAGAMI i'm working on a bnha x death

note fic where izuku works in the hero commission and gets the notebook, and im really looking forward to writing how literal sweetheart nervous wreck izuku would develop a complex over the notebook-- also it seems like theres gonna be some accidental shindeku and i think i might roll with that

no chapters are out yet cuz i want a GOOD chunk written and not worry about update pressures yknow

im v happy i didnt get Too many messages of people asking if this fic was cancelled. dw ill see it to the end,,, after all i've said since like the middle of the story that this current arc is kinda the Last Arc

thank you everyone for being patient <3

anywayssssss

my comic: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

my art insta: Jellofello22
my tumblr: Jello-fello

seeeeee ya !

Chapter 76

Chapter Notes

> LISTEN. I HAVE SAID IT BEFORE AND I WILL SAY IT AGAIN:
>
> All my fics are cycled through. Do not ask me to update any specific fic. If you ask me to update in a way thats rude or i just plain do not like, I will purposely extend the time i don't update that fic.
>
> Because not only is it rude to demand content, it's a MAJOR motivation killer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku feels something close to glee when he sees the wide-eyed look of Overhaul being taken off guard, yelling about the tongue thrown at him.

Ain't it weird they haven't noticed I'm talking again? Well, Izuku decides he shouldn't think too hard about it. It might just come back to bite him. *Ha. Get it? Uh, back to the story.*

Mirio is carrying Eri around, trying to keep her safe while evacuating. It's Izuku's job as both a vigilante and general public nuisance to annoy the fuck out of these villains as a distraction.

"Yo, Overhaul. You know what I heard?" Izuku sings, punching the man in the gut after dodging his ungloved hand.

"Why do you keep talking." Overhaul sounds tired of Izuku and the boy finds that hilarious.

“I heard that you’re scared of germs, disease, and all things gross.” He answers anyways. Overhaul wavers ever so slightly, sending a fusillade of spikes his way.

“Where are you going with this.”

“Well. I sincerely want you to know I’m not above wiping my ass all over your furniture-”

“Stop!” Overhaul shouts, his attack becoming less precise but far more harsh. “You’re disgusting. You’re a plague.”

“Yeah, yeah.You sound like my dad.” Izuku answers with a snort. He glances to the side, trying to see how well Mirio’s doing with running away. *He’s further than before, and Overhaul’s more distracted. That’s progress.*

“What kind of hero are you?!”

“Clearly not a very polite one…?”

“Or hygienic.” Overhaul seethes, successfully hitting Izuku with a boulder. *Ow.*

“Well-” He wheezes, trying to gain the wind he lost, “Usually I am, but today, just for you, I’m the most germ-ridden being in the world.” Izuku can see Overhaul’s genuinely starting to get hives. Izuku speaks with his arms up in the air, smiling widely and wildly.

The villain saunters over and bends down close to Izuku's face, leaning in as he speaks.

"I'm tempted to dismantle you and put you back together over and over again," Overhaul pauses, thinking over his words. "No, that'd be too kind. I'll destroy half of you, let you stir in your pain and suffering until you beg me to kill you. And I will, I'll kill you. Just to take it from the top."

“God, you’re monologuing like a tv villain, and not even one of the good ones. Don’t give speeches if you suck at presentation.” Izuku whines. “Oh, and Overhaul?”

“….What.” The man asks, starting to take off his second glove.

Izuku waits until Overhaul looks him in the eye… And Izuku spits.

“GOD DAMMIT!” Overhaul yells, stumbling back and scrubbing at his face.

“Overhaul, weren’t your hands all over the ground? Our feet have been all over this concrete and I bet you know how dirty the bottom of shoes are.” Izuku remarks, trying not to giggle. “And I don’t know about you guys, but I use the men’s restroom usually and I got to say there’s nothing worse I can think of than the floor of the men’s restroom. Don’t you agree?”

Izuku can see a barely covered look of panic on Overhaul’s face, the slight heaving of his chest,

Before he reaches out and Izuku’s world is no more.

Mirio holds Eri closely to him, trying to keep them both alive and her comfortable. She’s so small and fragile he’s scared she’ll slip right through his arms if he’s not careful, and that’s not even including his quirk.

He's been trying his best to stay in between fully concentrated on the fight, and making sure Eri knows she's not at fault.

She doesn't have to feel guilty for needing saving.

"I'm sorry." She says, for what feels like the thousandth time. Mirio knows she'd say it a thousand more if she could, and it breaks his heart.

A part of him hates himself for not finding her sooner, for her life to be this bad before they found her. Then again, Mirio knows well this little girl would be sad if she knew he was angry with himself over this, so he'll do his best to focus on what he can do now instead of what he could've done back then.

He hears Overhaul yell something, unable to understand over the stomping of his own feet and the shifting environment around them.

Mirio feels a drop of something wet on his face. There's no exposed sky, so it can't be rain. He reaches up and wipes it off when he gets the chance, somewhat horrified at what this might mean.

It's blood.

He weaves back around to try and make sure Midoriya's alright, but he can't find him.

Mirio wavers in his spot as he sees a puddle of blood before Overhaul's feet.

The hero in training takes a deep breath, telling himself he can process his grief later, that his priority still needs to be Eri.

“Eri.” Mirio calls softly, trying to keep the strain out of his voice. He pulls his cape around her a bit more secure. “I want you to do me a favor and close your eyes, can you do that?” She looks up at him, confused. “If you can’t close your eyes, can you not look outside of the cape?”

“Um..” She hums, looking unsure.

“I know it’s a lot for me to ask you to trust me, but the truth is, I just want to make sure you don’t see all the bad and yucky stuff, mkay?” He tries again. This time, Eri nods quietly and does as asked. “Thank you.”

The talk is almost cut short by Overhaul trying to impale Mirio with more concrete. He dodges them, and very narrowly avoids being shot with one of those bullets.

“Don’t you see what I did to your annoying little sidekick?” Overhaul calls, subtly scratching at some of his hives. “That’s what you and Eri are going to look like when this fight is over, too.”

“Huh?” Eri hums, shaking more, no doubt imagining what happened to Midoriya. Mirio takes a breath.

“I think he hit his head on a rock, he’s just sleeping.” Mirio lies to the little girl in an attempt to save her from more guilt and distress. Still, it doesn’t feel good. There’s a long moment where she just looks up at Mirio, before she nods.

Maybe if I can put her somewhere safe while making them think she's still in my cape? If only someone else were here to pass her off to. He can't risk it, even if there's a chance it'd work.

Mirio's being cornered, and he needs to change how he's holding Eri or else he risks that arms getting too tired to hold her. The longer he fights while trying to shield her, the more he feels the pressure building up. What kind of hero is he if he struggles to save just one person?

When this is done and over, I need practice escaping places quickly without relying on my quirk for fast travel. Maybe he can fast travel with a person with him, if he doesn't fully encase himself in solid matter?

Mirio wants to find out, but he doesn't want to risk failure right now. He can't take any more failure.

How's he going to explain what happened to Midoriya to everyone? How's he going to look them in the eyes and say it's his fault that Midoriya's splattered? He shouldn't have ran.

He knocks Overhaul's lackey into a rock, satisfied when he stops moving. *Now I just have to worry about Overhaul.*

"I'm getting a workout," Overhaul notes, "I think I ought to really end this, huh?" He leans and touches the ground, hand activating his quirk.

Mirio knows he can't have Eri with him for this.

He takes refuge behind various cement pillars, changing location to confuse Overhaul. Once he knows he's fully out of view, he whispers to the child.

"Eri. I am going to set you down for a little bit, so you don't get hurt when he tries his big attacks, okay? I just want you to stay hidden here, as quiet as you can. Try not to look at us fighting or near that bad man, okay?" Mirio doesn't want to ask too much of her. He's still trying to keep her from looking at where Midoriya was….. He doesn't want to think about it.

She stares.

"I don't want you getting hurt because of me-"

"Eri, whatever happens, it's not because of you. If I get hurt by Overhaul, then it's his fault, okay? If you want to help me, you can do that by hiding and waiting for me. Can you do that?"

"...I can do that."

"Thank you."

Mirio hoists a rock onto his hip, wrapping it in his cape to pretend he still has her. God, he wishes someone were to show up and take her to safety instead of relying on something so dangerous.

He runs behind pillars far from her, letting himself be seen while pretending to take cover. Mirio just hopes he's convincing with it.

The ground rumbles under his feet and Mirio can tell this attack is far worse than he anticipated. The moment the attack comes, he uses his quirk while still holding onto the rock.

Overhaul stops his attack abruptly, and Mirio looks up to see why.

Impossible…

“MIDORIYA?!” Mirio yells, tearing up with overwhelming relief. He doesn’t want to question it. Not now.

“Surprise?” Midoriya chuckles, the shadow of a pained expression lingering.

“You were dead!” Overhaul yells, visibly distraught. “I killed you myself!”

“Or you thought you did?” Midoriya overdramatically shrugs and tilts his head. “Didn’t I tell you you need good presentation? Take a page out my book, bird brain.”

“No, no, no, I *know* it was you.” Overhaul argues, too baffled to realize he’s not fighting right now. *I can try to grab Eri again soon.*

“My poor stunt double…” Midoriya trails like the villain hadn’t spoke, “First underpaid and now under the ground. For shame.”

“Stunt double?!”

“Come on, you think I’m all bark and no weirdly incomprehensible bite?” Midoriya opens his mouth to speak some more, silenced by a gunshot ringing through the air. *God, why don’t you people stay down?!* Could it be the villain was faking being unconscious, waiting for a moment like this?!

A quirk-erasing bullet is in Midoriya’s right arm. It’s over for him as a hero, he can never-

“And now for my next trick.” The boy coos, sparking lightning around him and ripping off that arm in one go. Even the villains are unsure of how to respond. “You fell for the old ‘fake-arm hidden in my suit as bait for quirk-erasing bullets’ trap. How gullible of you.”

Is he saying the arm was fake? His suit sleeve is empty, though. Mirio doesn’t understand. His suit had already been practically dyed red earlier in the fight, there’s no easy way to tell what’s real or fake with this kid anymore.

Mirio looks where the villain was, horrified that he’s found Eri. That the gun is pointed at her.

Oh, I see. It’s a trap.

He realizes it the moment he moves. How can he shield her while using his permeation? How can he dodge the bullet without putting her at risk? To answer it simply, he can’t.

Mirio understands he’s bound to be shot by this bullet. It’s okay, though. He’d rather be shot a thousand times than risk Eri being injured even once.

In the face of danger he's noticed she closes her eyes, almost like she's just accepting it. This time she must see the sudden lack of light as he shields her, because her eyes snap open.

"Just look at me." He says, smiling wide. *Eri doesn't need to see what's going to happen. It's not her issue.* He covers her protectively, trying not to hiss when he feels the sharp pain in his back.

As he moves to give her space, he experimentally tries to use his quirk.

He feels it in use, until it fades. It feels like it's slipping from his grasp, like water flowing from the spaces in between his fingers. It's gone now… The well is dry.

Mirio can recall a few points in his life where he might have wished he were just quirkless instead of having his quirk. He used to think permeation was annoying because of how difficult it was. He used to rather be powerless than have something that took effort.

Used to.

Now he doesn't know what he's going to do.

I'm going to do what I've always planned to. Mirio's going to be a hero. Even if it's one person, even if it's the last time.

"Sorry for the rough landing." He apologizes for almost tackling Eri, giving her a nice big smile. He turns, making sure there's no more

threats coming their way.

“You... “ She trails, likely seeing the bullet lodged in his back. “I’m so sorry... “ The wobble in her voice breaks his heart.

“It’s okay. I knew what I risked and I decided I’d rather see you smile than have a quirk, so chin up, okay?” He tries, relieved when she nods.

Mirio can’t help but think of his father, and Tamaki. Both people in his life that have spent so much of their time and effort helping him train to be a hero. He thinks of Sir Nighteye, a man who also saw his potential. So many people stand behind Mirio, helping him without anything in return.

For a moment he wonders how he can face them without the quirk he’s spent so much time learning to wield but the fear fades. They’d all greet him with open arms, he knows it. They’d all be more than proud of Mirio for knowing he saved this lonely little girl.

It’s enough for him to keep going.

His thoughts are interrupted by Overhaul yet again monologuing. Midoriya sits perched on a rock not far from the villain, both of his arms present. Mirio can’t wrap his head around this kid.

“Those disease-ridden freaks, given quirks and power and being allowed to think they have rights?! Those idiots think they can actually be someone-” He almost chuckles, “Be *heroes?!”* It doesn’t look like he’s looking at anything in particular. “It’s an illness of the mind. Don’t you understand?! Thanks to that brat you’re trying so hard to ‘save’, everything you’ve ever worked for has gone down the drain!” He makes a swift move to set his hands on the ground to

attack Mirio and Eri, but Midoriya has other plans.

The boy leaps down from his spot and onto Overhaul, thighs on the man's shoulders, hands wrapped around Overhaul's ungloved hand. *Why did he only ever take one glove off? Isn't it more effective to have both hands free?*

Mirio takes this chance to make sure his henchmen is down for the count once more, making sure he's actually unconscious.

"MIRIO!" Midoriya yells. Mirio looks up and feels sick to his stomach. Overhaul disassembled his other glove, freeing his hand in order to use his quirk. The villain has the side of Midoriya's face in his grasp as Midoriya still sits on his shoulders, breaking it apart. *How is he still speaking.* "TAKE ERI AND-"

There's an awful sloshing noise, before Midoriya's body limply falls off Overhaul and onto the ground. A bystander wouldn't be able to make out what used to be fragments of skull and brain, or what was just blood. His head and neck were totally eviscerated. No tricks up Midoriya's sleeve like whatever he did last time.

Eri has long since covered her eyes, but there's no doubt she saw at least some of it.

Mirio feels the ground rumble under him not long after, disgusted but not surprised how this man can move on to Mirio after killing Midoriya so easily.

Mirio does all he can to keep fighting. He lands punch after punch on Overhaul, almost even knocking the mask off his face.

A spike lodges itself in his side, and he still makes sure to keep standing. He'll shield Eri as long as it takes. Even if he dies doing it, he'll make sure she's safe.

Shouta was just outside where Overhaul is, he could hear the man yelling. He and Nighteye still had to take the long way around, hoping they aren't too late to the party.

Now they sneak into the room, hoping the noise of the shifting terrain covers up their steps enough. He sees Overhaul, a few lackeys, Mirio and even little Eri.

He feels a sudden tightness in his chest when he doesn't see Izuku anywhere.

Shouta erases Overhaul's quirk, almost wanting to smile when he can see the anger seething through whatever was left of his façade. The villain is covered in hives and rashes, body shaking as he slaps the ground, trying to use his quirk.

"Isn't that what you wanted?" Shouta asks, "Quirklessness? Well, you've got it." He distracts Overhaul as Nighteye approaches Mirio and Eri. He hugs both of the kids, and Mirio seems to be both injured and emotionally distraught.

Shouta sees movement but he can't get out of the way.

Chrono, Overhaul's right hand, uses his quirk and cuts Shouta. He feels as if everything's moving slower, and he's furious to find that he can't stop himself from blinking. He hits the ground, trying and failing to move as fast as he normally does. *Dammit.* He blinks, and Overhaul immediately moves to make use of it.

Overhaul tries to slam his hand on the ground once more, being stopped by a gremlin in a blood-soaked suit popping up, pulling down Overhaul's mask, and spitting into the man's open mouth.

"Here's the stupid prize you get for that stupid-ass game you tried to play, Overhaul!"

Chapter End Notes

i got distracted and hungry in the middle of editing this chapter so now i have chinese food on the way

anyways hi hello im alive. i thought it was p funny but also understandable that some people messaged me to ask "??? Are you okay?? are you Alive????"

idk if it shows as much, but ngl this arc of the manga has always been my least favorite, idk why. i've been dreading writing it since starting this fic

OH SPEAKING OF. IZUKU CASUALLY RIPPING OFF AN ARM BECAUSE OF THE BULLET? I'VE HAD THAT MENTALLY PLANNED FOR SO LONG. AND IN THE TIME IT TOOK ME TO GET TO IT THE FUCKIN MANGA HAS A CHARACTER DO SOMETHING SIMILAR. AND IF YOU KNOW WHICH CHARA. OH MY GOD THE POETRY-

anywayssssss you know the usual

My comic, SELF AWARE: https://www.webtoons.com/en/challenge/self-aware/list?title_no=330088

My insta: Jellofello22
and my tumblr: Jello-fello

the next fic to get an update should be Notebook 42

see ya!

Chapter 77

Chapter Summary

the end of the overhaul fight :>

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kai is furious, itchy from hives, and downright disgusted from the little brat who keeps appearing to fight him. He's killed this green kid at least 3 times to far, and he just won't stay down. He can't figure out what the quirk is, or if he really did hire stunt doubles at this point.

"Here's the stupid prize you get for that stupid-ass game you tried to play, Overhaul!" The headache referred to as Midoriya shouts.

He just yanked down Kai's mask and spat in his mouth, and frankly Kai considers that offense more villainous than anything he's ever done.

The villain spits onto the ground, trying to pry this stupid kid off of him.

He's starting to doubt disassembling him is the course of action now, seeing as he keeps on coming back and getting more vile every time. Eri has gotten so far from him, now on the opposite side of the room with Lemillion and Sir Nighteye.

"It would've been so wonderful that backup had arrived, if only you could have saved Lemillion. Now that his quirk is gone forever, there's not much he can do here besides die." Kai announces, grinning under his mask when all eyes turn to him with varying expressions of shock.

“….Huh?” Midoriya stops his annoying attacks for a moment, almost confused. “Is that.. What you meant when you said everything he’d done has gone down the drain?” This quiet, almost thoughtful tone of voice is almost alarming coming from someone who’s been snarking him this entire fight.

“Midoriya, it’s okay.” Lemillion calls out to his hero buddy. How he can still have hope and a will to go on in this situation is beyond Kai, but he despises it.

“Do you have any idea how hard Lemillion must have worked to even get here.” Midoriya glares at him, grinding his teeth as he lowers his body into a fighting stance.

“Not hard enough if he can’t even save a single person.”

Kai doesn’t expect the look he gets. He expected the hatred and disgust in the eyes of hero scum, but there’s something more here.

“I’ll kill you.”

There’s a sick conviction in it that Kai thought he’d see from the likes of the League Of Villains before ever seeing it from someone claiming to be a hero.

Before Kai gets outnumbered, he decides he ought to put his hatred of germs and touching others aside for the sake of his survival. His gloves are off both physically and metaphorically, and as there’s a flash of green lightning and a blood curdling declaration of hatred sent his way, Kai extends a hand and activates his quirk.

“I’ll kill you.” Izuku growls at Overhaul, well aware he’ll get in trouble

for saying it later but not caring in the slightest. He pounces, trying to go for the kill, completely ready for the searing, almost unimaginable pain of being disassembled.

He can try to dodge and avoid the man's hands, but he can't do it forever unless he plans on running away.

Who knows, maybe Mirio losing his quirk is the kind of drive he needs to take Eri and skedaddle. As awful as it feels for Izuku to even think about it, he needs some kind of positive to come out of this.

Ah, shit, here we go again.

A hand settles around his neck this time, Izuku tries not to reflexively shut his eyes in preparation for the pain. He doesn't want to give Overhaul the satisfaction of knowing just how terrified he is of getting disassembled again.

I know no matter how many times he does it, it'll never be as many as he must've torn Eri apart before putting her back together again. I should be able to bear it.

In a flash, his body is once again scattered everywhere. He both exists and doesn't, somehow alive and dead as his body tries to pull itself back together again.

Only…. He can't pull his body back together this time. Something else already did it for him.

Izuku's eyes open and he realizes in horror what's happened.

Mirio is exhausted, in pain, and now even a little scared. Midoriya threatened to kill the villain, and while yes Mirio might say something like that in the heat of the moment, he doesn't think he could ever mean it the way he knows Midoriya does.

"Okay Eri, we're going to get out of here while we can, okay?" He takes her hand, leading her away once Sir Nighteye gives his word that he'll stall.

They both pause when they both hear a sloshing noise Mirio has already gotten far too familiar with. Midoriya has yet again been disassembled. *I guess we just wait until he does whatever trick he has up his sleeve again.*

Only…

Overhaul takes the mass that was once Midoriya and combines with it, becoming some kind of disgusting four-armed monster with broken anatomy. Green lightning sparks around him, and Mirio recognizes that as Midoriya's quirk. He feels sick to his stomach.

"As they say," Overhaul starts, sauntering towards Mirio and Eri, "If you can't beat them, join them."

To be honest, it sounds more like something Midoriya would say.

Sir Nighteye falters upon seeing this for a brief moment, before turning to Mirio and demanding he escape and alert the heroes.

“On it!” He takes the little girl’s hand and moves as fast as he can without risking her tripping. Admittedly, it’s not very fast anyways, his side is injured.

Mirio has to trust whatever happened with Midoriya's body can be handled by Sir Nighteye and other pro heroes, and that Midoriya will be okay.

The further he gets down the hall with Eri in tow, he starts to realize just how tired he is, just how much pain his wound is causing him. It shouldn't matter, he should be able to keep going. He tries to focus on his footsteps, and the sound they make as he puts one foot in front of the other. Mirio notices the vast difference in sound when Eri takes a step. She's so small, far too young to be in this situation.

"I'm sorry…" She speaks up for the first time, just as Mirio's legs give out. He hits the ground, trying to apply pressure to his wound. *I have to get up.* "I don't want people to die because of me."

"You aren't the one who should be saying sorry, Eri." He explains through gritted teeth, "We'll make it out, and no one else will die. You shouldn't have to see or hear these bad things, you know?" After flashing a smile at her, he gets himself back onto his feet.

"You're hurt." Her voice is small and apologetic, but Mirio's at least a little glad she hasn't apologized for the villain's actions.

"I am, but it's okay."

"Why is it okay?"

"I'm okay with being a little hurt if it means you're okay. That's what heroes do. We risk everything to make sure people are safe and happy."

After a long stretch of silence between the two walking, Eri breaks the quiet with a shaky voice.

“Aren’t you scared…?” She asks, looking over her shoulder towards where the others are.

“Eri, I want to be brave and tell you I’m never scared. I really want to be able to do that.” He pauses, taking another breather, “But I’m really, really scared.”

“You are?” Her tone sounds confused.

“Terrified. I keep smiling because that’s what I want to do right now. I want to smile and beat the bad guys. I want people like you to see my smile and know everything’s going to be okay.”

“You smile for me?”

“I do!” He laughs a bit when her head tilts, “Eri, you know it’s okay to be scared, right?”

“It is?”

“It is. Now, we have to go get help. Are you going to stay with me for that? Keep holding my hand?”

Mirio fears she’ll say no and run back to Overhaul again, but instead

she looks at her feet before nodding her head.

“Will the other boy be okay?”

“He’s strong, he’ll be okay.”

Mirio swallows down the uneasiness of not knowing what’s happening in that room and marches forward.

Mirai, as much as he doesn’t want to admit it, is downright terrified. Overhaul has disassembled his intern to use as extra power, like he’s just another asset at Overhaul’s disposal.

It’ll be very problematic for them if he can use Midoriya’s quirks in this state.

Mirai never got the chance to see Midoriya’s future, due to his annoyingly smart fake hand trick when they first met. Since then, he hasn’t tried to, considering Mirai told himself he’ll never look too far into a person’s future as long as he can help it.

He blocks a punch from Overhaul, activating his quirk to predict his movements. Mirai really hopes that Midoriya doesn’t have an impact on the man’s movements. That gremlin’s unpredictability could be straight up lethal right now.

Overhaul tries to yell out to Eri, to guilt her into coming back. Mirai doesn’t want her hearing that. What could he do to make Overhaul stop talking to Eri?

Asking himself “What would All Might do” is a little useless here. Mirai understands he’ll never have the same power of influence that man wields. It’s okay, Mirai is smart and capable in a way All Might sometimes struggled to be.

Instead Mirai asks himself, against better judgement, “What would Midoriya do?”.

He’s displeased when the answer that comes to mind first is “Go for the teeth”.

Tamaki felt it. He does know what exactly "it" was, but he knows it was something. Something terrible that jolted him out of his sleep.

Did I collapse…? He must have. At least the villains are secure. Though he feels bad knowing while people kept fighting on he just slept.

He has to get to Mirio.

Every part of his body aches, hurting more with each step he takes. Tamaki hopes this mean he’ll sleep like a baby tonight, instead of being wide awake thinking about what kind of damage this stuff must be doing to his psyche.

Wait a minute.

Tamaki can just call Mirio if he's so bothered about how he's feeling.

Eri and Mirio have gotten pretty far away from the fight. Eri has started faltering in her steps more often and pausing, and Mirio knows it's an obvious trick to get him to rest. He keeps reassuring her he'll be okay, but he gets that she'll have a hard time trusting someone's words.

A ringing sound echoes through the air, and Mirio quietly thinks of how awkward it would've been if his phone rang while fighting Overhaul. He picks it up to see who's calling.

"Tamaki?" He asks, picking up immediately. He can explain to Eri after that if it's Tamaki he needs to answer.

"Mirio." The voice is stressed out more than normal and sad. There's a moment of silence.

"Y-Yeah?"

"Are you okay?" Tamaki's voice is soft, like he already knows what happened. Mirio's eyes water a bit but he fights it.

"It's not about me right now. I have Eri with me, she's secured."

"Oh, that's good-"

“Tamaki I need you to help me.” He cuts off his friend. Mirio then puts his phone between his head and shoulder to hold it up, gently putting his hands over the little girl’s ears. He asked her if he may, getting a small nod accompanied by a confused look. “Overhaul used his quirk on Midoriya, and reassembled him as part of his own body.”

“…..What?” Tamaki can’t wrap his head around it. It’s an odd mental image, especially when the heroes weren’t away he could do this.

“He’s using Midoriya’s mass and quirk as his own, like some sort of sick fusion.”

“Oh my god.”

“I need you to get as many heroes as you can to the location I’m sending you. You need to tell them about Midoriya. I don’t- I don’t know if Midoriya can feel the pain or anything or if he just doesn’t exist as a part of Overhaul but I um…” He trails. The more he thinks about it, the sicker he feels. His hands tremble and he fears Eri can tell he’s more afraid now.

“Mirio, take a breath.” He does as told, “Are you hurt?”

“Yeah,” Mirio answers, removing his hands from her ears to hold the phone. “I got stabbed in the side with a big rock.”

Eri looks at him as he says it, guilt on her face.

“I looked real cool and heroic, huh Eri?” He smiles at her, forcing

himself to stand a bit taller despite the pain. She nods at him, but he gets the feeling she doesn't quite get what heroic means. "Why'd you call me, anyways?"

"Oh I uh… I just suddenly got a feeling something really bad had happened to you and I needed to hear your voice." It's sweet of Tamaki to say. Mirio shuts his eyes tight for a few seconds, wondering if he should tell him. No, Mirio can't. That kind of bad news will affect Tamaki's condition and he needs his friend to fight with all he has.

"I'll be okay." He says instead of a confession. "I'll hang up now, remember to tell them everything, okay?"

"I won't let you down." Tamaki hangs up before Mirio can say he'd never let him down.

"Sorry, Eri, I had to tell my friend to get some backup for my friends back there." He explains, taking her hand and moving forward once more. She nods.

Naomasa breathes steadily, trying to keep himself calm once he hears the news. All heroes are to head to the location sent by Lemillion, in order to capture Overhaul.

Naomasa replays the moment he heard the news in his mind.

Izuku Midoriya has been taken hostage and disassembled by Overhaul.

It's horrific, and now a large threat considering what kind of power

Midoriya has, and the kind of trouble it can cause if Overhaul finds out who Midoriya really is.

Naomasa hasn't heard anything when he tried getting in touch with Eraserhead, and fears the man might be hurt or worse. They could really use his kind of quirk right now. That, and if they can safely separate Midoriya from Overhaul, Eraserhead is the person Midoriya needs.

The kid is a troublemaker, the cause of most of Naomasa's early gray hairs, but still. The kid doesn't deserve all this pain in his life, and he most certainly doesn't deserve this.

He takes a squad of officers and heads down to the location. All heroes that have done their part lead the way, eager to lend a hand. The explicit instruction not to kill or maim has been repeated almost on loop, but Naomasa isn't sure what kind of sick underhanded things Overhaul might pull.

Once at the scene, Naomasa finds himself borderline impressed with the amount of people already here and fighting. *I was told Mirio took Eri and fled, but where's Sir Nighteye and Eraserhead?*

Oh.

In a far away corner of the room lays a impaled Sir Nighteye, accompanied by two UA students. *Those girls are in Midoriya's class.* Though their names slip his mind. Sir Nighteye is saying something, but Naomasa can't make out what it is.

"You don't want to hurt me." The voice is faint but all too familiar. Naomasa looks around, finding a break in some flooring. "If anything happens to me, hell will break loose and devour your world whole."

He drops down the moment he sees a knife being pulled, landing on top of the villain. Naomasa takes advantage of the villain's confusion and knocks him out.

"My knees are far too old to be making leaps like that." He grumbles, kicking the villain's knife away and securing him.

"Tsukauchi?" Eraserhead questions, unable to move. *Must be hit with a quirk.* He turns the man around, leaning him against the wall. "Did you jump from that height?" He glances up to the ceiling.

"I did." He answers, narrowing him eyes when Eraserhead whistles.

"You're going to be very sore tomorrow."

"Enough about me, are you hurt?"

"I got stabbed by Toga from the League of Villains earlier. It doesn't feel life threatening but it's been a while." Eraserhead calmly explains. "The others were fighting and I was hit with this person's quirk, I can't move very much at all. He took me here when the others stopped paying attention."

"I see." Naomasa hums, wondering how long ago that must've been.

"Where's Izuku?" He asks, looking up as if he might see his vigilante child fall through the roof at any second.

"About that…"

Once Shouta is brought up to the main room he was once in, he assesses the situation. *Tsukauchi told me what happened to Izuku… He's going to have a bad time recovering from this.* Shouta doesn't doubt they can get him back, he knows they're going to, so he's only thinking about recovery now.

He's been carried by Tsukauchi most of the way, unable to walk or move much still. While he's impressed by the detective being able to do all this, Shouta's also slightly worried the man may fall over from overexerting at any minute.

"Mr. Aizawa!" *Ah, Froppy.* She rushes over the moment she sees them and lends a hand in carrying him.

"Thank you. Now, please take me over to Overhaul."

Shouta's positive using his quirk won't solve the situation at all. After all, Overhaul's quirk doesn't need to be used to maintain this form. This form is now him, Overhaul changed his composition and it's simply just how the man is. Instead, Shouta's goal is to keep him from using Izuku's quirks, as well as prevent him from taking any more hostages.

The others have done pretty well at keeping him from taking anyone else, those with long ranged quirks having their time to shine.

"Where's Eri?" Shouta asks, looking around through all the chaos to see if he can spot her somewhere.

“Sir Nighteye said Mirio escaped with her.” Froppy explains, “Mirio was the one who got all backup here.”

“So she’s safe? That’s good.” Of all the bad news, this is something good to hear.

Shouta activates his quirk, still a little disappointed when he’s proven right about it not changing Overhaul’s state. Without quirks to use, all Overhaul is is stronger due to Izuku’s mass adding muscle and extra limbs. Between all of the heroes he’s surrounded with, it takes them less than five minutes to defeat Overhaul.

It’s anticlimactic, Shouta feels. The man is unconscious and now being cuffed. As much as Shouta wants to ride with the man to the prison so he can get Izuku back, he’s rushed into an ambulance.

Right, I’ve been stabbed.

Tsukauchi assures him that his men can take care of it, to just focus on healing. They both know Shouta can’t just take his focus off of Izuku.

Tomura was… Interested, when he first heard what Toga reported.

He looks at the man before him, strapped into restraints. Overhaul has taken a UA student hostage, huh?

Well, two birds one stone, Tomura supposes. He just hopes that if he makes an example out of this student, that brat vigilante won’t come

around and cause issues like he did at Kamino.

Overhaul seems slightly out of it, probably low on HP trying to be the final boss that he's not. Aside from having four gross looking arms, he does look larger than the last time they spoke. Tomura finds it interesting he hasn't disassembled, or that they let him go without forcing him to.

He glances around the highway, glad there's no noise from cars honking, they've all fled.

He has the cuffs taken off of Oveerhaul, pleasantly surprised the man doesn't think to use his quirk on Tomura. Instead he lays quietly.

"Did they give him a sedative or something?" Dabi asks, nudging the man with his foot. "Oi, say something."

Overhaul looks at him a long moment.

"What are you going to do to me?" Overhaul asks. Tomura notices the way the man experimentally flexes his hands.

"Is it true you have a UA student as part of you right now?" Tomura questions, leaning in. He could kill this man far faster than he could kill Tomura.

"I couldn't kill the pest, so I used him as a disposable tool."

"Disassemble and let us see who it is." Tomura demands, "We'll let

you live if you do.” To be honest, Tomura never intended on killing him anyways, but Overhaul does as told. He must be too tired to act all high and mighty.

Once the student is put back together, Tomura stares in annoyance.

“Izuku Midoriya.” He all but hisses, recalling how annoying he was at USJ. Tomura doesn’t get any sort of response from him, the boy hardly even looks up.

Out the corner of his eye, he can see Mr. Compress putting the cuffs back on Overhaul. There's no fuss or fight from either of them. Maybe Dabi was right in thinking they might've been sedated.

The brat has a hand again, probably given back when Overhaul put him back together. Tomura recalls taking it at USJ, considering if he should do it again.

He drops down to the boy’s level, staring at him. Izuku Midoriya stares through him, like he’s not there at all.

“You broke him, huh?” He asks Overhaul, “What’s wrong with him.”

“I’ve never combined with someone and then let them live, so I don’t know much about this.” The villain answers truthfully. It’s wise of him.

Shit.

Dabi looks at a plain-clothes Oni sitting on the concrete, looking like he just took the fattest rip off a blunt the world's ever seen.

How the fuck did you get caught up with Overhaul? Though, Dabi supposes getting mixed up with him was already bad enough, especially when Dabi thinks back to burning Snatch alive less than 10 minutes ago.

The calm, almost expressionless face reminds Dabi of when he first met Oni. When he pulled his bullet-infested body out of the water and carried him back to a hideout.

He was shocked to learn the kid went to UA, seeing his face plastered all over the Sports Festival.

Dabi thinks about all the shit with Endeavor, how he took down his sorry excuse for a father. He can't let Tomura kill him.

A voice in the back of his mind tells him this kid will probably be his brother-in-law one day, and while Dabi doesn't think he feels much *guilt,* he feels some kind of weird discomfort at the idea of him being killed.

"We shouldn't kill him." Dabi finally speaks up, just as Shigaraki reaches out for his face.

"Huh?" Shigaraki pauses, glancing over his shoulder at Dabi.

"It's too easy of a kill, look at him. Do you really want to kill this kid

after the hard time he gave you at USJ when he can't even fight back?" *Even if he does kill him, as long as he doesn't use Decay, Oni should be fine, right?* Then again, Oni has experienced Decay before and recovered. "I don't know, man, you just seem like you could really use an all out real life boss battle?" Dabi tries talking in geeky video game terms, feeling his coolness leave him as he speaks.

Shiragaki pauses, like he's considering his words.

"Don't you want to kill this dumb kid where people can really see it? Take one of the strongest kids from that stupid school and squash him like a bug in front of everyone who loves him?"

"Why are you arguing for his life?" Shiragaki questions, narrowing his eyes at Dabi.

"I just think deaths like his should be properly displayed. Where's the style? There's no swagger in an ugly dagger." If Dabi ever went after Endeavor himself, he'd like it to be plastered everywhere, where he can scream and dance and yell at that loser to join his son in hell.

While Dabi knows he'll likely never get that moment because of how Oni took care of it, it was still satisfying to see Endeavor systematically destroyed.

Oni just so happens to be a dramatic motherfucker, after Dabi's own heart.

"Dabi." Shigaraki calls.

“What.”

“I’m very suspicious of you right now, but as my second in command I should trust you, shouldn’t I?” *Where’s this coming from.*

“It’s not up to me to tell you who you should trust.”

“You’re right.” Shigaraki hums, “But, if you want this brat to live another day, I guess I can allow it. He’ll die eventually.” With that, the man turns his attention over to Overhaul, monologuing about making his life miserable and him helpless.

Mr. Compress gets the pleasure of taking an arm from Overhaul first, as sweet revenge for getting rid of his hand, and Shigaraki begins to decay the other.

“You’re now quirkless, useless, helpless and you’ve lost your purpose. What leader can you be when you now need help for everything in your life now. Unless you’d prefer to die?” Shigaraki laughs with a wide smile. “Oh, these.” His grin grows as he fetches a small box from the ground. “These must be your precious quirk-erasing bullets. They must be complete, huh?”

“Give those back.” Overhaul chokes out, eyes trailing down to the way his arm slowly decays before him.

“Why? They’re mine now.” With that, Shigaraki uses a blade to cut off Overhaul’s remaining arm, purposely butchering it along the way.

Dabi stares at Overhaul getting hives from the contact. *Damn bitch, you live like this?*

“We’ve been found, we have to go.” Spinner calls over Overhaul's screams, pointing further down the highway. Dabi looks over to Oni, a little concerned that he hasn’t moved or said a word. Hell, Dabi can’t even be sure the kid blinked since they’ve been here.

“Got to fast travel.” Shigaraki mumbles, getting up. The villain looks over Oni one more time before swiftly kicking the boy in the side of the head with as much force as he can muster. His head bounces off the concrete and he’s not moving. “If the kids not dead from that, I guess he can live for now.” As Dabi and company leave, he can see blood pooling from under Oni’s head.

Shigaraki pauses before getting in the car, before telling Compress and Spinner to go toss Oni’s body over the side of the highway and into a ditch.

He really wants to “accidentally” kill him while maintaining his word to me. Well, Dabi’s still weirdly grateful Shigaraki’s trying. In a gross way, he supposes he appreciates it.

When the police arrive, they’re nowhere to be scene, and all anyone can easily find of Izuku Midoriya is a puddle of his blood and a few teeth scattered on the concrete.

Chapter End Notes

aaaaaaa so. SO. I'm taking a week off from my comic this week so i had time to make a fic update because it takes a lot less effort to write 10+ pages in a day or so than to make 4ish comic pages every week.

It was really weird writing overhauls POV and using "Kai" because one of my main comic characters name is Kai

Remember when I used to make 10 page updates every day for

this fic? i kind of miss that. but aside from it being unhealthy, i have a hard time writing this fic at this arc because it's my least favorite arc. that. AND PEOPLE KEEP ASKING ME FOR UPDATES. I refuse to write a fic if the fun's been taken out of it by people demanding content from me. I hardly even open my inbox to read all of peoples wonderful sweet comments because im so TIRED of being bombarded with "update??" comments on my stuff.

Aside from the lack of motivation from this stuff, i think people fail to consider we're still in a wholeass pandemic. I have been home for over a full year now and my sense of time is Fucked up.

Regenerate, Fate, as a story and fic is almost over. I've been saying it for a While but people keep asking me, so i'll say it again:

this is the last major arc, as of right now i'm very sure of that. This has been planned as the final arc since the beginning-ish.

i'm going to see this fic through to the end so please stop asking me if i've discontinued it.

also i was lazy so i didn't really do lineart or proper coloring for the art this chapter

ANYWAYS.

Aside from my comic i've started working on a visual novel in my spare time called "Choosing(02)", about an defective android soldier in the military saved from being destroyed by a monsterfucker named Adam that broke into the military base to find the love of his life, Mothman

Adam is a big mothman simp

i love them.
(if anyone has GOOD ren'py resources please gimme them-)

anyways while i have LOTS i wanna say. about a lot regarding this fic. I have a character limit. So next time i guess.

My comic: Self Aware | WEBTOON (webtoons.com)
I have Some Choosing(02) stuff on my tumblr or insta but i dont post it much, feel free to ask though!

and my art instagram: Raven (@jellofello22) • Art instagram

Chapter 78

Chapter Summary

the last chapter. no really this is the last chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hitoshi rushes to the hospital as fast as he physically can, cursing every little bit of traffic that holds him up.

He got word that something bad happened to Izuku, that he was found unconscious in a ditch below a highway. He has no idea what happened but he's frankly scared. He's been spamming Izuku's phone and getting no answer. He hopes this means he's resting.

Hitoshi runs into Todoroki in the lobby and they find his room together.

"Do you have any idea what's going on?" He asks his brother's boyfriend, getting a shake of the head in response.

"No, but it can't be good if they didn't tell us over the phone."

Hitoshi agrees, but it stresses him out to think about.

They rush into the room the moment they find it and pause in their step. Izuku is awake and sitting up, but that's about it. He doesn't look at them at all, there's no snarky comment. There's just… Nothing.

“He’s been like that since he woke up.” Dad startles them when he speaks up from a seat across the room. His side is bandaged and he can tell Hitoshi is staring at it. “It’s just a little stabbing, never killed anyone.”

“I heavily disagree.” Hitoshi breathes, sitting on Izuku’s bed and taking his hand. “Izuku?” He tests, getting no reaction. “Is he okay…? Uh, well clearly not but-”

“No, he’s not injured, he already healed. This is psychological.”

“What happened?” Todoroki speaks up, sitting on the other side of Izuku and taking his other hand.

“He was disassembled by Overhaul several times and then combined with him.” The teens pause in horror. “We were going to separate them in a controlled environment but the League of Villain’s interjected the vehicle they were transported in, and in one way or another, Overhaul let him go.”

“He’s been like this since he was found?” Hitoshi asks.

“Yeah.”

“Izuku?” Hitoshi asks anyways, “Are you okay?” He pulls his brother in for a hug and gets no response.

Todoroki tries as well, also getting no answer.

These three agree it’s going to be a long recovery, but they’re ready for anything.

Tamaki excused himself after Mirio sat him down and told him the news. Mirio saw the tears in his dear friend's eyes, the tears he tried making sure Mirio didn’t see. He knows Tamaki’s worried for him, but they’ll get through it together.

While his friend is crying somewhere else, he decides to check on Sir Nighteye.

He finds the man’s room easy enough, but when he lets himself in, he feels his chest tighten considerably.

“Sir…” They haven’t done any surgery at all. The most they’ve done is stabilize him by the looks of it.

“Mirio?” The voice is weak and strained, but fondness definitely resonates in it.

“Sir…!” *He’s awake?!* “Why aren't they doing anything?!”

“Mirio…” Sir Nighteye trails, like he expects him to know better. “I think you know why.”

“No!” His throat forms a lump and his eyes sting. “They have to help

you!”

“They have, I promise. They’ve done all they can for me. I’m just glad I can see a loved one before I-”

“Stop it.” Mirio snaps softly, trying not to think about Sir saying he’s loved. “You’ll survive, you just need-”

“Give me your hand.”

Mirio does as asked, choking back tears when he sees Sir is too weak to even lift up his own hand. Mirio squeezes his mentor’s hand tightly, feeling that Sir tries and fails to reciprocate it fully.

“Mirio Togata I am looking into your future.” *What?* “It’s bright and full of life. You do very well as a hero and you never give up. You’re surrounded by friends and family that love you dearly but I…” There’s a long pause, and Mirio is freely crying when he sees Sir Nighteye smiling at him like he’s not in this state. “I’m not in your future, my boy.”

Mirio chokes back a sob.

“I’ve never been a man for family, but I couldn’t help but think of you as my own. I’ve never been so proud to watch someone progress and work towards their goals.” He keeps going, like this is the only chance he’ll have to say it. It’s wrong! He’ll live a long life and have a million other chances… He has to. “You keep surprising me and I can’t wait for the world to witness it too.”

“Sir, stop it.” He tries weakly.

“All Might and I have had our differences, and we haven’t spoken. But I was really hoping I’d see him before I go.” *You’re not going anywhere.* “Please, Mirio. Tell him I’m sorry, that I forgive him, and that I love him.” *Stop it!* “Promise me.”

“I promise.” Mirio chokes out, mentally begging Sir Nighteye to squeeze his hand back. To show he still has strength.

For a brief moment an almost sour look spreads across the man’s face until it settles into something almost fond.

“Tell that vigilante to watch out for his future now that I can’t. He’s done well and I believe he’ll continue to do well.” It takes a moment for Mirio to realize he’s referring to Midoriya. He won’t tell Sir Nighteye he didn’t actually know about him being Oni the vigilante. *I had suspicions but I didn’t want to assume anything.*

“Alright.”

“And promise me that you know and will always remember I’m proud of you.” His voice grows softer, his breaths more shallow. “That you know I love you, Lemillion.”

“I promise, but Sir! You’re going to be okay! You’re going to…” Mirio’s reassurances die off as he sees his mentor’s eyes close. “Sir…?” He squeezes his hand tighter. “Sir, I’m not done talking to you….” He tries, hoping he just fell asleep. Mirio’s heart aches and he screams it all out.

There's a lot of strangers, Eri thinks.

They're all nice to her, but she's waiting for them to be mean. There can't just be niceness.

She hasn't seen Overhaul since Mr. Lemon took her away, so she waits for him to find her and take her away from all of the nice people. It's going to happen, she knows. She won't make any friends, she won't like the nice people. Eri just has to sit and wait until she's taken back and punished for what she did.

She walks down the hall back to her room with a nice doctor lady, looking around as she goes.

Oh!

It's the boy who saved her, one of them. The green loud one that held her tightly and got hurt because of her.

He sits blankly, alone in a room.

Eri pauses in her step, wondering if she'll be noticed.

"Do you want to say hi?" The doctor lady asks. She gives a short nod, surprised she actually gets to see him.

"I'll be outside, okay?" Eri is let into the room and the doctor lady

stays outside.

“Hello?”

Izuku doesn’t know how long it’s been. Time is a vessel and he’s slammed down on its brakes. He knows his loved ones have been by his side, but he couldn’t muster the energy to respond in any way. He’s exhausted and it feels like it’ll last forever.

There’s something in the corner of his eye, but he doesn’t bother looking.

“Hello?” The voice is high and small, it’s soft and almost scared of itself. Izuku knows this voice and for the first time since waking up, he moves. “Mr. Oni?” It’s Eri. The little girl stands beside him, looking up at him with wide eyes. “Can you hear me?”

“I can hear you.” Izuku answers softly, voice cracking.

“Are you okay?” She asks. He should have been the one asking her that. It’s pathetic, isn’t it?

“I’m not.” He’s honest. There’s no use in telling a lie even a child could see through.

“It’s really scary, huh?” She looks down at the ground, “I know Mr. Lemon didn’t want me to know.” She goes on. Izuku’s at least a little amused at her butchering of ‘Lemillion’. “I know what he did…” She must mean Overhaul, Izuku thinks.

“Yeah.” He swallows harshly. “It’s really scary.” Even if it’s just a simple agreement, he knows he shouldn’t be talking about this with her of all people. Why does the little girl he fought so hard to save want to talk to him about it?

“He did it a lot. He would say I’m broken and fix me again.”

“You were never broken, Eri.” Izuku looks her in the eyes a moment.

“He never did that to me though. He made you a helper?” That must be referring to when he reassembled with Izuku instead of trying to kill him. He starts to think about it again and his face feels wet.

“Izuku?” Another familiar voice comes from the door, and Izuku glances up to see his Dad. Eraser lets himself in and has a doctor leave with Eri after a quick goodbye. “Hey…”

“Dad.” Izuku hugs him the first chance he gets, no shame in practically using the man’s clothes as a tissue. He tries to pull back a bit when he remembers Eraser got injured, but Eraserhead doesn’t seem to mind the affection at all.

“It’s okay, you’re safe. You can cry.” So he does. Izuku holds onto Eraserhead and sobs.

“I felt- I felt.”

“Take your time.”

“I felt everything he did.” Izuku chokes, “I knew every thought he was thinking because I *was* him.” It disgusted him, “The way he justified everything. The way he genuinely thought he was right in what he was doing. I felt all of that and I *thought* all of that.”

“You didn’t think that or agree with him, Izuku. You were a part of him, you likely didn’t have much control over your own consciousness.”

“I could see his memories while he thought of them. His old boss and mentor, how he felt almost betrayed by him, how he just wanted their group to be on top of the world again. Everything.” He sobs, wanting to hide his face in shame. “I could- I could almost sympathize with him, like I agreed too. I didn’t want to! I don’t agree with him. I don’t-”

“It’s okay.” Eraserhead repeats again, hand rubbing the kid’s back comfortingly. “You were hurt, and you were trying your best. Whatever happened while you were assembled with him wasn’t you. It was him and him alone, okay?”

Izuku numbly nods, knowing that that’s logically true, but far too aware that it doesn’t feel like it.

The two of them spend another hour sitting and talking it out, and soon after, Izuku tries eating.

Izuku’s honestly feeling a lot better after he talked it all out with Eraser, and while he’s not feeling like his normal perky-ass-hell self, it’s certainly a start.

He tries finding Sir Nighteye's room to check on how he's doing, and all he finds is All Might sitting outside of it with his head in his hands.

"Oh… Young Midoriya." All Might doesn't even attempt a smile. He's in his powered down form and yet he looks smaller than usual. He's shrinking in on himself.

"What, you're still too scared to go talk to him?" Izuku guesses. After all why else would he be outside looking skittish like this?

"Ah, no. I actually worked up the courage to go speak with him but…" He trails, "You don't know, do you?"

"Don't know what? I was too busy recovering from a mental break and a decent new load of trauma to work through."

"They must not have told you then, I'm sorry Young Midoriya."

"What are you sorry for?" Izuku questions. He feels a pit forming in his stomach because he's starting to develop a guess. "He… Sir Nighteye… He died, didn't he." It's not a question. Tears well up as All Might gives the smallest of nods as he sucks in a breath. "I didn't get to talk to him one last time…?"

"Neither did I, my boy." There's so much regret in All Might's voice. "I would have spoken to him every day if I had known this would happen." Izuku catches a slight crack in the voice before All Might clears his throat and it's gone. "Mirio was the last to see him, and said he was smiling when he passed."

Poor Mirio.

Izuku takes a seat beside All Might and the two sit in silence for a while. Mere months ago Izuku would had never even sat in the same room as the man willingly. It's so weird how things change so suddenly. How Izuku has gained so many new people in his life. How suddenly he's lost some.

"I heard you haven't been doing well, Young Midoriya." The poor man attempts small talk.

"I uh- Yeah. It's been rough. I'm trying to get over it as fast as I can." Even if it's only been a few days.

"Why are you trying to 'get over it'? It's okay to just let yourself feel what you do." Okay, Izuku realizes he still gets a little annoyed when All Might says things that actually make sense. It's a work in progress!

"Maybe you're right."

"But?"

"But I don't like that you are." He says with a huff.

"My, Young Midoriya. And to think you haven't even sworn at me once since we've started this talk. We've come a long way, haven't we?"

“Fuck you.” The response is automatic. After all, it was like Izuku was being challenged to say it.

All Might actually laughs. There’s a tragedy on the other side of the wall they sit against but he’s laughing. Maybe they’ll really be able to get through this.

Toshinori’s heart aches immensely. It’s been a week since his irreplaceable friend’s passing and today is his funeral.

He puts on his winning smile for the day and gets a move on things. He knows Mirai would want him to smile even in a time like this.

The day is quiet as heroes, both adult and student alike, gather and pay their respects.

Toshinori is called up to speak.

The walk to the stand is slow, and his steps feel heavier than ever before. Toshinori can’t help but remember this similar pain from back when his Master died. A mentor and mother-figure taken from his life far, far too soon. Now a dear friend of his joins that same fate.

Only, Sir Nighteye doesn’t live on in One for All like he’s sure Nana Shimura does.

As long as Toshinori lives through this painful life, he will remember

Sir Nighteye. As will Mirio and everyone else who's had the pleasure of knowing him.

"Every die hard All Might fan knows who this man is." Toshinori begins his speech softly, eyes downcast but the smile still on his face. "Mirai Sasaki, Sir Nighteye, was known as All Might's masterful sidekick for some years, until they split for unknown reasons. Some of my fans thought Sir Nighteye was the cause of it, that I could do no wrong so it must have been him. Until now I've never fully spoken up to say how wrong they were. I've been a coward, running away from that fight we once had, from the future he said long ago that awaits me. I'm a coward because I ran away from Mirai and only gained the courage to return to his side when I was too late. This man was family to me and I loved him, but my stubbornness and my desperate need to put other's lives above my own hurt him most of all and I was too blind to see that." Toshinori inhales.

I wish I could have seen him one more time. I'd give anything.

"He was a practical man who loved laughing, and loved to make others laugh. He came off as eccentric and harsh to most but he sincerely wanted to make the world better. He wanted my smile to encourage the people and I tried my best to keep it up. If not for me or my old mentor, then for him. That's why today I stand here with a smile. This smile is for anyone who's felt the same pain I feel right now, this smile is for Mirai. He will be missed, and I will keep him in my thoughts until the day I join him."

He's so distressed over the pain he feels he's not even sure if his speech makes sense. He's gotten very little sleep and he's sure the crowd can tell.

Regardless, he gets claps as he quietly returns to his seat, and the services continue on.

Mirio sits on a park bench overlooking a pond. The service ended an hour ago but he can't find the will to get up and go home. He asked Tamaki and Nejire to go home without him, and they respected his desire to be alone. They did, but Mirio knows someone else hasn't.

"How long are you going to lurk?" He speaks aloud, hearing the creaking of branches before Midoriya drops down from a tree.

This is the first time they've actually spoken since he walked away from Overhaul with Eri in his arms.

Mirio wanted to give him space and it eventually turned into an uncomfortable game of avoidance.

"Sorry." Midoriya awkwardly stands off to the side until Mirio moves over and gestures at him to take a seat.

"It's okay. I know you were just worried."

"I… Yeah."

"So… You're Oni?" He might as well get it out of the way.

"Uh huh." The boy hums. Weird, Mirio expected more denial. "When did you figure it out?"

"I didn't, actually."

“What?” Midoriya looks genuinely lost.

“Listen. I knew you picked your hero name as Oni, and I should've been tipped off by what I now can figure out was regeneration during that fight but…. I don’t know. I guess I was just so sure I knew who you are it didn’t even occur to me to consider it.” He rubs the back of his neck while he explains.

“What do you mean? You didn’t know who I was and you knew that too. You’ve even pointed out that the way I acted was just an act.”

“But I didn’t think it was because you were a vigilante! I just thought you had issues!”

“Issues?!” The laugh is small but Midoriya laughs nonetheless. “I mean *yeah* I have issues. God, so many issues. But it really never occurred to you that the vigilante thing was one of them?”

“Not at all.” Mirio admits again, “Hmm, well, at some point I suspected it but dropped it pretty quick. I was so trusting that you were totally on our side.”

“What?” He looks at Midoriya and sees an almost hurt expression.

“I just mean that all of your comments about not being a hero make sense now, you know?”

“Mirio. You and I have a common goal.”

“Saving people?”

“Saving people.” Midoriya confirms, “So why would you think we’re on different sides? Maybe on different sides legally, but we want to do the same thing, we just have different methods.”

Mirio doesn’t understand why someone would want to be a vigilante. The laws of heroics are this way for a reason. Right?

“I can see the gears turning in your head, it’s not that serious.” Midoriya waves a hand.

“Do the teachers know?” They have to, right? If Nighteye somehow knew then he would have certainly told UA.

“Not all of them, but yes. As well as All Might.” *He fought with All Might at Kamino… That’s right.* Mirio thinks about that horrific night. How Oni did whatever he could to help. *Alright, I guess he has some good points.*

“Oh… So. What’s your quirk?” Mirio asks cautiously, prepared to not get an answer.

“Regeneration, and One for All.” *What?! So it’s true. All Might really did pick him as a successor. “* Analysis is just kind of a lie to keep my ass out of jail.”

“So you’re really just that smart?”

“And well versed in being a pain in the ass, it’s a dangerous combination, I know.” Midoriya pauses, smile dropping all together. “And you don’t have a quirk.” He remembers.

“Yeah, I can’t use it. They’re hoping one day Eri might be able to help me, but there’s no promise on that.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t do anything, Midoriya.”

“Here.” In an all too familiar fashion, the boy reaches up and plucks a hair from his head and holds it out to Mirio. “Take One for All.”

“I won’t.” He says firmly. “You know I turned down All Might when he did the same thing, so why are you asking me?”

“Things are different! You lost your quirk! I don’t need two, just take it so you-”

“So I can be a hero?”

Midoriya’s jaw snaps shut.

“Midoriya, do you think I need a quirk to be a hero?”

“I’m not the person to ask.”

“Why not?” Mirio asks, wondering why the underclassmen’s demeanor suddenly ran cold.

“I didn’t know I had a quirk until I was in late middle school. I asked All Might personally, if I could be a hero with a regeneration quirk and my idol. The person I looked up to most in life, looked me in my eyes and told me no. Can you imagine what response I would have gotten if I said *quirkless*?” *Ah… Is this why he mentioned that he used to be scared of All Might? That he’s no fan of him?*

“Oh. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have mentioned it…” He trails off, completely unsure of what to do now.

“The answer is no.”

“What?”

“I learned first hand. I know better than anyone you will ever meet that you can’t be a hero without a quirk.” Midoriya seethes. “The heroics system would never allow it, even if you could proof that you could save people, what could someone possibly do to beat the stigma a quirkless person faces just trying to live their goddamn life.”

“Midoriya, I’m sorry.”

“So shut the fuck up and just *take the goddamn quirk.* ” His voice breaks off and Mirio realizes he’s crying. “You didn’t deserve this. It should have been me- I-You’re so much better suited to being a hero. You don’t want revenge or anything ulterior, you just wanted to save

people.” It’s been a long, emotional day, and Mirio supposes this break in Midoriya’s composure was going to happen sooner or later anyways.

“I did save someone though, didn’t I?” He asks with a smile. Midoriya’s head snaps up to him in confusion before he laughs a bit.

“I guess you did, huh?”

“I think now’s a good time to mention.” Mirio starts.

“Mention what?”

“Before Sir Nighteye… You know. He wanted me to ‘tell that vigilante he’s done well’. So… Good job, Midoriya. You did well.”

“Ah, so that’s how you found out.” Midoriya hums, “Damn, that fanboy’s screwing me over even in death huh?” The joke is so sudden that Mirio actually laughs at it.

He knows Sir would want him to laugh too.

Mirio and Midoriya walk back to campus together, and Midoriya apologizes for offering One for All to him.

“It’s okay, you’re emotional and hurting. It’s easy to say things without thinking like that.”

“Um… I know I cried and offered you a quirk and had a heart to heart and all that. But Mirio you know I also have to threaten to kill you in the event of you telling anyone I’m Oni, you know that right?”

Mirio was not expecting that, to be honest.

“Izu.” Shouto pokes his boyfriend’s cheek, trying to wake him up. “Izu, come on we’re going to be late.”

“Mmm?”

“Get up, come on.” Shouto decides to just stand up and take Izu with him, dragging him to the dorm bathroom so they can brush their teeth and get a move on.

“This is cruel.” Izu whines, finally standing up and walking beside Shouto, “Why are you bullying me.”

“I’m not bullying you,” Shouto chuckles, “This is your first day back in school in over a month, you should at least be on time.”

“Why should I?” Izu huffs, still taking his toothbrush out. “What’s Dad going to do, expel me?” Shouto thinks it’s really sweet that Izuku finally started calling Aizawa ‘Dad’. It’s not all the time, but it’s definitely something. Everyone’s heard him use it when sassing the man, but there really is something great about knowing it’s sincere.

“He can still give you detention, and that means less time with me because I refuse to get in trouble with you.”

“Can’t believe our love ends at school discipline.”

Shouto rolls his eyes over the dramatic answers.

“Yeah yeah, hurry up and get dressed so we don’t miss breakfast too.”

“Fine, fine.” Izu grumbles, giving him a kiss on the cheek and leaving the room.

Sure enough, Izuku’s downstairs before Shouto and ready for school. Their class sits around the living room and kitchen area eating. It feels like a few people are worried to comment on Izu joining them today, but as usual there’s one person who has no worry about his feelings.

“Holy shit, Deku.” Bakugou yells from the kitchen, “You’re going to school for once instead of being a lazy piece of shit and staying home?!”

“I decided I wanted to make sure you know I’m better than you so I’m going to kick your ass today.” Izu has no hesitation in his answer, smiling while he eats cereal.

“What’d you say to me?!” In mere seconds Bakugou has Izuku by the collar in what looks like a playful threat. Still it doesn’t stop Izu from spitting cereal into the blond’s face, “God you’re disgusting!” The vigilante is dropped on the ground while Bakugou wipes his face off.

“You started it.” Izu cackles from the floor, making sure to kick Bakugou while he’s at it.

“I’ll kill you!”

“And what, kill me *again* when I come back? Oh sure, really effective.”

“Stay home.” Bakugou barks at him, stomping away to go eat with Kirishima instead. Their classmates give some semblance of relief seeing the two of them interact like that, knowing it’s friendly now.

Only months ago were they genuinely arguing with hatred in their voices and intention to cause each other harm. Shouto’s glad they consider themselves friends now, he thinks they really do need each other.

As they begin leaving for class, Izuku tells Shouto to go on without him. *He must want to wait for Shinsou.*

Hitoshi almost trips down the stairs when his eyes close from yawning. When he opens his eyes again, he spots his brother waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

“Hey.” He greets, hooking an arm around him.

“Where were you, Toshi?” Izuku asks, making his brother a coffee once they get into the kitchen.

“I overslept, I stayed up late writing the script for a new video.” Both

Hitoshi and Izuku agree that his videos have gotten better since they've met. It's probably because now that Hitoshi has first hand experience in the hero world, he can write what he knows instead of speculating.

"Oh, okay."

"How're you feeling? Nervous?" It's been a while since Hitoshi's gone to school with his brother, but he's been patiently waiting for this day.

"I'm nervous I won't be able to sit still."

"When has that stopped you?" He only sat still when he kept up his cover when they first met.

"That's a good point." Izuku chuckles.

They run into a familiar pair of faces on the way to school.

"Mr. Oni! Mr. Toshi!" Eri comes up and gets picked up with a toss by Izuku. She's been recovering from her time with Overhaul slowly, but they're all proud of her progress so far. She spends a few days a week training her quirk with Dad. As for babysitting, there's been a couple people helping with that.

"Hello, boys." All Might greets with a small wave. He's been the one babysitting her most often, seeing as he has loads of free time now that he's no longer fighting crime. Mirio and the rest of the Big Three help out too.

Izuku has only been allowed to babysit her if they have someone else to supervise them. People are worried he'll be a bad influence or teach her curses while no one looking for the fun of it. However, Izuku's been doing pretty well as a babysitter and Hitoshi thinks they should give him more credit than that.

"Hi, Eri." Izuku smiles at her, setting her down gently. "Where are you guys going?"

"Yagi is taking me to get breakfast. I'm gonna get waffles. Have you had waffles?"

"I have, I like them. I think you'll like them."

"Mr. Lemon is going to be there." She announces happily. Izuku puts a hand over his mouth in adoration hearing her say Mr. Lemon again.

"Tell Mr. Lemon I say hi, okay?" He asks, getting a nod. She's still very shy around people, but she's definitely starting to trust those she sees more often.

Once in class, they stop at Dad's sleeping bag when they notice him staring at Izuku.

"You're going to be good?" The man asks.

"Yeah I think I can handle it-"

“No, I mean are you going to fucking behave now that you’re back.” He reiterates with a narrowed eye look.

“Oh, oh! In that case, absolutely not.” Izuku grins.

Izuku stands in front of his and Toshi’s shared mirror, putting his tie on as he gets ready to leave. He looks at his reflection a long while.

He’s not much taller now. *I thought I’d grow so much more than this…* He supposes the stunted growth from lack of food and trauma does that. *Damn. Short curse.* He has, however, gained a good amount of weight. He’s gained more muscle but remains short and lean for the most part. Even his face looks different now. Obviously older but unmistakably the same person.

Wow, what three years does to a person.

And to think it all ends tonight. It’s… surreal, he thinks.

A small knock on the door gets his attention.

“Come in, Shou.” He calls, recognizing the knock as his boyfriend’s.

“Guess again, motherfucker.” *I’ve been duped.* He realizes as Kacchan barges in. “I knew you would open the door for Half an Half.”

“But that I might not open it for you? Any guess as to why?” He

snarks, fist bumping his friend anyways. *How does he know Shou's knock anyways?*

“So, nerd. What are you doing here.” Kacchan asks, throwing himself onto Izuku’s bed like it’s his own. “Everyone’s already at the ceremony getting ready.”

“I think I’m stalling?” Izuku guesses, unsure of it himself. “I’m nervous, I think.”

“That you’ll trip and fall and die on the stage?”

“Kacchan I will cause you bodily harm, I swear to god.”

“Then swear.”

“Gah!” Izuku sits on the bed with Kacchan and puts his head in his hands.

“It’s because you’re disappearing after this, right?”

“Right.” He agrees, “I know I told all of you I would, but it still feels like something’s going to go wrong or something.”

“Do you want a good luck charm or some shit?” Kacchan asks sarcastically, glaring when Izuku says he would. “Here.” Kacchan reaches into his shirt and pulls out a necklace with a wedding ring Izuku hasn’t had in years.

“You’re giving it back to me?”

“It’s yours, you idiot.” Kacchan chuckles, handing it to him. Izuku puts it around his neck with no protest.

“Thanks.”

“Deku, listen. I know we’ve both done some really stupid shit. And I mean you’ve done some *really* stupid shit, oh my god you’re so dumb.” *Projection much?* “But uh.”

“Katsuki Kacchan Big Head Bakugou, are you getting sentimental with me?”

“What?! No! I don’t have a big head neither, fuck you.”

“Isn’t that why you never put on your tie right?” Izuku teases, pointing at the perfectly done tie Kacchan has on now.

“If it helps you sleep at night, loser.” Kacchan hisses, “ *Anyways.* We’ve both made really shitty choices, but I’m uh… I guess I’m glad we made up or whatever. I think if you had really not been in my life, I would have grown up and realized what a dick I was and uh… I guess I’m glad I don’t have to be haunted like that.”

“Wow, therapy must’ve worked wonders.”

“God, you know sometimes you speak and I consider actively

reversing the efforts of my therapist?" Kacchan whines with a look of exhaustion.

"Good, good. Glad to know I have power."

"You're a pain."

"Aw, thanks!"

Izuku and Kacchan walk down to the assembly area where their graduation will be held, and for the first time ever, Izuku finds a certain creature waiting for him.

"Ah! Midoriya! I was hoping I'd get a chance to speak with you!" UA's principal Nedzu claps his paws together in excitement. "Follow me! Bakugou, you may join your class."

"Kacchan, make sure you find my body." He signs to his friend as he's left alone.

In an office, there's already tea made for them. He looks down at the cup he's handed warily.

"Do you not like tea?" Nedzu asks politely.

"Uh no I'm not one for….. Hydration….."

“I see. Well! I’ll keep this short for you. Izuku Midoriya. Mikumo Midoriya. Oni.” *I knew it.*

“You’ve known the whole time, haven’t you.” He asks, narrowing his eyes. Izuku had guessed as much, but he never knew why Nedzu did nothing about it.

“I have, more or less.”

“So…? What. Why now?”

“I just want to know what your plans are after graduation.”

“What?” Izuku’s a little on edge, to be honest. He’s gone his entire high school life never talking to this guy and now he’s being chatted up over tea? He doesn’t like it.

“You like your privacy. You like to not be bothered by strangers and left to your own devices. One genius to another, I know that. So I know you understand that I don’t want to have people coming to me and asking question about you, correct?” The mouse-bear-thing takes a sip of his drink and stares at Izuku over the rim of the cup. “Just like you, I don’t like strangers prying without warning.”

“You think I’m going to do something after graduation that will make people go to my former principal for answers.” Izuku realizes. *Dammit he* is *smart.* All this without ever talking to Izuku. As much as he hates it, he’s a little impressed by it.

“I know you are. Oni has been far too quiet in the coming weeks.”

“Maybe I’ve just been resting.”

“And maybe we both know I can see through you.”

“Get to the point, Bugs.” Izuku whines.

“I’m not any percent bunny.” Nedzu mumbles, “Just tell me what you plan to do, so I have responses when I am inevitably asked what happened to my student Izuku Midoriya.”

“I’m going to graduate with my license, and I’m going to disappear.”

“Disappear?”

“As Izuku Midoriya, I will do no hero work. I will work solely as Oni the Vigilante and keep my license in case I am ever caught and absolutely need to get out of jail the easy way.”

“I see. “ There’s a moment of silence, “Well! Okay. That works, thank you.”

“Is…. Is that all you wanted to know?” It feels too easy.

“Yes.”

“Uh, Nedzu? Can I ask you something?”

“Oh, sure!”

“Why have you never talked to me about any of this before if you’ve known for years?”

“The answer is simple, Oni. Take a good long look at Eraserhead, and take a good long look at Detective Tsukauchi. You know what they have in common?”

“Being referred to by me as my fathers?”

“……..Stress and grey hairs, Midoriya.” *Huh?* “I stayed out of it simply because I do not have the time nor energy to deal with that kind of stress when I have other, more important things to attend to.” *That’s it?! That’s the only reason I’ve never spoken to you?!* “As a genius I’ve come to learn that one of the smartest things you can, is to play dumb.”

Izuku feels somewhat disturbed as he recalls his conversation with Nedzu, even as he meets up with his class.

“I almost thought you wouldn’t show, you brat.” Dad ruffles his hair as he approaches him. “Where have you been?”

“I talked to *Nedzu,* Dad.” Izuku breathes.

“Why do you sound like you narrowly survived.

“Because that’s what it felt like! That man- not a man- That principal is scary.” Izuku wasn’t expecting the nod he gets in agreement from his father.

“I’ve known him for many years and I like to pretend I don’t sometimes.”

“Good thing you’ve never tried that with me, huh.” The stare Izuku gets speaks volumes. “Anyways! Shoo you freak, you aren’t a student.”

“I’m your teacher-” Izuku’s phone cuts off Eraserhead, and the man sighs when Izuku checks it. “You brought your vigilante phone to your ceremony.” The voice is deadpan and already tired.

“Uh huh.”

Hawks:

Dude! Look on stage!

Izuku does as told and sure enough he can see Hawks peaking out from behind a curtain. *Right, the number one hero is part of tonight.*

Oni:

Ready to be a hand shaker? Can your wings even fit on stage without knocking people over?

Hawks:

Hey now Hey now, I'll have you know I'm in control of my wingspan. I didn't get this title for nothing.

Oni:

Right. So, what are you doing after this? Want to get food with me and my class?

Hawks:

God I wish, I'm starving. But nah I can't…. The safety commission's been keeping me on an even tighter leash than usual lately. I don't know if I did something or what.

Izuku scowls at his phone. Since they've met it feels like Hawk's has only become more controlled by the HPSC. Maybe it's because he's the number one hero now and image is everything, but Izuku doesn't like it. He swears Hawks now does training three times more than he used to.

Frankly, if actual hero work doesn't put Hawks into the ground, Izuku's betting the HPSC might just do it themselves.

Oni:

Skip it. Come with me.

Hawks:

Sorry buddy, they're in the audience to make sure I don't leave.

Oni:

…

Oni:

Hawks I’m going to get you out of this one day okay?

Hawks:

What?

Oni:

Nothing just. Be safe okay???

Hawks:

Sure thing bud.

He can see Hawks walk away from where he was standing, likely pocketing the phone.

Izuku takes a seat next to Hitoshi and Dad takes that as his que to go on about his business.

“Hey.” Toshi nudges him. “How’re you feeling.”

“I don’t know.” He groans.

“Okay, yeah, same.” Toshi admits. “Your boyfriend almost froze the kitchen because the microwave startled him today.”

“Oh?” Izuku asks, really hoping someone got at least a picture of it.

“Yeah it was rough. I think we’re all nervous.”

In the seat in front of them, Shouto whips around and glares at Toshi for telling Izuku that.

“Come on, Sho, it sounds cute.” Izuku tries to save his brother from being the target of Shouto’s imaginary laser eyes.

“I’ll die.” He threatens. Izuku laughs at him anyways.

Shouto hasn’t gotten more than a trim since their freshmen year, and now his hair sits in the middle of his back. Izuku’s gotten pretty good at braiding it but he’s got nothing on Eri. That girl can braid faster than the speed of light.

Speaking of.

“Izuku!” A familiar voice calls him, and before he can turn to respond he feels someone jumping on his back. “We tried to find you earlier!”

“Ohhhh who might this be?!” He pretends, turning around to face Eri.

“Hello, Young Midoriya.” Yagi greets as he catches up.

“Hey, guys.”

Eri has grown so much in the last few years since she’s been saved, both physically and mentally. She’s a lot taller than Izuku expected her to get and he supposes he understands what it means when parents say kids grow up fast. There’s so much more confidence and assuredness in her every word and movement and he’s so proud of her.

Her and Yagi have been damn near inseparable since he adopted her.

At first they wanted her to stay with us but Dad thought it wasn’t a good idea with a vigilante in the house. That, and he later admitted he has no idea how to raise a small child.

It worked out, because after a few months of being babysat by Yagi, she cried whenever it was time to leave him.

Yagi has been smiling a lot more these days, and it’s sincere and honest, completely different from All Might’s signature forced smile. Izuku and Yagi have had their differences and definitely had a rocky start, but Izuku’s glad the man finally has someone to call family again.

“Sorry, I know the ceremony is starting soon, but she really wanted to see you.”

“I haven’t seen you in forever!” She huffs.

“You could have called me to come see you, you know.” He responds, ruffling her hair. He’s careful of her horn as he does it. It’s definitely grown, but she still doesn’t use her quirk much.

In the next six months she’s going to try using her quirk to give Mirio his quirk back. Izuku has full faith in her.

“Everyone, please take your seats.” Nedzu calls from the stage. Izuku almost shudders recalling their talk again. He never realized how creeped out he gets from him.

“That’s our que.” Yagi nudges Eri.

“But Dad-”

“We’ll see him later.” Yagi assures, taking her hand as they walk to their seats.

“I’m surprised All Might’s not going to be a part of the graduation.” Toshi whispers to him. It’s a little surprising sure, considering how much pride he takes in his students now.

“I think it’s for the best.” Izuk hums.

Yagi’s been trying to slowly step out of the public eye and do other heroic things like charity work. Izuku can’t fathom how rich this guy is, he keeps giving millions and millions away and yet he still has more. Stepping out from the public has helped his health a lot, now that it’s taken a load of stress away from him. He’s also doing things like getting hobbies.

I wish he'd get new hobbies… I have too many matching sets of hats, scarves, and gloves from him now.

Maybe he should take up cooking. *Yeah, that'd benefit me, he can learn cooking.*

"Izuku, you're mumbling about making him learn to cook so you can have snacks." Toshi elbows him. "Instead of focusing on graduating."

"Oh, right."

There's a 24-hour diner open downtown that 1-A, now formerly 3-A, go to often. Before many of them go their separate ways, they decide to have a meal together.

At least, that was their sentiment with it, knowing well they'll see each other whenever they can.

They all sit scattered around a room they rented out, taking bites off of each other's plates and trading sides. It's honestly a great time and Izuku's shocked how close he's gotten to his classmates. That they accepted him for who he actually is.

"Hey shitface." Kacchan barks across the room, outright breaking a glass with a spoon trying to get everyone's attention. "Deku get your short ass over here."

"Yeah?" Izuku hopes out of his seat and goes to Kacchan. He's handed

a blank envelope.

“The last couple years, our class has been saving money for you.”

“I- What?” *For what…?*

“Well you see, someone with a cabbage-shaped head told us you wanted to open a coffee shop to use as your main base of operations after we all graduated.” *Hitoshi did what?*

“Where are you going with this.”

“Oi, don’t make me spell it out for you, dumbass. We got enough money for a place near here you can buy.”

Izuku processes a moment before he drops to the ground crying.

“Why are you guys so nice to me?!” He asks. “Why did you do this for *me?”* There’s 20 kids in this class, and they did it for Izuku. For the pain-in-the-ass vigilante who never learned how to shut up.

“Because they love you.” Kacchan answers, “They, not me, I don’t give a fuck about you” He lies.

“I- Thank you.” Izuku sobs. “You won’t regret this, I promise.”

“You’re right. We could never regret helping you, bro.” Kirishima

laughs, gently rubbing Izuku's back and helping him back to his feet. He gives Kirishima a hug and picks him up, before the entire class is on him.

"Come on, Kacchan." Izuku laughs through his tears, seeing Kacchan standing off to the side.

"In your dreams." He scoffs, still letting himself get pulled into the hug.

A year and a half after graduation, at 4pm today, Izuku opened up a coffee shop named "Inko's Drinkos". It's nothing fancy or flashy, but he's worked very hard to make it look like what he envisioned.

The interior is calm and quiet with muted colors and hints of green here and there, and there's a full menu of drinks and food he's taught himself to make over the last 18 months.

The upstairs portion of the building is his living quarters, and Shouto lives with him half of the time. Hitoshi has an apartment a short walk away.

There's a basement too, and that is now Oni's lair and base of operations.

Izuku wipes his hands off and heads up to the roof, taking a seat with his feet kicking over the edge.

He can see a good view from here. Among the sights is a very familiar billboard he remembers vandalizing years ago.

Oni has been said to have calmed down, but Izuku thinks he's just been taking more underground cases lately. He remembers being so scared of realizing he wanted to stay a vigilante and not as a hero. Now he feels more hope than he ever has. The most certain he's ever been that his future will be great and that he won't have the pain he went through years ago when he first got his start.

Izuku is happy.

For a long period of time, he stares out into the distance. If his life were a tv show or movie, this fixed point of eye contact might have been the camera. A deliberate break of the 4th wall to show he's aware of the viewer.

Though, Izuku knows his life is in fact not a movie. No, no, he'd consider it more like a written story. A book. Some kind of media where he'd need some kind of narration to show when he's aware of the audience he holds captive.

"The last couple years have been a wild ride, but I've been supported all of the way." He says out loud, to no one in particular. It feels aimed at his classmates, or his family, or even the public that's supported his vigilantism from day one, but no one's around to hear his praises. "……Thank you." Izuku smiles.

Chapter End Notes

OH MY GOD I CAN"T BELIEVE ITS OVER

before i talk about other things, i wanna say that i left specifically hawks and his side of things kinda unsolved so that if i ever come back to Regen!Izuku, thats a story i can do

i was so nervous people wouldn't like the way i ended this, but i like it, so i guess thats that lmao. i really dont want to hear complaints itll make me so sad

i didnt comment on too much that happens between time skips

plot wise just so yall can have HCs and go 'oh maybe (x thing from manga) happened'

i started this story when i was 18, and next month i will be 21. the final google doc of regen is over 600 pages.

i still like BNHA but its been over a year since i was like. Fixated on it (im back on my death note fixation lmaooo)

this fic brought me so many friends and experiences, and im so happy to say i met my best friend through this fic (TODO VIGILANTEDEKUS I LOVE YOU. GO READ APATHY) . at the same time this fic has brought me so much distress

i stopped telling fun life stories as much because i started getting people who talked to me like we Knew each other (i dont mind friendly "hi i'd like to be your friend" messages or stuff like that. it was genuinely people talking like we had Known each other because they thought they knew who i was based on these stories alone) or people who got mad at me saying i'm being a bad role model/influence even though i've said Multiple times i dont want to be seen as a role model

and theres a lot of distress from people taking everything i did or said So literally that i had to put disclaimers on everything i said like "just because i say this doesnt mean i think this other thing that idk where you got that from".

anyways that being said I ADORE ALL OF YOUR KIND COMMENTS OHHHH I GET SO MUCH SEROTONIN FROM THE GOOD ONES <3

literally so much has changed in my life since the start of this story and its so fuckin WEIRD LMAO

i cut off all my hair!!!
i got a new job a couple months ago and now i'm a barista!

and the comic that this fic was practice for, now has enough pages for me to print off the first book of it. so i'm in the process of formatting Self Aware for print

so like while Yeah i've been avoiding fics because of the demand for updates and the general disinterest in them now, i've also sincerely just been super busy lmao

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD GUESS WHAT >

I SOLD AT MY VERY FIRST CONVENTION A FEW WEEKS AGO >

in feburary 2021 i learned what an 'artist alley' is. i've never been to a convention before. but i looked it up and fell in love and in less than a year i made prints, got a CT sellers permit, and sold at a convention and i honestly want to do that as a job im so in love with it

HERES A LINK TO A PICTURE OF MY TABLE IF YOU WANNA SEE
ARTIST ALLEY TABLE

i feel like i really owe everything to this fic because it's what made most people notice my work (aside from people who find me through my comic)

but at the same time i feel like i shouldn't say i owe you all for this happiness i have now because i know it'll get me more people who talk to me like i owe them personally and that if i dont comply to their whims im the bad guy. YEAH YEAH THIS IS A THING THAT HAPPENED ITS SO FUCKING WEIRD RIGHT

anyways this is getting long and im so sentimental oh my god

i have other fics you can read if you havent

in all honesty there's a good chance that once i finish all my current fics, i might be done with writing fanfics. i want to focus on original content like my comics and i want to try my hand at writing books

and as always i have my comic SELF AWARE: Self Aware | WEBTOON (webtoons.com)

my instagram: Jellofello22

anyways thank you for reading Regenerate, Fate
-Raven <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!